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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST APRIL 6 • 1963 20c

Easter Bonnets

The mad hatters who make them

Canadian Elections

Will anti-Americanism triumph?

A WORRIED PRESIDENT:

THE CRISIS IN HIS FOREIGN POLICY

BY STEWART ALSOP

PAINTING BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

THE BOXING MESS by ex-promoter Bill Fugazy / **DOROTHY LOUDON** the new Carol Burnett

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2

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2. Or drop in for a visit...

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MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

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Hatred for the U.S. seemed to blossom in Canada during recent weeks. After Canadian delays in adopting U.S. nuclear arms brought public rebuke from our State Department, the Diefenbaker government was thrown into crisis. Amid outcries of "unwarranted intrusion in Canadian affairs," the Conservative cabinet was voted out of office. For only the second time in history a Canadian government fell, and everyone agreed the U.S. had given it a shove. As voters prepared for next week's parliamentary elections, contributing editor **James Atwater** traveled throughout Canada to find out how anti-American our traditional allies have become. His report reveals substantial concern among Canadians over U.S. influences on their lives but little of the virulent bitterness which has been ballyhooed in the American press. Everywhere he went Atwater heard comments similar to those of the first Canadian—a customs official—whom he met: "Those anti-Americanism stories are all exaggerated. We get along with the Yanks all right—we have to, you know."

Other Bylines. **J. R. Eyerman** was allowed complete freedom to photograph Las Vegas's Lido show, where the chief attraction is the undraped female form and where cameras are usually forbidden. The cast became accustomed to him and his omnipresent camera, but Eyerman never really got used to the cast. . . . Pitt alumnus **Myron Cope** writes with satisfaction about his alma mater's transformation from academic mediocrity to eminence. . . . **William Fugazy,** promoter of championship prizefights, speaks with authority about the boxing mess. . . . New York *World-Telegram* reporter **Muriel Fischer,** who almost never wears a hat, got dirty looks when she called on milliners until she began wearing a hastily purchased pillbox to her interviews. . . . When jazz buff **Gilbert Millstein** went to see Dorothy Loudon, he discovered they are both "moldy figs"—traditionalists with a love for the dustiest and mustiest of old songs. They matched memories for hours as Miss Loudon ran through tunes from her 1,500-song repertory. Millstein is the author of *New York: True North,* to be published later this year. . . . **Gertrude Samuels** of *The New York Times* has East Harlem for her beat and has probably written more extensively on juvenile delinquency than any other newspaper reporter. . . . **Stewart Alsop** is *The Post*'s Washington editor.

The Cover painting by **Norman Rockwell** is his second Kennedy portrait executed for *The Post.*

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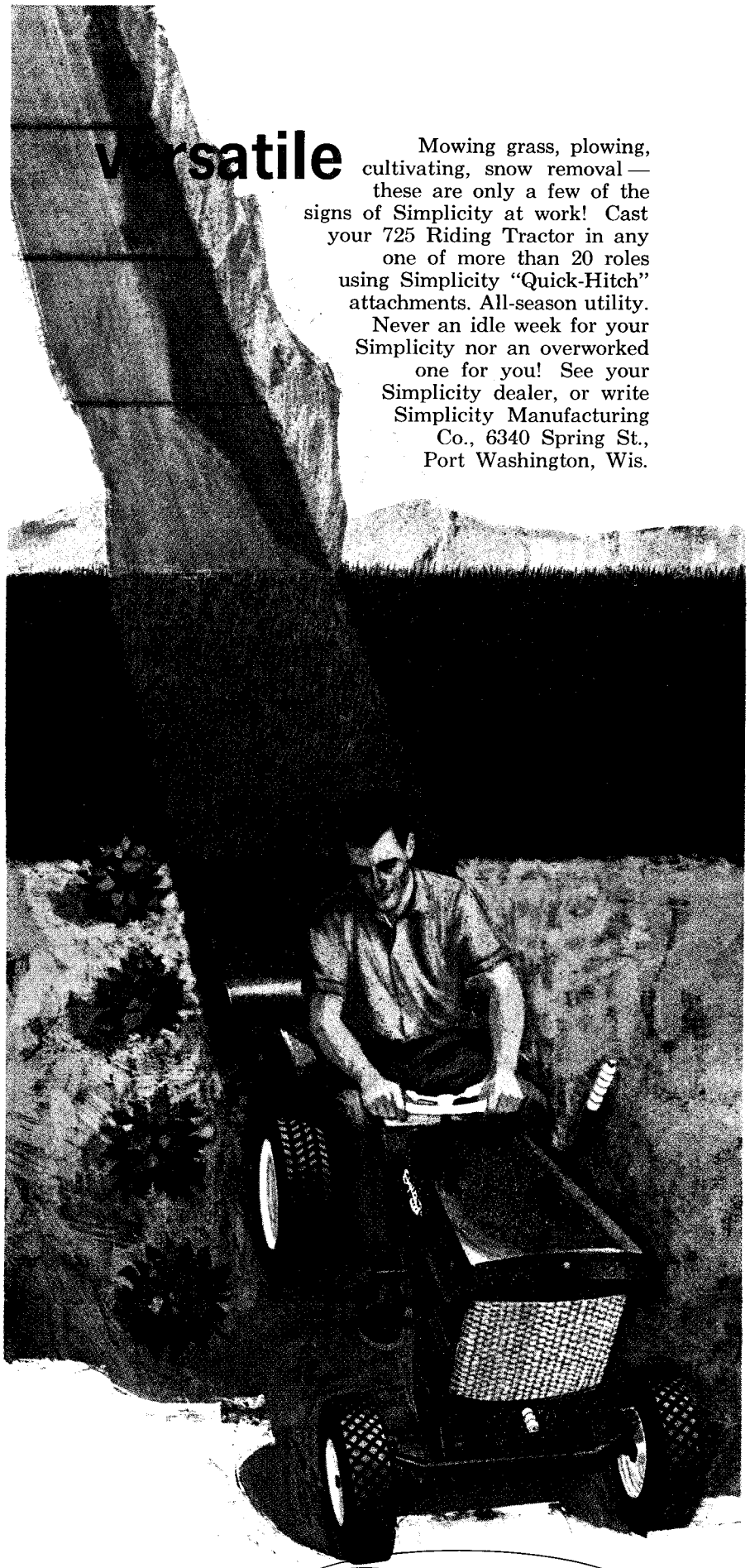
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Mowing grass, plowing, cultivating, snow removal — these are only a few of the signs of Simplicity at work! Cast your 725 Riding Tractor in any one of more than 20 roles using Simplicity "Quick-Hitch" attachments. All-season utility. Never an idle week for your Simplicity nor an overworked one for you! See your Simplicity dealer, or write Simplicity Manufacturing Co., 6340 Spring St., Port Washington, Wis.
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LETTERS

Sick City

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for throwing our filthy laundry out the window [CRIME TOWN USA, by John Kobler, Mar. 9]. For 10 years we have hidden the dirty linen in dark corners and the stench of it nauseates us.

We citizens do not have a solution to our polluted problem, nor can we find one by crossing party lines back and forth to get honest government here. When we are given a choice of candidates, despairingly we learn two out of two are bad.

No, we do not expect our elected officers to take money, but sometimes their greed has compelled them. It is one segment of our municipal government, who are the Tall Men on this Crooked Totem Pole.

FRED FICKETT
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

This is to register a vigorous protest against your recent article on Youngstown.

The citizens of Youngstown are well aware of the matters described by the factual portions of the article and need not be reminded of them. It is hard to see, however, how giving nationwide publicity to them and to the innuendos and conclusions contained in the article can do anything but inflict inestimable damage upon the reputation and well-being of our people. It appears manifestly impossible for any editor, no matter how well intentioned, to remedy conditions in any community from a metropolis some 500 miles away.

CHARLES P. HENDERSON
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

John Kobler's article on Youngstown, Ohio, is a journalistic masterpiece. I feel more articles of this type are needed to attack the basic problems of graft, bribery and criminal politics.

SUE C. ANDERSON
Falls Church, Va.

Military Monarch

Dear Sirs:

I have been intending to congratulate you on the over-all excellence of the SPEAKING OUT column and your rediscovered guts on the editorial page.

I am particularly gratified by the publication of Hanson W. Baldwin's views on Defense Secretary McNamara in the March 9 issue [THE MCNAMARA MONARCHY]. I believe that Mr. McNamara's approach is extremely dangerous to the free exercise of democratic principles and is a precursor to the "Big Brother" concept of government.

ROBERT J. STEWART
Wenonah, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I detest the attack on Secretary of Defense McNamara by Hanson W. Baldwin. The very arguments he used to condemn Mr. McNamara, I believe, commend him.

Mr. McNamara's centralization of purchasing has saved the taxpayers millions of dollars. His cost analyses of projects have avoided the need for cancellation of projects after they have already run into the hundreds of millions. We have talked so long about unification of the services, and finally McNamara has the courage to seek a remedy.

I am a Republican, but I believe McNamara to be the greatest Secretary of Defense the country has ever had, and we ought to be proud of him.

TOM PEARSON
Durham, N.C.

European Independence

Dear Sirs:

The editors of *The Post* are to be congratulated for having the courage to publish Eldon Griffiths' scathing study on the unfortunate decline in U.S.-European relations under the Kennedy Administration [THE REVOLT OF EUROPE, Mar. 9]. I, personally, regard Mr. Griffiths' article as one of the most important political studies to be published in this country since the end of World War II. It should be read and studied by every statesman in the western world.

Europe, like the United States, has the right to decide its own fate in a future military crisis. Until the Kennedy Administration recognizes this inherent right, the Western alliance will continue to deteriorate to the advantage of our mutual enemies in Moscow.

CLIFFORD B. REEVES, JR.
Pelham, N.Y.

Bright Star

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for the appreciation of Peter O'Toole [O'TOOLE OF ARABIA, by Trevor Armbrister, Mar. 9]. He is a wonder! A real world-beater. If he doesn't win the Academy Award, we'll all know that "Oscar" is running scared, 'cause there isn't a star out in far Hollywood to match the brilliance of Britain's O'Toole.

ROBERTA CALAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that Peter O'Toole is wearing a mighty modern-looking wristwatch for a World War I episode.

ROBERT I. SKOUGAARD
Mountain View, Calif.

● *O'Toole's watch was indeed more modern, but like that worn by T. E. Lawrence in 1917, it was dustproof.—Ed.*

Dear Sirs:

Ever since I saw *Lawrence of Arabia* I have been looking for a story on Peter O'Toole. You finally ended my search.

O'Toole put his life's blood into that part, and now, having read some books on Lawrence, I realize that no one else could have done such a fine job.

HELEN NEWLANDER
Marblehead, Mass.

Why Me?

Dear Sirs:

In your March 9 edition you had a poem called *Me* by William Saroyan. Would you mind telling me why you took up six pages of space with it? I decline to see the humor or sense of it.

DOUGLAS HUDGINS
Cherry Hill, N.J.

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Independent Research Verifies Effectiveness of World's Largest-selling Toothpaste:

Newest Clinical Test Confirms

Colgate A Leader in Reducing New Cavities!

Read what happened when Colgate with Gardol was clinically tested against the most widely accepted fluoride dentifrice

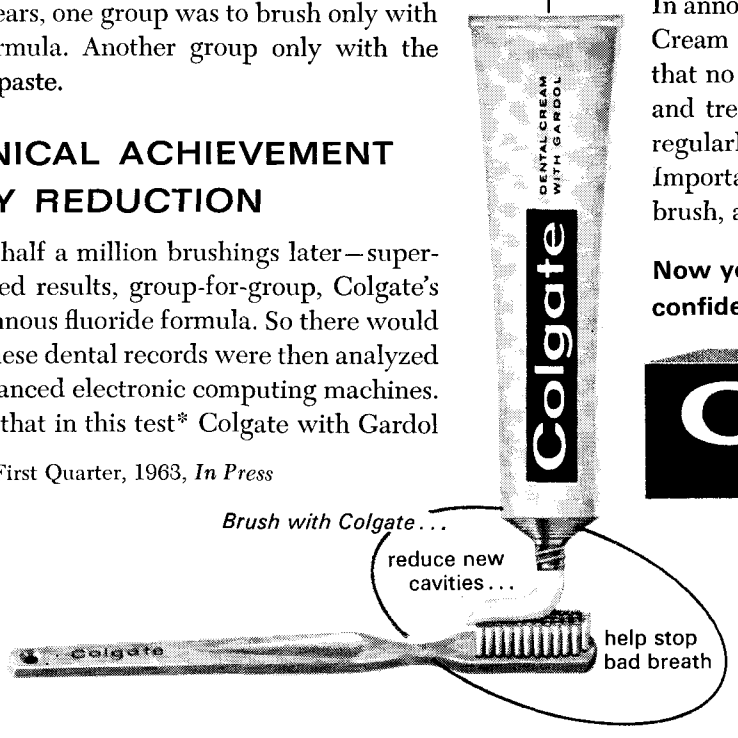
▶ COLGATE'S ROLE IN NEW TEST FOR CAVITY REDUCTION

In October, 1960, a group of independent dental investigators set out to determine the value of Colgate's Gardol formula in reducing new cavities in the 7 to 17 year age group—the age when teeth are most vulnerable to decay. To make the test the most critical possible, the researchers chose to measure Colgate with its ingredient, *Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate* (Gardol), against the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste, which had previously shown effectiveness in cavity reduction. Hundreds of dental patients in the most cavity-prone age group were selected from the student body of a large school in the Southeastern United States. These students were then divided into groups and instructed to use exactly the same dentist-recommended brushing method. For the next two years, one group was to brush only with Colgate's exclusive Gardol formula. Another group only with the leading stannous fluoride toothpaste.

▶ COLGATE'S CLINICAL ACHIEVEMENT IN CAVITY REDUCTION

At the end of two years—over half a million brushings later—supervising dentists carefully checked results, group-for-group, Colgate's Gardol formula against the stannous fluoride formula. So there would be no chance of human error, these dental records were then analyzed and compared by the most advanced electronic computing machines. Statistically, it was discovered that in this test* Colgate with Gardol had achieved the same low incidence of new cavities as the stannous fluoride formula. When you consider that the study was conducted among the most cavity-prone of all age groups, results achieved by the group brushing with Colgate are even more significant. This study—one of many planned to acquaint you and your dentist with the Colgate-Palmolive Company's continuing interest in dental hygiene—shows what today's Colgate Dental Cream can do in reducing tooth decay. Its results are wonderful assurance that even the youngest family member can brush with Colgate . . . in the complete program of oral hygiene dentists recommend.

Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, *In Press*



▶ YOUR DENTIST'S ROLE IN CAVITY REDUCTION

In announcing the results of this study, the makers of Colgate Dental Cream emphasize their agreement with leading dental authorities that no toothpaste—fluoride or non-fluoride—can substitute for care and treatment of teeth by your family dentist. Seeing your dentist regularly is *the most important part* of any dental-health program. Important, too, is his advice on diet, as well as *how* to brush, *when* to brush, and *how often* to brush.

Now you can be a "one-toothpaste family" again with confidence in Colgate's clinically-tested Gardol formula!

Colgate
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

Colgate helps stop mouth odor instantly for most people—has the between-teeth cleaning action of penetrating Gardol foam and the most mouth-refreshing toothpaste taste in the whole world!

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GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

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LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

I am seven years old. I liked the *Me* story. Will you please have more stories for little people?

ANGIE HANLIN
Lancaster, Pa.

Waking Up

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial, WAKE UP, AMERICA, March 9 issue, is without question the finest and most brilliant American common sense editorial that has been written in a long time. It should be carried by every magazine and newspaper in America.

FRANCIS C. TAMBURRI
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your editorial, WAKE UP, AMERICA, and I think a better title could have been, WAKE UP, EUROPE. For, in their hurry to get a unified Europe under the Common Market, they have let themselves become led by an individual who continues to live in the past and can't see the changing times.

The United States has been forced, twice in the last 50 years, to bail France, and the rest of Western Europe, out of situations in which they would not have become involved, had they been led in their thinking by the United States.

COLMAN L. WALLACE
Crystal Springs, Miss.

General Comment

Dear Sirs:

Help! You are making life miserable, shaky, unpleasant and insecure. You are heaping the nation's and world problems on my very narrow shoulders. You are shoving the sweet pie of ideals in my face and making me eat. You are stretching my spiritual muscles to their aching point. You are making me a cosmic citizen. In short, you are making me think more and more.

J. R. LISZKA
Portola Valley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your March 9 issue with CRIME TOWN USA combined with a real modern William Saroyan story makes me wonder how *The Post* can keep getting better all the time. Congratulations on them both.

HOWARD W. BOWMAN
Wooster, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I have never enjoyed a magazine more. The articles are interesting, short and to the point. It seems to give insight and understanding on many personalities and issues without maliciousness or snide allusions. Keep up the good work.

V. SUNDGREN
Bethany, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

What has come over you? Your magazine actually seems to have taken a new lease on life. For your past several issues, there has really been a noticeable upsurge in the quality of the magazine *in toto*.

J. B. TYNAN
Craftsbury Common, Vt.

COMING...in next week's Post

A vivid portrait of evangelist

BILLY GRAHAM

Arnold PALMER Gary PLAYER Jack NICKLAUS

ON GOLF

A new story by

JOHN O'HARA

EDIE ADAMS

A widow's brave struggle

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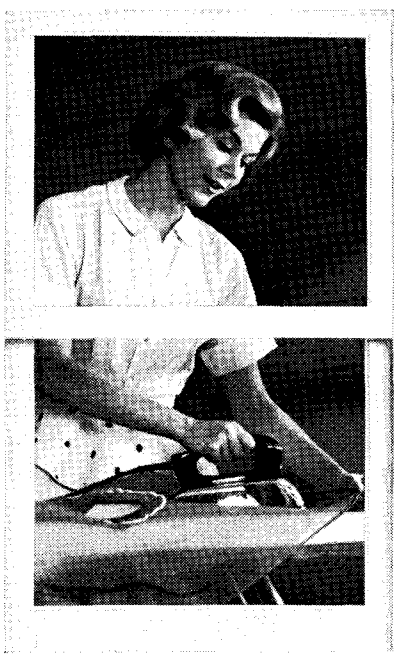
...upset your day

Get liquid-quick relief



TAKE...

MILES PRODUCTS

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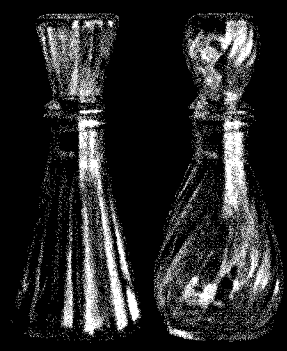
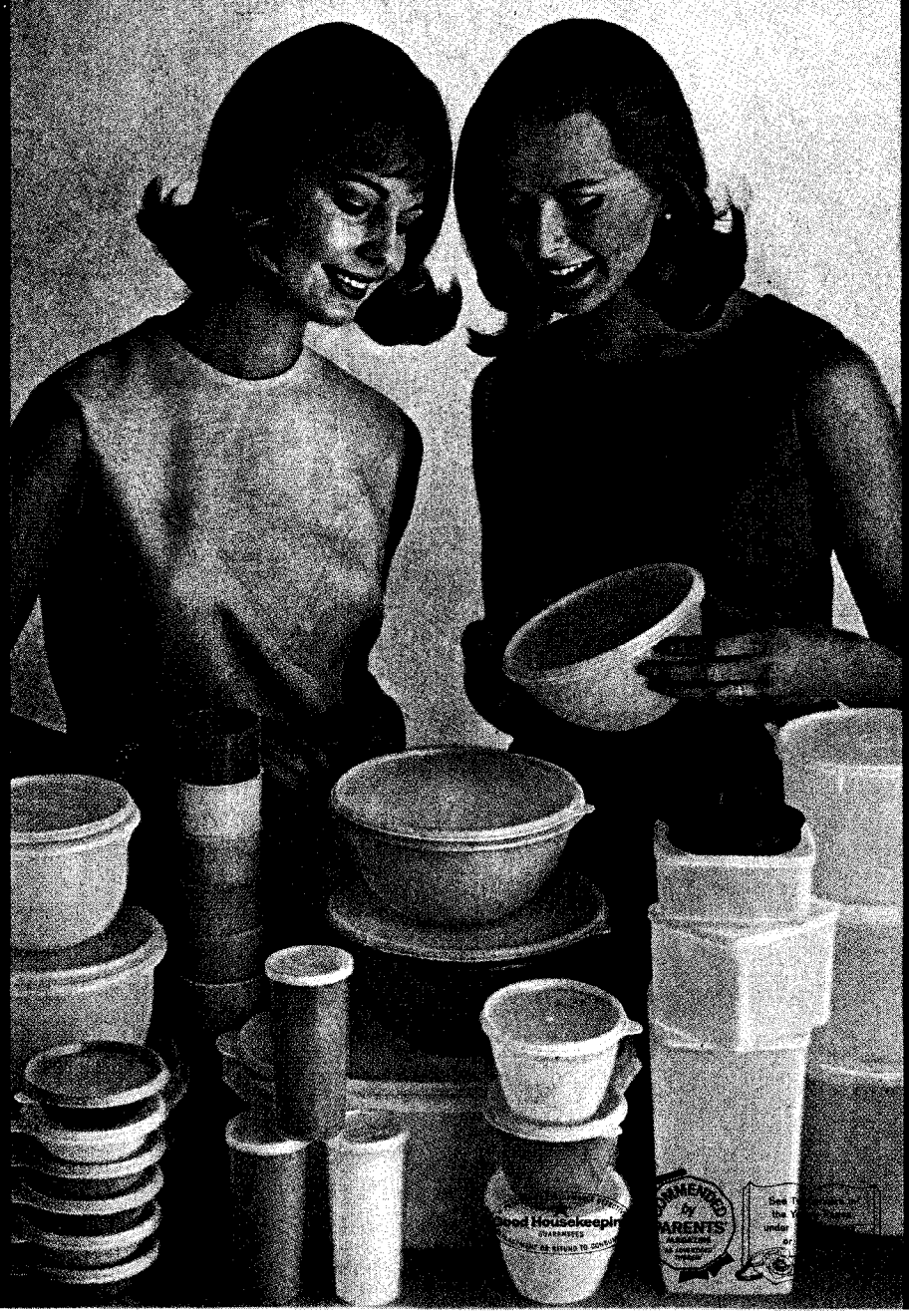
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO HAVE THIS SCHICK HAIR DRYER? COULD BE....

HAVE A TUPPERWARE PARTY IN APRIL

It's almost as simple as saying hello! Have a Tupperware party between April 1 and May 11—Tupperware's 12th Birthday Celebration. You and your friends will be entertained by a demonstration of these handsome plastic food containers. They're sold only at parties, where you see how Tupperware saves food flavors and values, time and money! If sales are $100 and two other parties are planned as a result of *your* party, you will receive the versatile Schick "Petite Salon" hair dryer. Tupperware has another birthday gift, too: You and your first 11 guests receive one of the unique, tinted perfume bottles! It's rewarding to be a Tupperware Hostess! Call the local Tupperware distributor for your nearest dealer's name or write Dept. P-4, TUPPERWARE®, Orlando, Florida.

EXTRA BIRTHDAY BONUS TO HELP CELEBRATE TUPPERWARE'S TWELFTH!





Handsome is. And handsome does! Fastest portable hair dryer. Files and dries your nails. Stores curlers and lotion. Has four drying temperatures. Extremely light and durable.

Just a hint of rainbow colors is captured in the design of these attractive perfume bottles . . . adding a touch of simple glamour to your dressing table.

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NEWS FROM RCA

DYNAGROOVE – the magnificen

The search for better ways to make high-fidelity recordings... or more dependable satellites... or more accurate weather predictions, are all part of the questioning spirit fostered at RCA.

Acoustical engineers call RCA Victor's new Dynagroove the most significant advance in recording since the introduction of the L.P. Dynagroove records cost no more than conventional records and will make any 33⅓ phonograph sound better in either monaural or stereo.

Dynagroove began three years ago with a research program at R Victor studios in New York, and the David Sarnoff Research Cen in Princeton. It included "tuning" the concert hall and studios w new techniques and equipment.

Fourteen different kinds of super-sensitive microphones were p fected for selective musical reproduction. And then RCA perfected electronic brain which directs the cutting of the groove in the mas record. It completely eliminates false movements of the stylus— the first time your phonograph needle moves in a true *dynamic* tra

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new sound from RCA Victor

You need no special equipment to enjoy Dynagroove! All the improvements are in the records themselves!

Results: True brilliance, even at low volume; perfected presence, as ugh you were right inside the concert hall; greater clarity, and emarkable fidelity.

How RCA makes electrons more useful: At RCA, advanced research enters are solving problems as down-to-earth as better records for your home use, and as remote as ways of photographing the moon by TV. RCA manufacturing divisions then carry the solutions into practical reality. This combination of scientific dedication and practicality has placed RCA in the forefront of continuing programs that are expanding the Age of Electronics. Result: finer products and services, which grow from the questioning spirit fostered at RCA.

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

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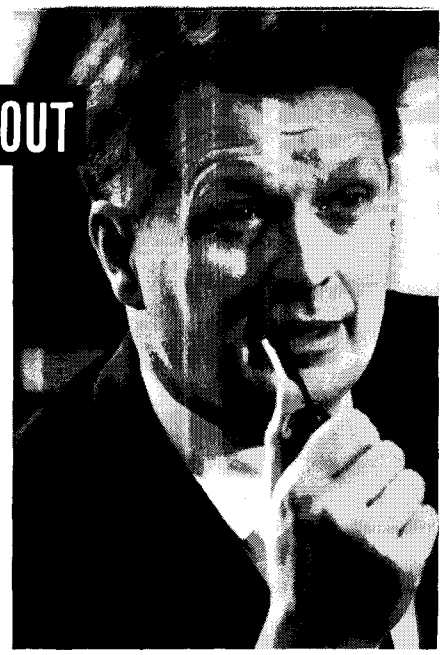
SPEAKING OUT



Lecturer and author (The Proper Bostonians, Who Killed Society?), Cleveland Amory is a noted observer of manners and morals. He is a commentator on the NBC "Today" show and is editor of Celebrity Register, to be published next fall.

Paperback pornography

By Cleveland Amory

Dirty books flourish behind the smoke screen of "censorship."

The revolution of paperback books made the classics available to the common man. Paperbacks have discovered new writers and uncovered long-out-of-print masterpieces. But along with these blessings has come a rash of such tawdry literature that noted social critic Cleveland Amory feels impelled to speak out.

It is no secret these days that in the field of paperback books the big best sellers are the Erskine Caldwells, Henry Millers, Harold Robbinses, Irving Wallaces, Grace Metaliouses, et al. Compared to the real hardcore paperback pornography which has followed in their wake, however, these are boy scout manuals.

In case you have any doubt about this the proof is no farther off than your corner smut store (if you don't know where *that* is don't worry, your teen-agers will direct you). In one of the shops the very first book that caught our eye—it was hard for it not to, since the young lady on the jacket wasn't wearing one—was a bully little book advertised in red letters as THE DARING STORY OF A PEYTON PLACE ON WHEELS. Apparently so there would be no mistake, the actual title was simply *Bedrooms on Wheels*. Right in the very beginning we came upon the following, complete with its own title, though it was not even Chapter One and in fact bore no relation to Chaper One:

LOVE-HUNGRY

"I'll do it, Doug. I'll take you away from that baby-faced wife of yours and show you what it's like to live with a real woman. I'll make you forget all about her and come away with me on a trip to the stars."

She lifted her face and there was a wild pagan fire in her eyes. She kissed him, biting his lips. Her arms tightened around his neck and she pulled herself above him.

Suddenly she uttered a haunted cry. As the sound came echoing back from the hills, she fell upon him like a hungry animal, sinking her teeth into his chest. He flinched from the pain.

Well, frankly, we flinched too. We're as game as the next man for a good adventure story, but, damn it, this fellow was obviously unarmed. So we moved on to the next book—a travel story. This jacket showed a young lady who was definitely unhappy. She was lying beside a bright-red bed in the middle of what was apparently a very cold part of Africa. Worse still, she was about to be attacked from a nearby jungle—by, of all things, another young lady, and, worst of all, one whom she had evidently thought of as only a friend. The title of this book was *By Love Depraved*, and it was subtitled A BOLD NEW LOOK AT AN OLD TRANSGRESSION . . . PORTRAYING THE FRIGHTENING SPREAD OF LESBIANISM AMONG THE WHITE WOMEN OF MODERN-DAY AFRICA.

Somehow we managed to pass it up—what with the Congo and all we just didn't feel in the mood for Africa's intramural squabbles. So we next turned to something closer to home—a family sort of book, apparently—one entitled briefly *Her Mother's Lover*. Ah, we assumed, the story of daddy. But it turned out not to be the story of dad after all. Indeed, from the very first there was the same old unfamilial trouble.

THE DESPOILER

He held her against him, his grip low on her body. "Nell, don't fight. It's no use."

"I'll kill you," she promised. She brought up her knee.

He said, "Damn you," and drove his fist into her chin. She saw a flash of light and, for an instant, nothing else. She felt the cool grass beneath her. Her robe was open, her pajamas torn. . . . Motionless, locking her teeth, her eyes closed, she endured Avan Furness.

It may have been pure prejudice, but from the moment we knew his name was Avan Furness the spell was broken. We just couldn't feel anything toward him, one way or the other. To us a novel has got to have someone to root for, and his name just can't be Avan Furness. We next chose a handsome jacket called *Rage to Rape*. By now inured to titles, we were intrigued by the jacket advertisement, THERE WAS NEVER A FAMILY LIKE THIS BEFORE! If anything, this turned out to be an understatement, for the rest of the jacket generously described the entire cast of characters:

EARLINE—*the mother obsessed with a warped love for her son.*
CHARLES—*the father who sleeps drunkenly by day and roams with the depraved by night.*
DION—*the scheming, sex-crazed brother who plots the degradation of his own sister.*
MARIETTE—*the brazen, half-savage girl whose body becomes a pawn for a human life.*
DORIS—*the sister who becomes the innocent victim of a brother's lust.*
PAUL AND HARRY—*the strangers who turn unnatural desires into a paying business.*

In desperation we turned to a simple little number called *The Sex Cure*. Surely this sounded like the answer to the entire paperback problem. Alas, once again our hopes were dashed, this time by the very first sentence:

ARTFUL BEDMATE

In Stu's bed, in the fragrant dark, Olivia turned exultantly wanton. . . .

In any case, at the end of *The Sex Cure* there was some good news—in fact, the end of any of these books is pretty good news just by itself. But in this one the publishers had kindly included a special note to us.

"If you've enjoyed this book," the note said, "we know you will want to read the many others now available for your reading pleasure." These books, the note continued, will be "as stimulating, pulse-quickening and invigorating a collection of novels as you could run across in a month of Sundays." (Sundays!) And then came a five-page list of additional titles. Here are some of them:

I Prowl by Night	*Sex Pack*
His Boss's Wife	*The Lash of Lust*
Girl on a Couch	*Fly Girl*
Passion Island	*The Zipper Girls*

Mind you, this is just a fragment of one publisher's list. There are some 35 paperback publishers, and this one, Beacon-Signal, is by no means the worst of

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Exciting new blend of beauty and action... in the low-price field!

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them—in fact, it has been described as "the best of the worst." One which we should like to nominate for even more distinction—say, "the worst of the worst"—is a publisher who operates out of Milwaukee under the good, sound, American name of the Freedom Publishing Company. Among this publisher's works we found *Sex Bait*—a colorful little book whose jacket showed a totally nude redhead lying in the green grass being rapidly approached by a man in a blue shirt. Before you even get to the title on the jacket, above the title, in capital letters, are the words, TWISTED PASSIONS RULED HER WANTON BODY, and, again there is a come-on:

LUST GIRL!

The baby-sitter—demure, teen-aged, completely reliable . . . yes, Inez could be relied upon. Relied on to make a suburban husband forget his wife or the neighborhood orgy, his job, his family, or his future. . . . One look at her, her warm-lipped, sweater-bulging body as she hip sauntered into the house, and the only thing a man could think of was that his wife was suddenly colder, suddenly older. And even moving in circles where wives were split-level tramps who used parties as an excuse for some local sinning with any hunger all right and all ready, suddenly there was no woman who mattered but Inez . . .

In this book, in case we want more than just plain wanton, we certainly want not. We are also treated to Lesbianism and finally even murder. Remember the good old days when the transgressor at least had to regret the whole thing a little bit? Well, remorse has gone the way of the moustache cup. When our "sin-sitter" heroine is finally done in by our hero he is "strangely calm" and feels only "a sensation of deep relief."

And after this book, too, there is a list of "other books you'll enjoy." "Order," says the publisher, "from your newsdealer." Again, a sampler of titles:

Sin Kin	*Lust Master*
Sin Teacher	*Lust Market*
Sin-Damned	*Lust Pad*
Sin Colony	*Lust Grind*
Sin Song	*Lust Weekend*
Sin Monsters	*Lust Pro*
Sin Devil	*Lust Slave*
Sin Hellcat	*Lust Sniper*
Sintime	*Lust Slum*

From such a rich list it seemed heartbreaking to have to make a choice. We finally chose a different title, *The Orgy Boys*—a sort of how-to book for juvenile sex maniacs—one designed for the campus:

CLASS SINNERS!

Every campus has them—the cleancut young studs with the bureau drawers filled with souvenir panties; the frightened lush coeds who long to lose their sin-hungers but are afraid to go halfway to meet them; the old professor's hot-blooded young wife who sits primly at the faculty teas while she smolders inside and can't wait to tear her clothes off . . . in an after-hours orgy; the young town tramp . . . the juvie gangs sitting on the curb and plotting their next rape. And into this hotbed of boiling passions Jeff brought his need for Dot while he practiced on Kate the tramp, and Lisa . . . who had nothing left to learn in a world of gutter sin. And the passions mounted and the evil ones plotted, and the wild tensions finally exploded into a cesspool of shame.

Some of these publishers even have revealing names—e.g., Tuxedo, Nightstand, Kozy Books, etc.—but names are by no means a sure guide. Midwood, for example, is rougher than Midnight Reader, and we did not have time to investigate Bedside Books, Intimate Editions or Pillow Books. Fabian and Saber, however, are two of the worst offenders.

To condemn such firms as these is not to condemn all paperback publishers—but a large number of paperback publishers do have "feet in both doors."

"I'm tormented as a publisher," says one. "I don't want to publish trash, but I know if I don't publish it my company will not only lose the money it would bring in but, because of the limited rack space that very book, published by one of my competitors, will crowd at least three of my good books off the rack."

From time to time suggestions have been made for a "code" among publishers. But, unlike the moviemakers, paperback publishers have never even thought of an outside "czar" but instead have considered only a code among themselves, which they then dismiss on two grounds: (1) the worst offenders wouldn't join anyway; (2) it would be impossible to have one's competitors sitting in judgment on what one should or should not publish.

One publisher told us that the best hope lay in the possibility that the public will, eventually, become sex-surfeited. This seems, however, a vain hope—particularly since there has been a steady lowering of morality in every field one would care to consider, and a good many that one would not. What then about censorship? Ironically the question of censorship has, almost from the beginning of the paperback revolution—and it seems very purposefully—been drawn like a smoke screen over the whole problem.

At the very first paperback store at which we stopped we asked the proprietor if he had ever had any trouble. "Naw," he told us, cheerfully charging us a dollar apiece for the books. "Every single one of dese have all been OK'd by de Supreme Court."

This statement is of course utterly false. It is doubtful if a single one of the titles noted on the above lists has ever been cleared by any court, let alone the Supreme Court. The current wave of salacious books can be directly attributed to the general public impression that books accused of obscenity have, generally speaking, "gotten off" in court cases (actually even *Tropic of Cancer* has had more judgments against it than for it, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is about 50-50). Furthermore, the Supreme Court itself has specifically stated that obscenity and censorship are two entirely different things—that obscenity does not come under the First Amendment and is, in fact, specifically not within the area of constitutionally protected speech or press. Actually, the Supreme Court has, in the Roth case (1957), specifically defined an obscene book as follows: "The proper test is whether, to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material in question, when taken as a whole, appeals to prurient interest."

Webster's dictionary defines "prurient" as "tending to excite lasciviousness."

It is high time that thinking persons stopped shouting "censorship" in the pathetically few cases when a book is declared, by some duly constituted court, to be, in the court's considered judgment, obscene. It is not bad news; it is probably very good news, and it would undoubtedly be even better news if the publisher, author and booksellers of such a book had to give back all their ill-gotten gains. Even one such action and clear court recognition of obscenity as obscenity would go a long way toward discouraging the large amount of paperback pornography which uses the fear of censorship as its mask. What is needed on the obscene scene is, in short, less double-talk about censorship and more court action on obscenity. THE END

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Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!

Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!

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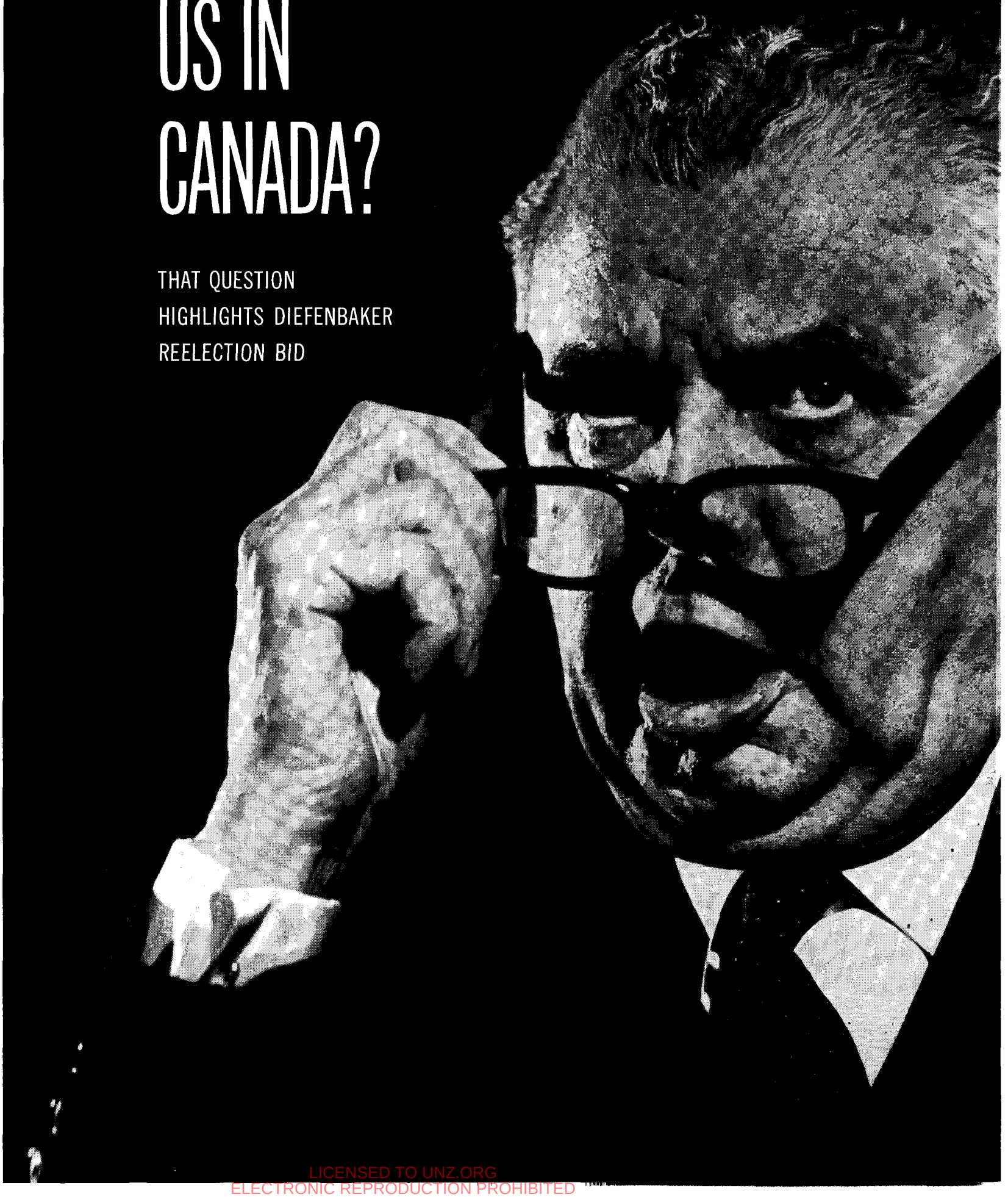
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

DO THEY REALLY HATE US IN CANADA?

By JAMES ATWATER

THAT QUESTION HIGHLIGHTS DIEFENBAKER REELECTION BID



The prime minister, who rallies nationalist feelings by emotional speeches, claims, "I'm not anti-American, I'm pro-Canadian."

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American press and TV prompted a protest against "a sleazy mass culture not our own."

Canadians have bought fleets of U.S. cars, here jamming Highway 401 outside Toronto.

CRISIS IN CANADA

MUST OUR ALLY "BECOME A SATELLITE"?

"Anti-Americanism?" repeated the principal of a small school half hidden by a snowbank in Ontario. "No, I don't think there's any around here. In fact, I'm afraid that our children confuse the two countries—that sometimes they don't know whether they're Canadian or American. One of our little girls wrote a paper on what it would be like to be the President's wife, and from the way she wrote it, I'm convinced she thought she was American."

The children's confusion about where their country leaves off and the United States begins illustrates what has become a baffling national problem for Canada—how to retain a distinct identity, how to stay Canadian, while occupying the same continent with the most powerful nation in the world. Because of the ramifications of this problem, Canada is struggling through its second national election campaign in less than a year. On April 8 Canadians will go to the polls to choose between Conservative Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and the Liberals' Lester (Mike) Pearson. Implicitly at stake is the question of which man can best solve the matter of Canada's relations with the colossus of the South.

Because of this political struggle, Americans have read a number of recent scare stories about anti-Americanism in Canada. After getting half accustomed to anti-Americanism in almost every other part of the world, they have heard with bewilderment that their closest and best neighbors, just north of that celebrated 3,000 miles of unguarded frontier, hate them too. It is not true. Walk down the Wellington, Melbourne and Victoria streets that appear in small towns from Newfoundland to British Columbia, and you will find little real anti-Americanism. There is no abiding dislike for the American people or their government, no hanging of John F. Kennedy in effigy, no scrawled sidewalk signs saying YANKEE GO HOME. A recent Gallup Poll of Canada reports that 54 percent of the people felt that respect for the United States went up during the past year. Yet there is a restlessness that is much more subtle—and in some ways more important. This is the growing concern that Canada's destiny is inexorably merging into that of a neighbor 10 times as populous and 15 times as rich, that Canada is losing control of its own destiny altogether.

"The next ten years will decide if Canada is a viable nation or not," says Bruce Hutchison, editor of the Victoria *Times* and one of the best-known journalists in Canada. "All the clichés apply. This is indeed a crucial period. We're at the economic and spiritual crossroads. This is the watershed of our lives. The real crisis is spiritual—the people have to decide if they want to make the sacrifices necessary to maintain their identity."

What exasperates many Canadians, even those who call the United States "the best neighbor a small country ever had," is the fact that Americans remain almost oblivious to the troubles of Canada, regarding it as a kind of Alaska with Royal Mounties and a few bears.

Premier Duff Roblin of the Province of Manitoba makes the point with a prairie parable. "It's like an elephant dancing among the chickens," he says. "Every now and then the elephant steps on a chicken, but he doesn't do it maliciously. He does it sort of absentmindedly."

The shock caused by the elephant the last time he put his foot down is the reason that Diefenbaker and Pearson are out campaigning today. At issue was Diefenbaker's continuing refusal to live up to his 1959 agreements to accept American nuclear warheads—under joint control—for four types of Canadian missiles and planes: the CF-101 Voodoo interceptor and the Bomarc B, a 2,000 mph antiaircraft missile, both stationed on Canadian soil as part of the U.S.-Canadian North American Air Defense Command; and the ground-to-ground Honest John rocket and CF-104 Starfighter, both stationed in Europe as part of NATO. Diefenbaker, who had come to power on a "pro-Canadian" platform, stalled. He argued that Soviet missiles were now the main threat, not the bombers that the Voodoo and Bomarc were designed to hit. And, when it came right down to it, Diefenbaker felt there was no need at all for Canada to join the nuclear family.

An "unwarranted intrusion"

Out of patience, the U.S. Department of State gave the Canadian embassy a scant half-hour warning and then whistled in the press on January 30 to receive a now-famous 450-word news release. The statement declared that bombers were still a serious threat and that "the Canadian government has not as yet proposed any arrangement sufficiently practical to contribute effectively to North American defense."

Mustering all his considerable powers of righteous indignation, Diefenbaker cried, "This action . . . is unprecedented, and I weigh my words when I say that it constitutes an unwarranted intrusion in Canadian affairs. The Canadian Government will not be pushed around. Canada is determined to remain a firm ally, but that does not mean she should become a satellite."

Then, having done his best to rally any latent anti-Americanism to his own support, Diefenbaker saw his Conservative government collapse. Three top cabinet members, including Defense Minister Douglas Harkness, resigned over the prime minister's opposition to nuclear weapons. Staunch Tory papers called for Diefenbaker's resignation. Mutinous Conservative leaders nearly forced him to step down; he was saved at the last moment by back-bench support.

The Liberals' Pearson, who had once opposed nuclear arms for Canada, did his best to take advantage of the row. He argued that Canada

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"Main-streeting" is what Diefenbaker calls his visits to towns like Melville, Sask.

Pearson, shown on Nova Scotia tour, is known mainly as diplomat.

should first honor its pledge by accepting the warheads and then reexamine its entire defense policy, including the wisdom of having any nuclear weapons at all. The two minor parties, Social Credit and New Democratic, were also fed up with Diefenbaker. By identical counts of 142 to 111 the opposition twice defeated Diefenbaker on votes of no confidence. For only the second time in history a Canadian government fell.

From afar, the Kennedy Administration followed all this with the astonished air of a boy who had shied a rock at a barn—and then seen the whole structure tumble to the ground. Secretary of State Dean Rusk apologized for any offensive wording in the release—which had been approved by National Security Adviser McGeorge Bundy and never seen by Rusk—but he stood by the points it made. To avoid any more trouble, the President outlawed any discussion of the problem by members of his Administration during the Canadian campaign. In Canada, too, officials tried to smother the controversy. Conservative leaders warned Diefenbaker that an anti-American campaign could be a political disaster.

Yet if there is no widespread hostility to America, there is a real split in Canada about the wisdom of accepting nuclear weapons from the United States. Polls show that nearly one third of the Canadians oppose them. At the huge General Motors plant in Oshawa, Ontario, a worker about to begin his shift in the chassis department declared that Canada had to take the arms. "We can't let Uncle Sam do it all, can we?" he asked. Farther to north a lodge operator scoffed at the idea of getting weapons and not warheads. "You might as well get a gun with no bullets," he said, "one of those toy guns that has a little sign that comes out of the barrel and says, 'bang.'"

Out on the western prairies, where snow covered the grain fields, Roy Atkinson, the husky president of the 37,000-man Saskatchewan Farmers Union, was just as firmly opposed to the weapons. "Our people feel that there are plenty of nuclear bombs in Moscow and south of the border to get us all," he said, "so let's not bring any in here."

The lack of anti-Americanism in Canada today is in contrast to Canada's past. For without a strong anti-Americanism, Canada would never have become a nation, just as it would never have broken away so early from England without some bitter anti-British feeling. In the 19th century Canada constantly feared that the United States was about to swallow it whole. To complicate matters, many Canadians wanted to join the States, particularly during economic depressions. President Ulysses S. Grant made no secret of the fact that he would have welcomed any Canadian proposal to join the Union. Nothing came of it, but the idea remained alive.

In 1911, when the United States was trying to get Canada to agree to reciprocal tariff reduction, negotiations were going ahead nicely until House Speaker Champ Clark declared: "I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American possessions clear to the North Pole." In the ensuing explosion of Canadian nationalism, the Conservatives decorated their waistcoats with the Union Jack, coined the slogan, "No truck or trade with the Yankees," and easily threw out Liberal Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The trucking and trading continued, of course, but not until after World War II did it grow to the extent that now worries Canada's leaders. Blessed with some of the richest natural resources in the world, the Canadians were handicapped after the war by a lack of capital. They also had a natural bent to put what they had in good, sturdy investments that would yield a predictable 6 percent. The Americans had plenty of money and no such inhibitions. Year after year American money poured into Canada—snapping up natural resources and establishing processing and manufacturing plants at a rate that ran as high as $3,000,000 a day.

The economics of international trade often defy comprehension, but what happened in Canada is as terrifyingly clear as an auto accident viewed in slow motion. From 1945 to 1956, Canada's gross national product jumped from $12 billion a year to $31 billion, and the population, fed by come-to-get-rich immigrants, rose a full one third from 12 million to 16 million. But the postwar prosperity also brought a compulsive desire to equal the standard of living across the border. Since domestic industry could not produce enough consumer goods, Canadians began to buy imports, particularly those made in America. To meet the demand for American cars, Detroit's assembly plants in Canada imported auto parts in huge lots. The result of the spree was disaster. In 1961, for example, Canada's total dealings with the United States produced a deficit of $1.4 billion. Translated into terms of the American economy, which is about 15 times the size of Canada's, this would be a deficit of some $21 billion. "If that happened in one year in the United States," says Walter Gordon, a Liberal member of Parliament and his party's top economist, "you'd have a major crisis."

Trading with the rest of the world, Canada has sold more than it bought, but because of its heavy deficit with the United States, the country has gone about one billion dollars into debt every year for the past decade. To balance its books Canada has had to borrow money abroad, often in New York, and to let American investors keep pouring money into the country. And the more Canada mortgages its birthright, the bigger the sum of money it sends out of the country each year in the form of dividends and interest.

"Figure it like this," says a Winnipeg editor. "Two families live next door to each other. The husband in one family makes $200 a week, and the husband in the other makes $100. The wife of the man with $100 a week says, 'We're in trouble—we're way behind our neighbor.' So her husband goes out and borrows $100 a week to keep up. That's what's happening in Canada."

Bruce Hutchison calls the postwar boom "one of the worst things that ever happened to Canada. We became very fat, especially in the head. The boom changed the psychology of the Canadian people. Up until then, Canadians believed they were a poor people in a hard, northern land.

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Against a backdrop of booming Detroit, a Canadian customs inspector checks northbound shipment of farm machinery.

CRISIS IN CANADA

Then they got the idea they had the world by the tail. 'Gosh, we're a great people—gosh, all is going well.' They did not realize that the boom was artificial. Today's confused politics are really only the hangover that followed that drunk."

Inevitably the basic flaws of Canada's economy began to cut into the rate of growth. The slowdown started around 1957. Unemployment gradually became a serious problem. But American capital still kept flowing north. Today an estimated 60 percent of Canada's industry is owned by foreigners, and Americans own about 80 percent of that. Some key industries are virtually monopolized by Americans—e.g., a 75 percent control of Canada's oil and gas.

By last spring Canadians could no longer boast that their dollar was worth around $1.05 of that lowly American currency. Because of the uncertainties of the approaching national election in June and a growing distrust abroad of the soundness of the economy, the Canadian dollar sank until it was finally pegged at 92½ cents, which Liberals slyly called "The Diefendollar." Yet this devaluation turned out to be a blessing. It made it easier for foreign money to buy Canadian goods, and harder for Canadian money to buy imports. "God bless that dollar," says one senior Canadian official. "I used to take a vicarious pride in the Canadian dollar when it was worth more than the American, but not anymore. To hell with it. The present Canadian dollar hurdles tariff walls and breaks no international agreements. It's put us back in the picture."

The cheap dollar helped give the Canadian economy one of its best years in history (growing by a fat 8 percent, the gross national product reached $40 billion). But in the long run, Canadian officials and businessmen are gradually agreeing that the country must move in the direction of freer—if not free—trade with the United States and Europe, although the resulting dislocations in the economy are bound to be severe. "Unless we can find the courage for this sort of gamble," editorializes *Maclean's*, the leading Canadian magazine, "Canada faces the alternative of becoming a sort of Manchuria-with-hockey-players, supplying raw materials for others to process while the standard of living slides ever lower."

More insidious than the invasion of American capital, in the minds of Canada's intellectuals, is the invasion of American mass culture, which threatens to blur the already vague lines of distinction that set the Canadian apart from the American. In his newspapers, a Canadian can read Walter Lippmann, Red Smith, Ann Landers and Dorothy Kilgallen. On his television set, with just a little flicking of the dial, he can see everything from *Hazel* to *Huckleberry Hound.* His movie houses show American films, and when he passes a magazine stand, he might as well be in Times Square. Even when he peeks furtively at a nudist magazine, the nude he spies is American.

"Canada is passing through something like Britain went through right after World War II," says Frank Underhill, Canada's most famous historian. "We aren't losing an empire, but it is dawning on us that we're becoming more and more dependent upon the United States, that we're moving toward one North American civilization. This creates a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness. Here we are about to celebrate the Centennial of our Confederation in 1967, and what is there to celebrate? We're not so sure we're a nation. The raucous insistence with which we say we have a national identity shows we're not so sure of it."

To preserve what is left of Canada's identity, the government is groping for ways to bolster the national culture and to cope with the onslaught of what Montreal novelist Hugh MacLennan has called "a sleazy mass culture not our own."

"If you say you're a Canadian, if you want to be a Canadian," says Dr. Andrew Stewart, chairman of the Board of Broadcast Governors, "then you must make a real effort, or you cannot be a Canadian at all."

Doctor Stewart's agency has ruled that a minimum of 55 percent of all Canadian telecasts

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must have what was termed a "Canadian content," including 40 percent of all programs shown during the prime viewing hours of 6 P.M. to 12 P.M. The rule has a couple of big loopholes. Any program made in Canada, no matter by whom, no matter the subject, meets the requirement; so do American programs deemed to be of special interest to Canadians, such as President Kennedy's speeches and the World Series.

Even so, the rule is a special burden to the private CTV Network, founded in 1961, since it can buy a popular American show far cheaper than it can produce one in Canada. The provision is of less concern to the publicly owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which has the duty to try to link together a scattered population of 19,000,000 by producing shows that are Canadian in content and character. CBC's separate English and French networks regularly turn out documentary and dramatic productions that would revive any doubting American's faith in television.

"We want people to watch us," says CBC vice president Ronald Fraser, "but we don't think they are going straight to hell if they watch American television." In fact, CBC carries its share of American shows—e.g., *The Nurses*, *Beverly Hillbillies*, *Car 54*, *Bonanza*, *Bugs Bunny*, *Guiding Light*, *Romper Room*. But even these are not enough to satisfy the Canadians. By erecting what must be some of the tallest antennas in the world, about 45 percent of the population can pick up the U.S. stations that line the border.

"You can't get away from the fact that Canadians lap up American culture," says a member of Parliament in Ottawa. "When my mother-in-law visited me from Toronto, she was madder than hell. She missed those television stations in Buffalo across Lake Ontario."

Since some American stations take advertising from Canadian companies, there has been talk from time to time that the Board of Broadcasting Governors might seek tax legislation to encourage these companies to advertise on Canadian stations. CTV, which presumably would benefit the most from such a measure, is hotly against it, however. "When you're for private enterprise in Canada," says network president Spencer Caldwell, "you're for private enterprise everywhere—Pakistan, the United States, everywhere."

With no national newspapers, Canada is particularly anxious that its small group of national magazines survive their battle against American periodicals. In 1961 a royal commission declared that the flourishing Canadian editions of *Time* and the *Reader's Digest* were getting 40 cents of every dollar spent in Canada on consumer magazine advertising. In addition, Canadian companies were advertising heavily in the American magazines sent into the country. In January the Diefenbaker government finally got around to introducing legislation that would have stopped American magazines with Canadian advertising from entering the country. The bill died with the Diefenbaker government, but whichever party is elected this month is almost certain to seek some sort of protection for Canadian magazines.

To encourage national culture, Canada has two organizations unlike any in the United States. Since Canada has no real movie industry, it created the National Film Board as a government agency to produce and distribute documentaries on Canadian life. These documentaries win armfuls of international awards every year. In 1957 Canada also decided that the arts could make ingenious use of the $100,000,000 taxes on the estates of Sir James Dunn, who was in steel, and Isaac (Ike) Killam, who was in nearly everything. The money became the nest egg for the Canada Council, which has been using it to help colleges erect buildings, and to subsidize students, artists, writers, musicians and theaters.

Canada's continuing concern about its identity and its future—plus the bitter discontent in Quebec (see page 20)—have caused a national state of mind that one editor describes with a single adjective: numb. "The Canadian zest began to fade about six years ago," he says. "There's a disillusionment with the Conservatives and no corresponding desire for the Liberals. The country is ripe for a leader who would ask for sacrifices and stir it to life."

But as the campaign reached its climax, the sad fact was that many Canadian voters appeared unconvinced that either John Diefenbaker or Mike Pearson was really strong enough to grapple with the nation's problems.

Victories over the hangman

In the past Diefenbaker had the power to lift the imagination of the Canadian people. A successful prairie lawyer from Saskatchewan—of the 20 persons he defended for murder, only two went to the hangman—Diefenbaker is an emotional, instinctive politician who built his career as the great champion of what he calls "the average Canadian." For 15 years Diefenbaker regularly lost elections back in Prince Albert until he finally made it to Parliament in 1940. By 1956 Diefenbaker was the Conservative leader. In the national election of 1957, carrying his own suitcase, he campaigned on a smooth blend of anti-Americanism and pro-Canadianism. He criticized Canada's heavy trade with the United States and the great flow of American capital across the border. "I'm not anti-American, I'm pro-Canadian," he insisted. And he told the people: "I ask you to catch the vision—the vast opportunities open to us as Canadians."

The voters made Diefenbaker prime minister, ending 22 years of Liberal rule, although they gave him only enough members in Parliament to form a minority government. In the election campaign the following year Diefenbaker rose up on the television screen like an evangelist, eyes glowering and jowls quivering with every impassioned phrase. He was a master of the art of what he calls "Main-streeting"—walking majestically down the sidewalk, grabbing a voter by the hand, staring into his eyes and fervently intoning, "How are you?" This time Canadians gave Diefenbaker the greatest triumph in the country's history. He won 208 of Parliament's 265 seats, and reduced the Liberals to a corporal's guard of 48.

But over the years, Diefenbaker began to lose his momentum. He seemed uncertain about how Canada should adjust to the growing reality of the Common Market, or adjust to the present reality of the United States. He put off making decisions in favor of appointing royal commissions—13 in all—to ponder everything from social welfare to the auto industry. He was hit by two recessions. Unemployment stayed high. Each of his budgets dipped into the red. He began to feud with the press. During the campaign of 1962 the theatrical television techniques that had been so effective in 1957 and 1958 sagged into bad melodrama.

The result was a crushing defeat. Diefenbaker won only 116 seats. He was able to form a minority government only because the rise of Social Credit and the Socialistic New Democratic Party cut into the Liberals' figures.

Since then, Diefenbaker has appeared to be unable to make up his mind about anything, let alone nuclear arms. But when the debate gets rough in the House of Commons, Diefenbaker can still be a slashing speaker, one hand on his hip to hold back a long-vanished barrister's gown. Seated in the gallery, his wife signals him quietly when his carefully combed, crinkly gray hair begins to toss in the storm, and he carefully smooths it back into place.

Diefenbaker's political instincts, which have been right enough often enough for him to trust them completely, tell him that he has a fine, emotional campaign issue in his stand against nuclear arms. And as the campaign warmed, Diefenbaker ignored his lieutenants' advice against anti-Americanism and began to pose as the superpatriot fending off the United States. "Canada—a power, not a puppet," he declared. Exploiting his political "martyrdom," he intoned: "I've been derided. I've been condemned. It seems everyone is against me but the people."

Flag-waving is always a strong campaign tactic, and the recent economic improvement has scarcely hurt Diefenbaker's chances. Even so, most preelection surveys favored the Liberals. Mike Pearson is the complete opposite of Diefenbaker in temperament and technique, and no love is lost between the two. While Diefenbaker rose to the top in the free-for-all of politics, Pearson was making his name in the intellectual world of foreign affairs. A former ambassador to the United States, Pearson became Secretary of State for External Affairs in 1948. He served with such distinction at the U.N., where he helped settle the Suez crisis, that he won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957. "During that time," says historian Frank Underhill of those prosperous and prestigious days in the mid-'50's, "we frankly felt we were better than the United States."

In 1958 Pearson became head of the Liberal Party, just in time to be run over by the Diefenbaker express. Originally opposed to accepting nuclear arms, he began to change his mind last fall. He realized, in the wake of the Cuban crisis, that Diefenbaker's vacillation was preventing Canada from playing its full role in the Western nuclear deterrent. After he announced his switch in January, a cartoon in a Montreal weekly showed Pearson with a giant bomb in his arms walking away from a prostrate and bloody woman labeled Nobel Peace Prize. The caption: "Gentlemen prefer bombs."

At 65, Pearson is only two years younger than Diefenbaker, but he looks and acts a decade more youthful. But though he is widely respected for his role in foreign affairs, Pearson has not yet projected himself as a national leader. "He has

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THE ANGRY FRENCH CANADIANS

A FIERY DEMAGOGUE WINS THE PROTEST VOTES.

Réal Caouette preaches his odd doctrine to Quebec workmen.

Canada's two major parties have been so preoccupied with the problem of living with the United States that they have neglected a growing crisis at home—how to live with the nation's restless French Canadians, who form nearly 30 percent of the population and have their great stronghold in the province of Quebec.

Officially Canada is bicultural and bilingual, but the French Canadians have always suffered from discrimination. French Canadians charge that 23 Federal agencies and departments, including the Canadian National Railways, do not have a single top French-Canadian official. Feeling condemned to second-class citizenship, the French Canadians have fiercely preserved their culture for generations. Now they are through with defense; they want to take part in all the affairs of Canada. One extremist group even bombed three regimental armories in Quebec last month.

"Two years ago when people in Quebec threatened secession, I considered it just a political weapon to win something from the Conservatives and the Liberals," says André Laurendeau, editor of Montreal's *Le Devoir*. "Now I'm a little afraid of what might happen. We could have a disintegration of Canada if the French Canadians do not get satisfaction."

Out of the political ferment in Quebec has come an astonishing revival of the astonishing Social Credit Party, which started in Alberta in 1935 during the depth of the drought and the depression. The party combined the fervor of a radio evangelist named William (Wild Bill) Aberhart and the eccentric monetary schemes of an English major named C. H. Douglas who argued that the government should print more money, as the economy grows, and distribute it to the people. Social Credit has been in power in Alberta since 1935 and in British Columbia since 1952, but it long ago swore off its funny-money policies.

While Social Credit was abandoning the faith out West, however, a charming, effervescent Chrysler dealer in the small town of Rouyn, Quebec, was preaching the old-time gospel. For years audiences had listened to Réal Caouette—pronounced Ray-al Kah-wet—and chuckled. Then, after the 1958 election, Caouette went on television, and people stopped laughing. He seemed to hypnotize the camera. He waved his arms until his slight five-foot frame seemed about to rise from the studio like a helicopter. His machine-gun style of delivery turned a 15-minute program into one long exclamation. "You don't have to understand Social Credit to vote for it," he declared. "You don't know what makes a car run, yet you buy one."

Caouette, who professes admiration for the early economic accomplishments of Hitler and Mussolini, began campaigning last spring with the slogan "Vote Social Credit—you have nothing to lose." He appealed to the growing anti-intellectualism in the countryside. Apparently the French Canadians were ready to vote for candidates who were not members of the major parties, which had neglected Quebec for years. When the voting was done, Caouette had 26 seats—enough to give him the balance of power under Diefenbaker's minority government. Caouette's great victory made him the real leader of Social Credit, although the party head still officially remained Robert Thompson, a chiropractor from Red Deer, Alberta.

In the current campaign Caouette has gone all out to harness French-Canadian nationalism. The Quebec orator, who has charged that Canada is not worth fighting for because of its system of inequality, appeals to the strong anti-bomb feeling among his people. Caouette's stand on the nuclear-arms question is, "No! No! No!" This time local leaders think he might win as many as 40 seats. If so, Canada could end up with another minority government whose life would depend on the jovial demagogue they call "*Le Tonnerre*" (The Thunder).

no cutting edge," says one Canadian intellectual. Television softens his brisk personality, and, to make matters worse, he has the habit of tilting his head to one side and regarding the camera like a puzzled spaniel. Pearson is at his best talking informally to small groups of voters, just as he once used to sit on the edge of a table and enthrall a room full of students during his teaching days at the University of Toronto.

Not long before the election, Pearson lolled back in a Montreal hotel room, hands in his pockets, and talked about Canada's view of the United States. "When I was young, there was some pretty strong anti-Americanism in Canada," he said. "We were a small country that thought it was doing so much more in the world than the United States. We went into World War I in 1914, you know, and a lot of the men of my generation never came back. The United States stayed out until 1917.

"Things are different now. We have to avoid what has been characterized as an American view of Canada that is benevolent ignorance, and a Canadian view of the United States that is malicious insight. Canada has to recognize the burdens of world responsibility carried by the United States, and not be so touchy about the little things that come up, and the United States must appreciate the fact that Canada is important in the continental scheme of things."

Without mentioning Diefenbaker by name, Pearson derided the prime minister in one of his first campaign speeches by attacking any "demagogic appeal to national pride and prejudice for political advantage." A Liberal government, he said, "will not try to prove we're for Canada first by getting into trouble with our friends. We'll not try to show how broad our Canadian shoulders are by going around with a big chip on them."

A few Canadians still feel that U.S. influence could gradually increase until the next step would inevitably be annexation. "I have heard it said," a Conservative official in Ottawa remarked recently, "that if you put a frog in a pail of water and slowly increased the temperature, you could cook it painlessly. The frog would never know what was happening to it." Yet in matters of defense, trade and even culture, Canada is bound to be pulled closer to the United States during the coming years. "The recent trouble over the State Department note was the last groan of reluctance to accepting the idea," says one official. "We have to accept the fact that Canada is a client state," adds a provincial leader, "just like every other state in the West, with the exception of de Gaulle. From there, we must go on to set up Canada's position."

That position, at heart, is simply a desire to remain a close but independent partner of the United States. "The authorities in Washington do not understand how sensitive Canadians are," says historian Underhill. "They know it intellectually, but not in their guts. The fact is that Canada doesn't have much room for maneuver. But we want to use what room we have."

"Our whole existence in this jungle world depends upon the United States," Hutchison sums up. "But what the American people have not understood is that Canada is important to the United States not only because it is on the northern border but because Canada is the final test of American national morality. If the United States mistreats Canada, no other nation will trust it. You have to get along with Canada, or you will not be able to get along with anyone." THE END

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Liberal Mike Pearson is a favorite in pre-election polls. But some doubt his leadership ability. "He has no cutting edge," says one skeptic.

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By Myron Cope

KING EDWARD OF PITT

In his office Chancellor Litchfield shows aides a model of what he wants the expanded university campus to look like.

Edward Harold Litchfield, erect, crisp, and just a beaked nose short of being handsome, is an educator who disdains modest goals. As chancellor—that is, president—of the University of Pittsburgh, he intends to push, prod or maybe explode his formerly undistinguished city college into the front rank of great American universities.

Horseman, crack shot and formidable combatant in Indian wrestling, Litchfield, who will be 49 next week, brings to this herculean task an obsession for action that has already taken Pitt an impressive way toward his goal. "I don't believe in *letting* things happen," he says. "I believe in *making* them happen."

Last year he brought this philosophy to bear on one of the university's more acute problems. Like many other urban colleges, Pitt was beginning to be threatened by slum areas pressing in around its campus. Seedy rooming houses and garish hot-dog stands were multiplying in the mid-city Oakland district where the university is located, and it was rumored that prostitutes had been sneaking into the main classroom building at night for strictly nonacademic purposes.

One day in May Litchfield accordingly gathered 12 top aides at Tumble Run, his Pennsylvania sheep ranch, to talk over possible solutions to the problem. Wearing a scarlet hunting shirt and riding breeches stuffed into high boots, the chancellor paced about the room impatiently as he listened to the unproductive discussion. Finally he broke in.

"OK," he said in effect, "let's *buy* Oakland. Let's not wait for the city to redevelop the neighborhood. Let's redevelop it ourselves. Don't worry about the money—we'll get it somewhere." Undismayed by the fact that the job was sure to cost at least $250 million—and more likely twice that much—Litchfield then strolled to a bar in the corner of the room and, with an epicure's eye, began mixing noontime dry Martinis for the group.

Real-estate ventures are nothing new to Litchfield. Ever since coming to Pitt not quite eight years ago, he has been expanding his campus by gobbling up commercial properties so voraciously that students refer to him as King Edward.

Focal point of his enlarged campus is the world's tallest schoolhouse—the gray 42-story Gothic Cathedral of Learning, a shaft of classrooms and offices encircled by great lawns almost as bare as billiard tables. Beyond them ranges a rough, zigzag arc of some 40 old, new and yet-unfinished buildings, the Litchfield touch being most apparent in a trio of towering cylindrical dormitories which the university has tentatively named A, B and C, and which the students have renamed Ajax, Bab-O and Comet.

Litchfield, himself as functional as his new dorms, is the completely packaged Educator of Today: As an academician and heavyweight thinker, he dashes off papers and speeches bearing such lofty titles as *The Strategy of the Organic Institution* and *New Dimensions of Learning in a Free Society.*

As a university administrator, meanwhile, he runs his school exactly as he would a corporation; on his desk sits a walnut intercom panel whose flashing buttons enable him to conduct a 15-man instant conference including not only his top aides across the campus but also his "liaison man" in Washington.

Litchfield's work day runs to 18 hours, because he moonlights so far afield that he requires a private plane to commute among his various jobs. Among other sidelines, he is chairman of the board of SCM Corporation (formerly Smith-Corona Marchant) with offices in New York, and heads up the executive committee on personnel for the Studebaker Corporation in South Bend, Indiana. Consequently, when he presented to Pitt trustees his plan to redevelop the Oakland district, he received a pointed question from Gwilym A. Price, board chairman of both Pitt and the Westinghouse Electric Corporation: "Edward, don't you have enough balls up in the air now?"

Litchfield, standing beside an easel on which he had been displaying sketches, stood frozen, a pointer in one hand and a Martini in the other. "Maybe I do," he shot back. "But don't call me down on it till I drop one."

He then promptly undertook still another major project, a nine-month lobbying campaign in which he persuaded the National Aeronautics and Space Administration to help finance a novel $33 million research center explicitly dedicated to relating space knowledge to industrial use.

"The head of a university today cannot go and bury himself in the library," Litchfield said recently. "For example, you're living in a political world, and you have to be willing and able to deal with political people and political power centers. There are too many people in educational institutions who think they can live a life of isolation. To be part of the political community is distasteful to them. Well, if they don't like it they shouldn't be university presidents."

Fellow educators sometimes speak Litchfield's name with a sneer because of his brash-young-man reputation. Yet no one denies that he has proved one point—namely, that a university need not remain typed. In the short time he has been head of Pitt, he has reshaped the school beyond recognition and dazed its alumni.

In the postwar years Pitt was a poor man's school for local kids. Thousands of students hitchhiked and rode streetcars to classes and found part-time jobs to meet expenses. Pitt's admissions requirements in those days were lax, and it was assumed that the few students from wealthy families had come to Pitt only because "they could not get into a good school."

Then in 1955 Chancellor Rufus H. Fitzgerald retired, and Litchfield was brought in from Cornell, where he had been dean of the school of business and public administration, by a clutch of civic-minded Pittsburgh multimillionaires, chief among them financier-industrialist Richard King Mellon.

"The faculty," says a Litchfield aide, "gave him two years to fall flat on his face. And the crowd down at the Duquesne Club"—the ultra-exclusive club where Pittsburgh's big deals have been made since the days of the coal and steel barons—"considered him an upstart." In point of fact, Litchfield's father was a $5,770 assistant superintendent in a Detroit post office at the time of his death in 1955. ("Your mother was forced to take in boarders, wasn't she?" the chancellor was asked not long ago. Weighing his reply as if discussing curriculum policy, he answered, "Well, she wasn't forced to. She elected to do so.")

Untroubled by self-doubt, the new chancellor assembled the 750 members of Pitt's faculty and told them they fell into three groups: those he prized, those he did not want around, and those he did not much care about one way or another. "It was shocking," says one professor. "We went away shaking our heads."

Soon faculty heads were not only shaking but falling. Among teachers who were classified as dispensable, those with tenure received a clear warning that their future at Pitt was not bright. Most took the hint.

Meanwhile, Litchfield began his program to expand the university. Having been given permission by his wealthy sponsors to spend $100 million or so to improve Pitt, he bought up property so rapidly that at last count he had spent $107 million and was still going strong. On one broad front lay Forbes Field, Schenley Park and Carnegie Tech. After Litchfield bought Forbes Field (giving the Pittsburgh Pirates permission to play there until the city builds a municipal stadium), an ingenious radio humorist named Rege Cordic broadcast a satire in which a shrill voice was heard to cry: "Give me Forbes Field and I won't take Carnegie Tech!"

Ten thousand voices, salvaged from an old Nuremberg soundtrack, responded, "*Sieg, heil! Sieg, heil! Sieg, heil!*"

In a sense, however, insiders now claim that Carnegie Tech has already fallen like a latter-day Czechoslovakia. In order to raise money to redevelop the Oakland district, Litchfield formed a unique complex known as the Oakland Corporation (OakCorp). Its stock is held by colleges, research institutes, philanthropic founda-

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INTO A GREAT UNIVERSITY.

tions, the property-rich Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh and wealthy insurance houses. Together they will build apartment houses, shopping centers, professional buildings and an industrial research park—all to be at the public's disposal.

Pitt, holding 50 percent of the voting stock, in effect will be the landlord of Oakland and hopes that OakCorp shareholders will realize a 10 percent annual return on their investment. Still, it is said that Carnegie Tech's president, J. C. (Jake) Warner, enrolled his excellent school in OakCorp with all the enthusiasm of a man jumping into quicksand.

Tech prizes a certain amount of scholarly isolation, shying from foreign entanglements. Further, President Warner admits he wishes Litchfield had called him in on the planning of OakCorp instead of merely slapping the final plans in front of him and telling him to sign on the dotted line. Yet had Tech refused to join up, she might have been accused of being indifferent to the community slum threat.

When this writer recently repeated to President Warner the grapevine word that he had been reluctant, he looked me hard in the eye and said, "If you try to develop a controversy between Pitt and Tech or between Litchfield and me, I'll cut your throat. And I mean it."

Actually, Warner's desire to avoid such a controversy reflects the fact that Pittsburgh's attitude toward Litchfield has in just the past year swiftly changed from mistrust and skepticism to outright admiration. The explanation for this switch lies in the city's economic plight.

Pittsburgh, having relied on the sagging steel industry while the national boom in industrial and defense research passed the city by, has come to an economic standstill. Unemployment in the area stands at the 9-to-12-percent level. Suddenly Pittsburghers have looked around them and seen that they now have only one center of major growth—Pitt. Litchfield is coming to the rescue with plans to renew a central neighborhood and to erect a space center whose research is certain to attract new industries. Mayor Joseph M. Barr says, "Our industrial plants of tomorrow will be born in Pitt's laboratories."

Yet Litchfield, enlarging on the role of the American university, disclaims originality for these ideas. "We're just the ones who are putting them into practice," he says. "If you're a great university that has already arrived—or if you're a lesser university but have no high aspirations—you don't have to take the trouble.

"But Pitt has fantastic aspirations. Yet we haven't arrived, so we've got to do this experimenting. The boldness of design is essential. The drama is important here. I cannot proceed in a quiet way and let actions speak for themselves."

One way or another, Litchfield's message is clearly getting across. Perhaps the ultimate proof lies in the new spirit animating the undergraduates. Last fall the student newspaper passed the word along to incoming freshmen: "This university is out to rule the world. Aren't you glad you're on the right side?" THE END

Chancellor Litchfield pauses on balcony of Student Union, across the campus from Pitt's 42-story Cathedral of Learning.

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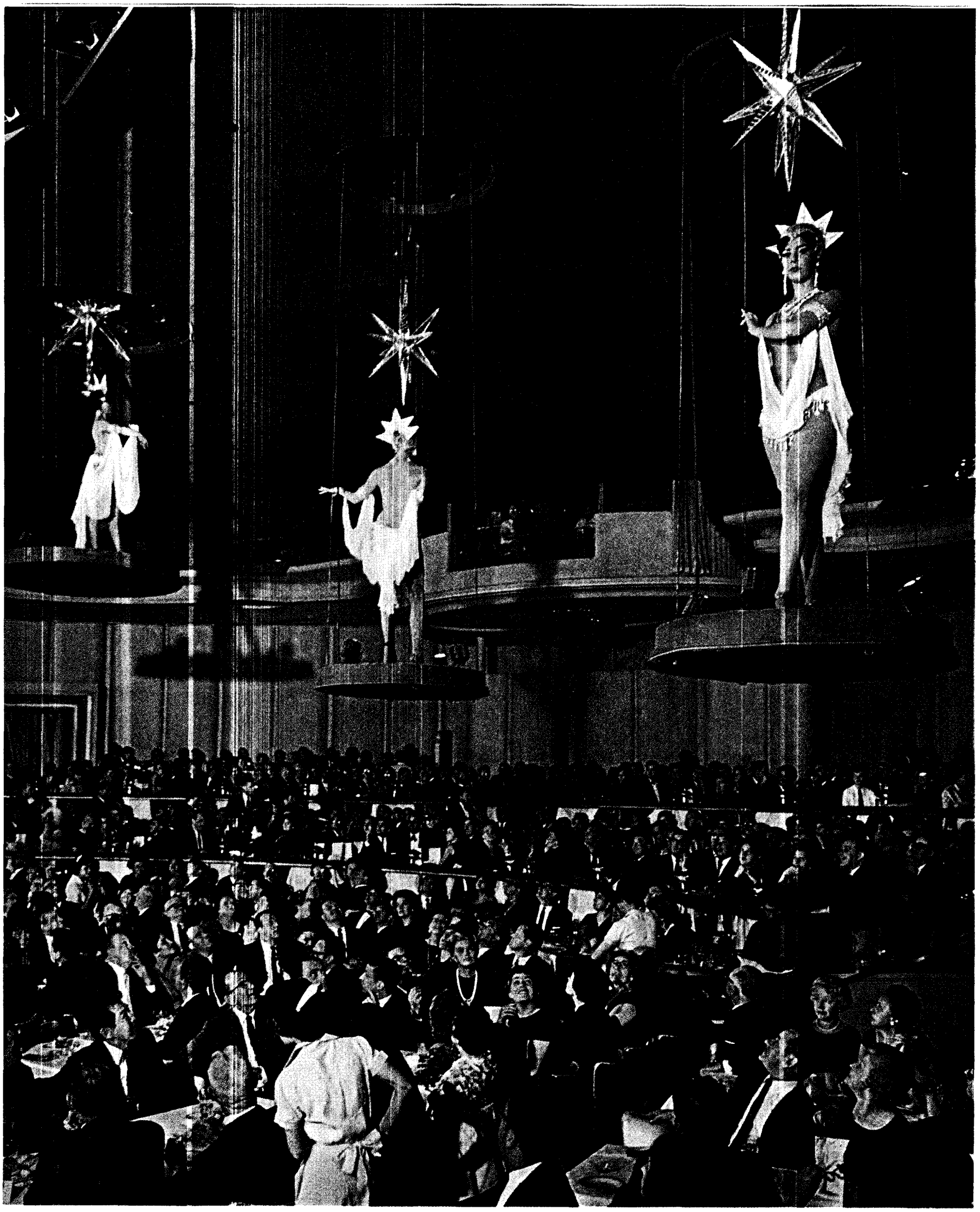

Capacity crowd of neck-craning customers studies hanging garden of statuesque girls. The chorines, lowered from the ceiling, balance precariously during opening number.

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Lavish Las Vegas revue serves up

French Dressing

Technician manages lighting razzle-dazzle from lofty control booth overlooking stage.

A SPICY EXTRAVAGANZA WITH A GALLIC FLAVOR KEEPS THE DESERT BOILING.

Las Vegas is a glittering mirage, and illusions seldom survive the dawn. But one of the most resplendent illusions of all, the Lido de Paris revue, seems destined to join the durable slot machines and dice tables as a permanent fixture. In a luxury oasis where such top performers as Eddie Fisher, Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore are common decorations on cabaret programs, the Lido revue at the Stardust hotel ranks as top drawer.

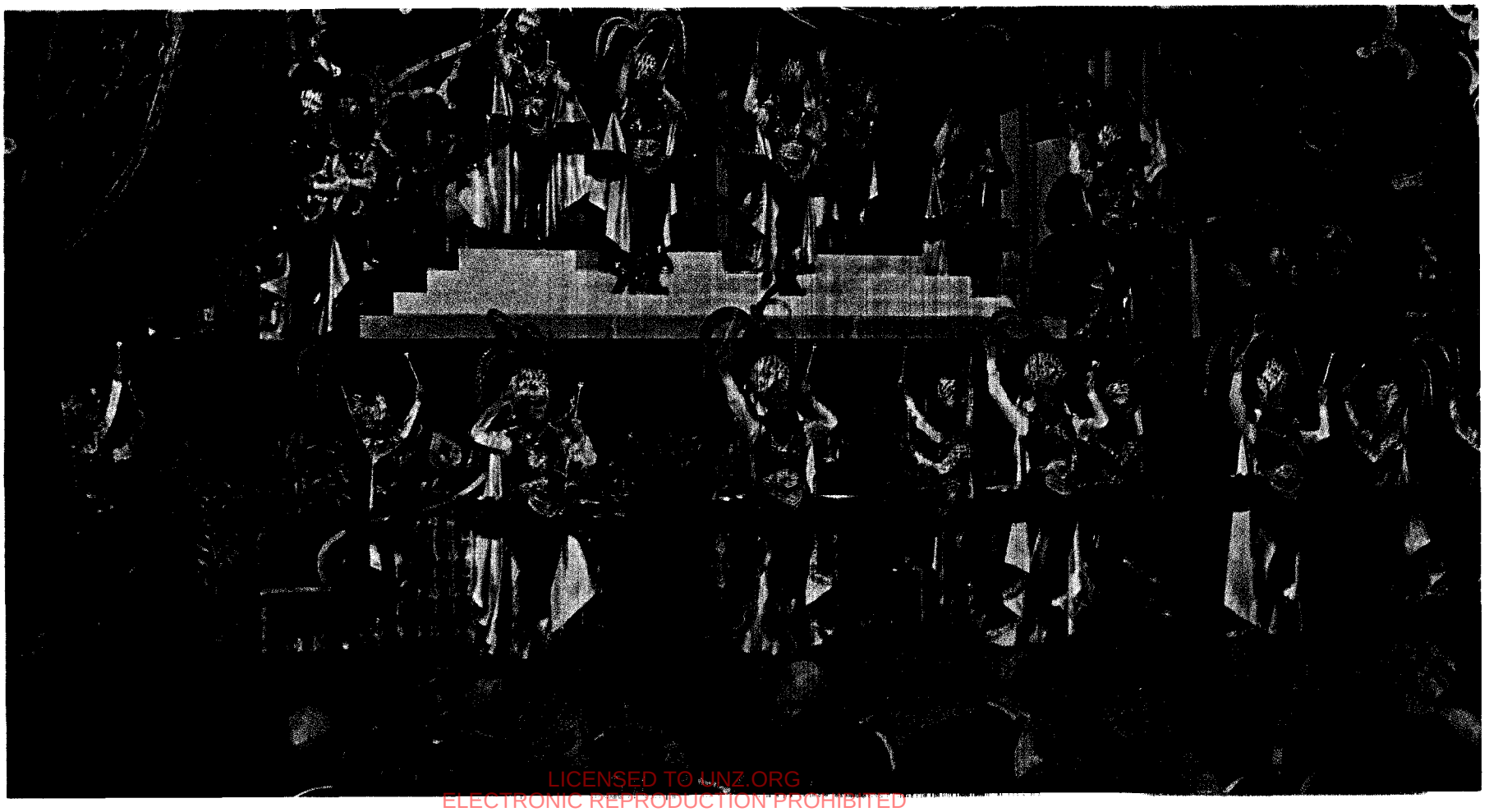
Since its debut in 1958, three million people have flocked to see it, and the nightly queue of customers continues to snake out into the adjoining Casino. Enthusiasts scattered as far as New York have placed standing orders for opening-night reservations of each new production. An adaptation of the famous show at the Lido nightclub in Paris—which has been running since 1929—the Las Vegas version is a brassy jumble of European variety acts and dazzling production numbers, touched with the bezazz of Ziegfeld and P.T. Barnum.

But the real star of the Lido is the stage itself, which is bigger than a basketball court. It unfolds a series of eye-popping effects—a twirling ice skater rising out of its center, a row of fountains sprouting mysteriously behind the dancers and entire sets adorned with ornately costumed girls elevated above stage level. Other girls perch overhead like chandeliers. At the end, the curtain showers sparks from magnesium fireworks.

Behind the scenes nine wardrobe women and a crew of 16 men keep the show moving smoothly. Overlooking the stage, technicians in a glassed-in booth—which looks like an airport control tower—blend lights and sounds to split-second cues.

The fantasy they create keeps packing the house. The fame of the Las Vegas version of the Lido has spread so far, in fact, that one show official says, "We've actually stirred up so much interest that we've helped to increase the business of the original Lido in Paris."

Girls prance in spectacular production number which depicts fanciful Arabian scene. Background set above stage level is mounted on an elevator.



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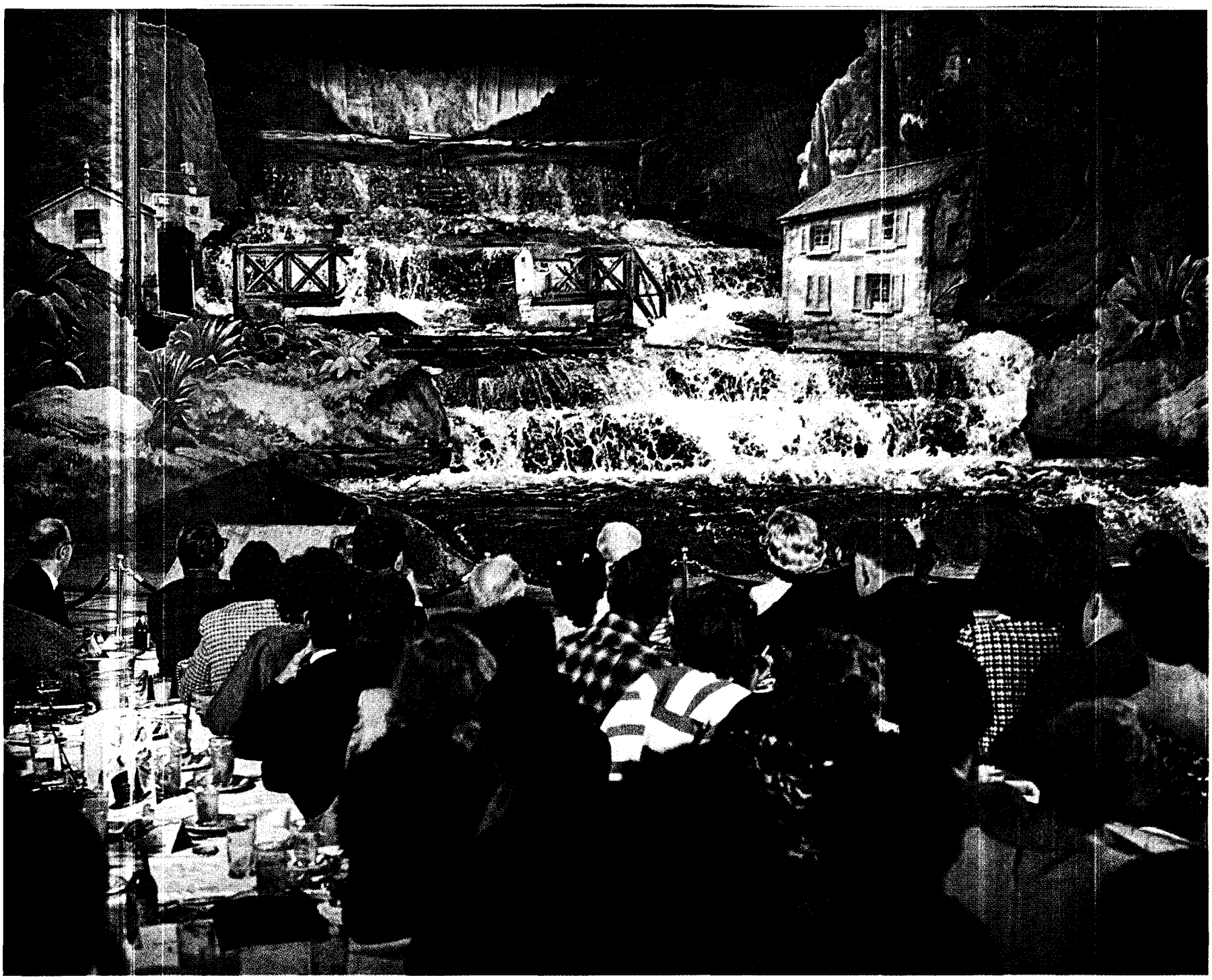

Tense audience ignores drinks to watch water pour through gap in dam. The scene is based upon a 1959 disaster which wiped out a French town.

FRENCH DRESSING

A virtuoso stage lures crowds from the gambling with floods, flesh and feathers.

Plumed showgirl does a backstage balancing act while adjusting her slipper.

The staging of a Lido de Paris revue—Las Vegas style—is such a complex operation that once a new version is set it usually runs for about a year and a half. For each new edition, which costs nearly half a million dollars, teams of stagehands work around the clock for two weeks installing the complicated sets. Fresh corps of showgirls are imported and trained in the methods of speeding through as many as eight elaborate costume changes per show. They also are coached in the stratagems of flashing contented smiles as they stroll nonchalantly on four-inch heels two feet from the edge of a twelve-foot pit near the middle of the stage.

The stage itself—constructed especially for the revue—is as intricate as a Chinese puzzle. "Most shows are built around a stage," explains company manager Bill De Angelis, "but this is a case of building a stage around a show." Six hydraulic elevators are controlled by individual push buttons. So is a large hinged section of the floor that ascends with a mirror attached so that the audience can see the reflection of a swimming pool below. There are machines to produce lightning, thunder, water, fire, snow and wind. Closed-circuit television allows the backstage staff to follow the progress of the performance—the orchestra drummer, for example, is so far away he must take his cues from the TV screen.

The most fascinating gimcrack is a system of water pumps that creates the *piéce de résistance* of the current production. The pumps are used in a scene which depicts a river valley below a high dam. A storm breaks and rain falls on the stage. Suddenly the dam bursts, and 12,000 gallons of water pour through the gap, across the stage and straight toward the audience (*above*). At the last moment the water drains off in a channel behind the footlights, while the front-row patrons fight the urge to dash for the exits. The scene is so spectacular that it has led to a major concern: The management, now planning a new revue edition for this fall, is wondering what it can do for an encore. THE END

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Photographs by J. R. Eyerman

A harem number features "Les Bluebell Girls" in a flurry of pink capes and ostrich feathers. Biggest item of stage manager's budget is $1,200 monthly bill for repair of girls' shoes.

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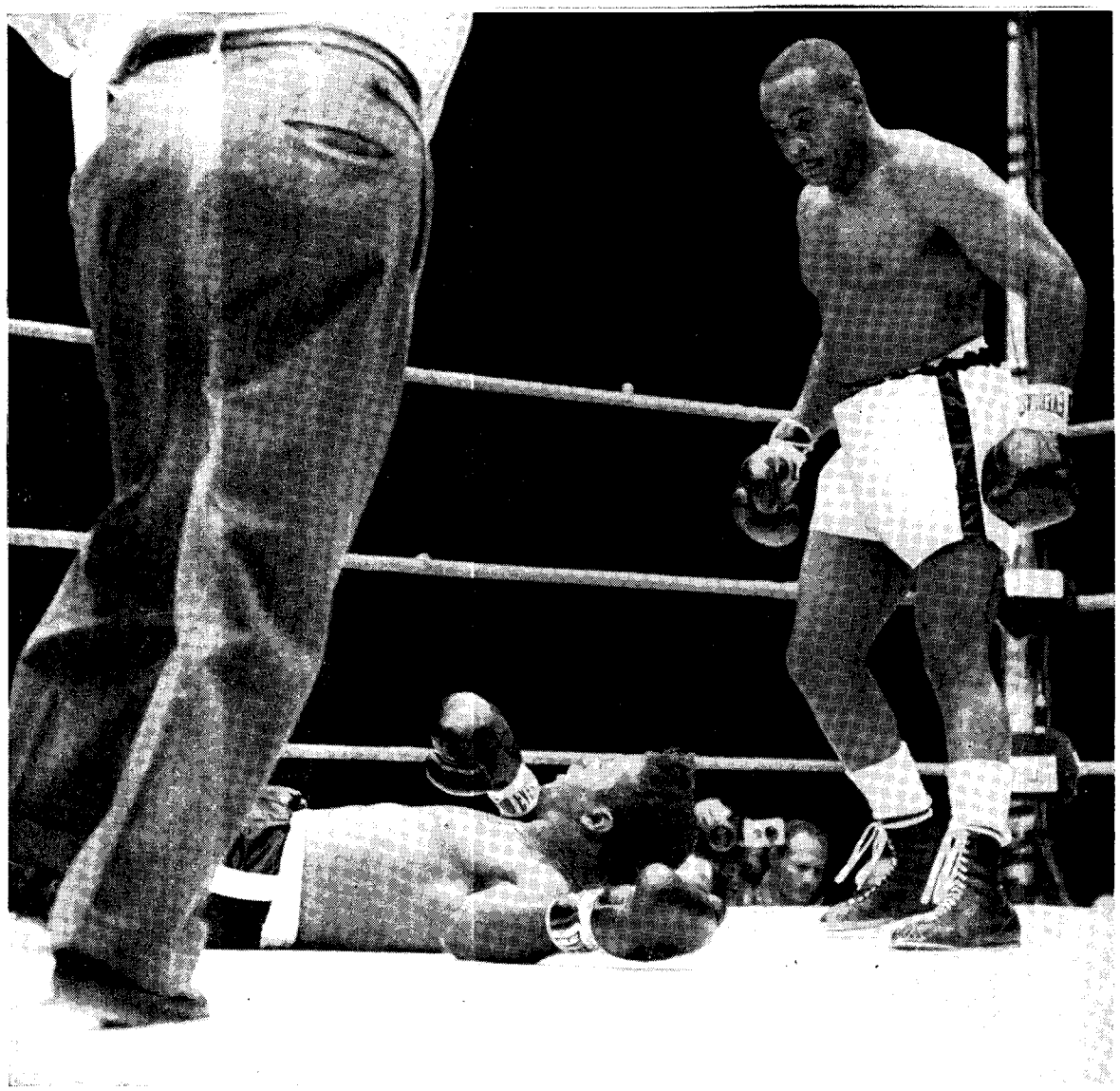


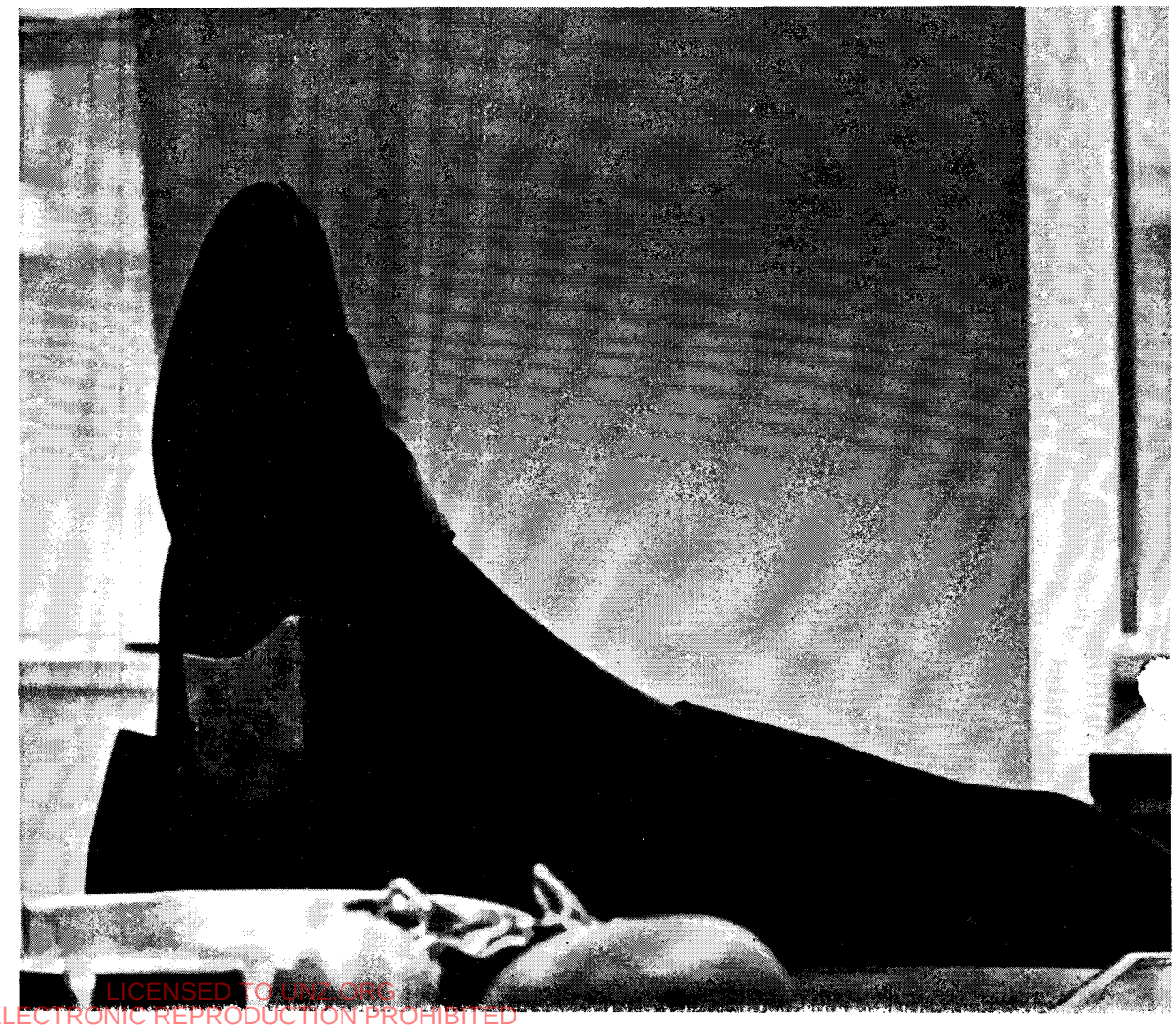
Liston triumphant over Patterson.

The Boxing Mess

WHY I WANT TO GET OUT

By William Denis Fugazy

Mobster influence, double-dealings and lawsuits make boxing no place for a legitimate businessman.



At 38, William D. Fugazy (right) is president of his own travel agency, third largest in the world, and a director of the forthcoming New York World's Fair. He is also a prominent Catholic layman. Three years ago, when court rulings put many boxing promoters out of business, Fugazy took a fling at promoting heavyweight championship fights. The fling is over. He here tells the startling story of a businessman's experiences in the world of boxing.

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When Sonny Liston defends the heavyweight championship of the world against Floyd Patterson, I expect to be sitting at ringside and I'll have more than a rooting interest. I've promoted two heavyweight championship fights in the last three years. I've had a big stake in boxing. But not any more. I want to get out. The sport—as it is now run—should be abolished.

It's not that I'm against boxing. I'm against anarchy. And boxing, as it exists, is anarchy—and worse.

I realize that I'm in a strange position to be advocating the abolition of boxing. I've been an amateur fighter in the Golden Gloves and at Cornell University. I've been a professional promoter, directing the second and third Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson championship fights. I've seen the value of boxing among youth groups in New York City. As a member of the mayor's committee on juvenile delinquency and as a director of the Catholic Youth Organization, I've been convinced that no sport helps youngsters as boxing does. It teaches boys who might go wrong that there are other ways of defending themselves besides zip guns, knives and stones. I know boxing. I like boxing.

But I cannot ignore the corruption I've found. From top to bottom, professional boxing in the United States is sick. There are men on state boxing commissions who abuse their positions by accepting—and sometimes demanding—favors from promoters. There are promoters who take loans—and sometimes orders—from racketeers. There are managers who mishandle—and sometimes cheat—their fighters. And there are fighters who throw punches—and sometimes matches—at hoodlums' command.

Worse, there is absolutely no nationwide supervision of boxing. A fighter, a manager or a promoter can lose his license in one state, because he has clearly violated the public interest there, and yet be granted a license in another state.

What's more, the people who handle the closed-circuit telecasts of the championship fights, the most lucrative aspect of the sport today, do not have to be licensed or approved by any boxing commission. The whole situation provides a breeding area for corruption.

When I organized Feature Sports, Inc., three and a half years ago to promote the second Patterson-Johansson fight, I had a lot of illusions. I was going to clean up boxing and bring new life to the game. To an extent I think I succeeded. But after a year and a half of trying to cope with the corrupt influences and the corrupt people in the boxing business, I've had to admit that it is no place for a legitimate businessman. These days I devote my energies to my job as president of the Fugazy Travel Bureau, Inc. As for boxing, if I had it all to do over again, I wouldn't. It wasn't worth the frustrations, the complications—or the insults.

Cus D'Amato, the manager of Floyd Patterson, once called me psychotic and although apparently Cus considers everyone he can't control "psychotic," *Sports Illustrated* magazine printed his slur. I have sued the magazine for a million dollars, and I've been sustained in hearings in the New York State Supreme Court and the Appellate Division. Up to now the courts have held that the story was libelous *per se*.

Before the case went to court, *Sports Illustrated* tried to pressure me into dropping the suit. A former New York City detective working for *Sports Illustrated* told my brother Louis that if I pressed my case, the magazine would run a smear campaign against me. My lawyer called *Sports Illustrated*'s lawyer, Harold R. Medina Jr. Medina denied knowledge and said that the statement was "unauthorized." He said he would put a stop to such tactics. He did, but *Sports Illustrated* continued to harass me in print.

I must confess that I have a weakness for *Sports Illustrated*. I admire its editorial flexibility. Sometimes it is professional boxing's most violent critic; sometimes it is professional boxing's most ardent supporter. It hails Floyd Patterson as a saint one week, then assails him as a villain the next. It treats Sonny Liston as a sinner one week, then greets him as a hero the next. The magazine's somewhat schizophrenic approach to boxing appears not to be based on any rational standard.

But compared to some of the things I met in boxing, *Sports Illustrated* was the *Christian Science Monitor*. Living in boxing was like growing up with a pack of wolves. Let me introduce you first to the wolf pack:

Cus D'Amato: Floyd Patterson's manager in theory, not in practice. Patterson doesn't listen to him anymore. Cus is not devious by design; he convinces himself that he is always doing the right thing. But he has a wealth of misconceptions, and a totally suspicious nature. When I met him for the first time, in a New York restaurant called L'Aiglon, I asked him what he'd like to have for lunch. He looked around the room, studied the waiters and said: "I never eat out, because Jim Norris is trying to poison me." We all laughed at D'Amato's obviously ridiculous remark.

Jim Norris: The president of the International Boxing Club during the 1950's, when the I.B.C. controlled the heavyweight championship. In 1959 the I.B.C. was declared an illegal monopoly. Norris is very rich and very powerful, but he is not very good at remembering facts. In 1955 he told the New York State Athletic Commission that he had never discussed boxing with a hood named Frankie Carbo. In 1960 he told Senator Kefauver's Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly that he had discussed boxing with Carbo on several occasions dating back to around 1950. Norris says he has no connection with boxing. During recent Senate hearings on boxing he denied a financial interest in Liston, but said he was interested in furthering Liston's career.

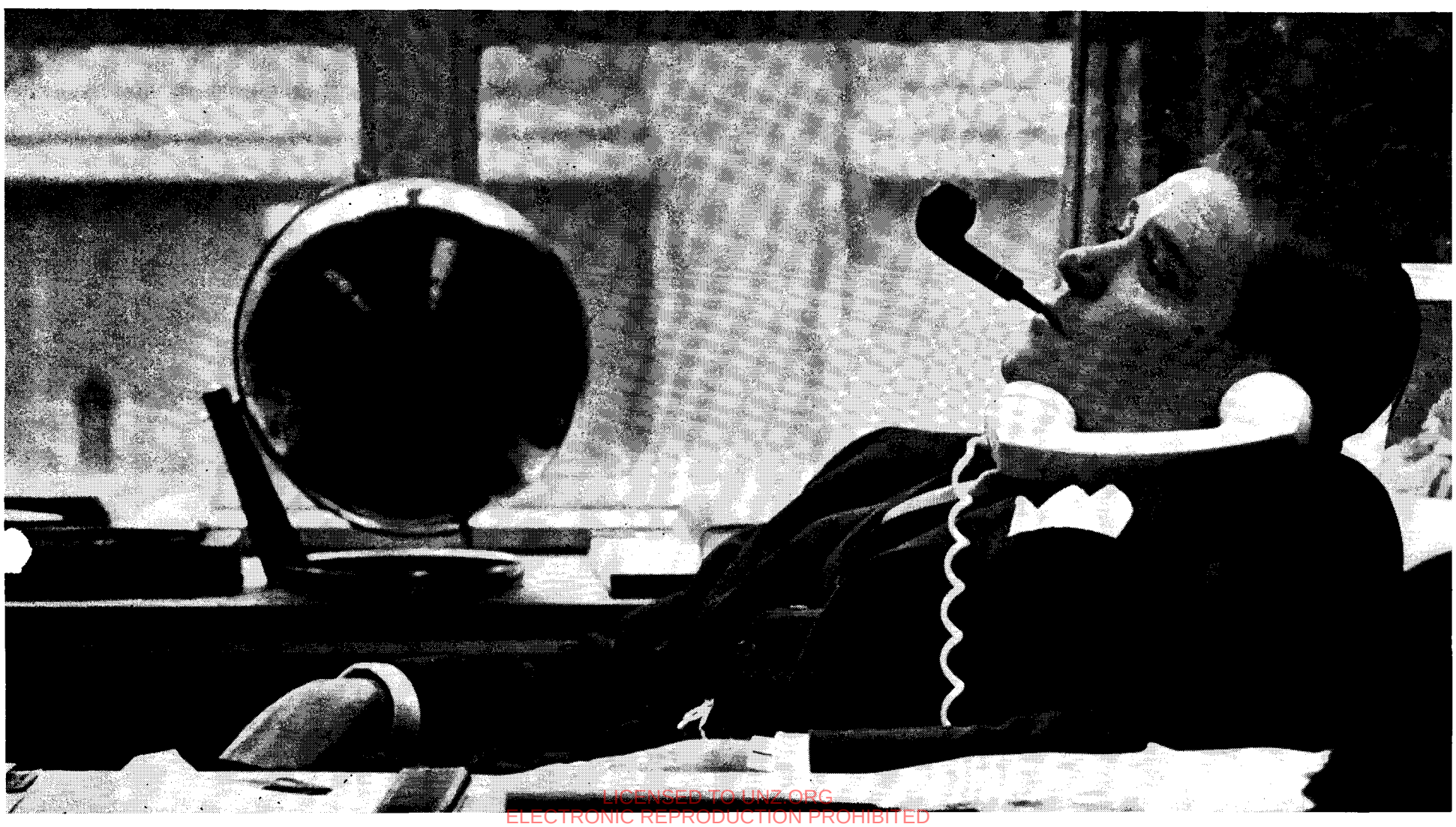
Frankie Carbo: Now in residence at Alcatraz, serving a 25-year sentence for extortion and conspiracy to extort. His real name is Paul John Carbo, and his friends call him "Mr. Gray" or "The Gray" or "The Man." A former handyman for Murder, Inc., he was arrested four times for murder but always managed to get off free. In the 1940's and 1950's, he was the undercover manager of dozens of top fighters. He decided who fought whom and where—and he sometimes decided who beat whom. He once owned at least 52 percent of Sonny Liston. There was evidence in Senate hearings that Norris-controlled firms had paid substantial sums to Carbo's wife.

Jack Nilon: The record manager of Sonny Liston. I first met him when I was promoting the second Patterson-Johansson fight. Nilon insisted he could help in the promotion. After talking with him, I was convinced that he would be no help at all.

Irving Kahn: The president of TelePrompTer Corporation, which handled the closed-circuit television for all three Patterson-Johansson fights. He still owes Johansson money from the *first* fight. He owes Feature Sports money from the *second* and *third* fights. And the funny thing is that *he* doesn't trust anyone else. He tape-records conversations in his office and on the phone.

Bill Rosensohn: The promoter of the first Patterson-Johansson fight. His intentions were good, but his ethics became obscured by necessities. When he ran short of money, he borrowed from Chicago Stadium Corporation, a Norris company, and from a known hoodlum named Tony Salerno. He took his orders from Kahn and D'Amato—and grew to dislike both of them.

Vincent Velella: A New York lawyer and Rosensohn's partner in promoting the first Patterson-Johansson fight. Eventually Velella, backed up by Kahn and D'Amato, took over two thirds interest in Rosensohn Enterprises. He and Rosensohn turned upon each other, and Rosensohn accused Velella of being a front for Tony Salerno. Velella was indicted by a New York grand jury for perjury in



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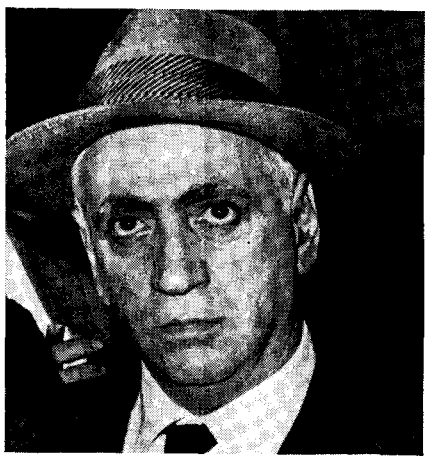
Jack Fugazy, Roy Cohn, Denniston Slater and Bill Fugazy before a fight.

Some members of boxing's curious cast

Cus D'Amato

Jim Norris

Bill Rosensohn



Frankie Carbo

Jack Nilon

Irving Kahn

connection with his dealings with Salerno, but he was later acquitted.

Now that I've fed you the wolves, I'll present the men who were formerly my co-owners of Championship Sports:

ROY COHN: Roy has the greatest ability to alienate and antagonize people of anyone I know; since the Army-McCarthy hearings, he has always been attacking or attacked. I believe Roy is a brilliant lawyer, but, of course, we do not always agree. I think he made a lot of mistakes in our promotional activities. He foolishly believed that D'Amato and Kahn could speak for Patterson. He put too much faith in Kahn. They were great friends for a while; they dislike each other now.

TOM BOLAN: The president of Championship Sports. Tom is an intelligent, decent lawyer who knew nothing about the boxing business until Roy and I brought him into Feature Sports. He built up a firm friendship with Patterson which still exists. His brother Al serves as general manager of Championship Sports. Al is no threat to the memory of Tex Rickard.

To complete the cast, the three fighters:

INGEMAR JOHANSSON: The former heavyweight champion and one of my favorite people. I think he's a good fighter and could be a great fighter. He is not a hungry fighter; he probably personally has taken more money out of boxing than any other fighter. He is bright, likable and enterprising. His one weakness: He doesn't particularly like to train.

FLOYD PATTERSON: Another former heavyweight champion and, in my opinion, a very decent person. I think Floyd's trouble is that he is influenced too much—and too easily—by people around him. I'm certain that he would never deliberately do anything wrong, but he sometimes suffers from poor advice. Like his lawyer, Julius November, Floyd is overly suspicious. When November barks "Did you hear what he said, Floyd?" Patterson listens.

SONNY LISTON: The heavyweight champion of the world. After winning the title from Patterson last year, Liston announced that he was moving from Philadelphia to Chicago, which is, by coincidence, the hometown of Jim Norris. Liston, an ex-convict, explained that he was moving because the police in Philadelphia persecuted him. They picked on him for driving too fast; they picked on him for driving too slow. It was a perfectly logical move because, as we all know, many Chicago police have been famous for their honesty and fair play.

Now to the plot:

Late in 1959 my uncle Humbert (Jack) Fugazy, an outstanding amateur and professional fighter before World War I and a famous promoter during the 1920's and 1930's, came to me and asked me to put up money for him to promote a heavyweight championship fight. I didn't know too much about the boxing situation at the time. All I knew was that Rosensohn and Velella were in trouble, that they were involved with gangsters, that they had lost their licenses to promote in New York and that they had to get out of boxing.

My first reaction was no. I didn't want to get involved in the boxing business, because it might hurt my travel business. But I felt an obligation to my uncle, who since my boyhood has been especially close to me. He always encouraged my interest in amateur boxing, and I knew that his great dream was to promote a heavyweight-championship match. With only a few misgivings, I contacted Rosensohn and Velella. They wanted $247,000—two thirds to Velella, one third to Rosensohn—for the Patterson-Johansson return-match contract.

From a businessman's point of view the deal was terrible. The contract gave the promoters a share in the live gate only—not a cent from the far more profitable ancillary rights of television, radio and movies. If Johansson won the return fight, under the terms of the contract, the promoters had no assurance that they'd ever promote another fight. If Patterson won, the promoters were guaranteed another match—and nothing more. Even with two fights, the chances of getting $247,000 out clear, with none of the ancillary rights, were slim.

I should have shied away from the deal as soon as I saw the contract, but I felt I could help my uncle and help boxing at the same time. I went and outlined my plan to District Attorney Frank Hogan, who has always been a leader in the fight to keep racketeers out of boxing in New York. Hogan is one of my closest friends. He told me to go ahead, but he warned me that boxing was a tough business and that my reputation might be smeared.

Then I began gathering a group to purchase the contract. The first person I went to was Roy Cohn, and at the beginning Roy had no interest. But he thrives on controversy, and when he was told by others that we could never promote a heavyweight-championship fight, that Jim Norris was going to regain control, he couldn't resist the intrigue. We enlisted six other wealthy businessmen, bought out Rosensohn and Velella for $247,000 and appointed my uncle executive director of Feature Sports, Inc.

My uncle then brought Cus D'Amato to meet me at L'Aiglon. After rejecting my offer of lunch, D'Amato looked at my uncle, who was sipping a cup of coffee, and said, "Is that your coffee, Jack?" My uncle said yes. "I'll drink your cup," D'Amato said. "Jim Norris isn't trying to poison you." (After a few weeks of dealing with D'Amato, even I was looking in closets.)

Soon afterward D'Amato insisted that I talk to Irving Kahn about the closed-circuit TV.

I asked Kahn to make a bid for closed-circuit rights, and D'Amato exploded. He said that nobody would handle closed-circuit TV except Irving Kahn. (This is when I began to suspect that the two men had, in effect, a partnership.) What's more, D'Amato snapped, he didn't want the fight to be held in New York because the state had revoked his license to manage. "I'll never permit Floyd to fight in New York," Cus said.

"I don't think you have any choice," I told him. "You have a fighter who just lost his title."

In December of 1959 Roy Cohn, Tom Bolan, Jack Fugazy and I went to Sweden. I realized very soon that Johansson had no manager and no advisers; he called his own shots. He would never fight for anyone who was involved with the mob, Ingemar said. He wanted to fight and give Patterson a chance to win back the title, but he was terrified by all the talk about racketeers. "I don't want to get involved with Jim Norris," he said. "He came over here and tried to tell me that I could never fight again unless he tied me up. He wanted to own me. No one's going to own me." Johansson

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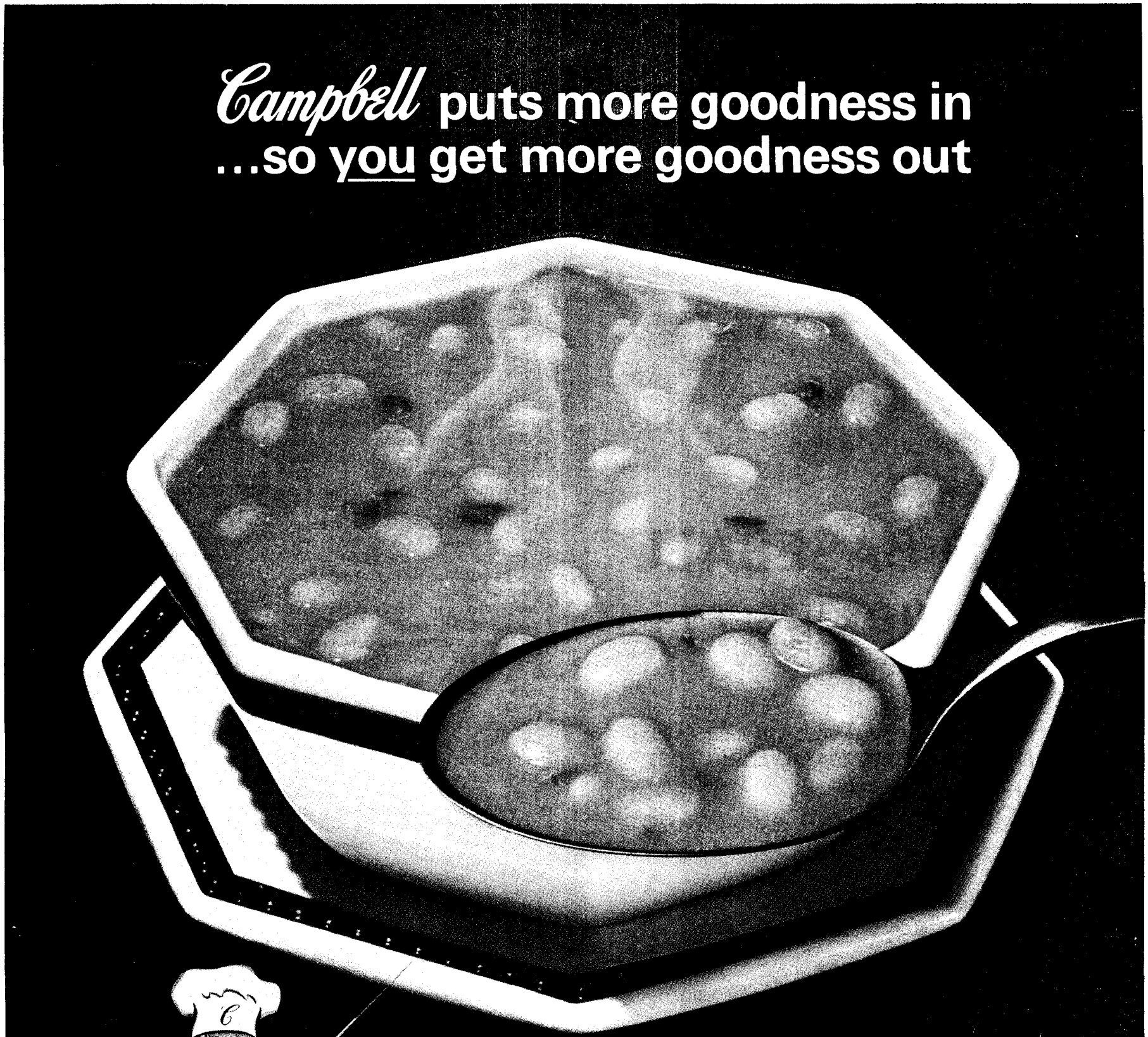
Campbell puts more goodness in ...so you get more goodness out



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agreed that the best place for the fight was New York and that the wisest thing would be to hold open bidding for the closed-circuit rights.

When we returned from Sweden, we applied for a license to promote the fight in New York in June. Weeks went by, and nothing happened. Melvin Krulewitch, as chairman of the State Athletic Commission, was trying to do the right thing, but his two fellow commissioners—young Jim Farley and Julie Helfand, who was obligated to Norris—blocked our application for a license to promote.

Finally Krulewitch said, "I'll show you who's on your side. I'm going to call a public meeting of the commission."

A week before the public meeting, at a cocktail party in Palm Beach, Jim Norris told someone: "These guys think they're going to get their license. They don't know that my boy is going to stop them." His boy was Julie Helfand. It is a matter of public record that when Helfand was chairman of the athletic commission, before Krulewitch, Norris paid his traveling expenses at least once.

Norris's threat was only a hint of a bigger shock to come. Denniston Slater, who was then president of Feature Sports, had known the Norris family from Palm Beach society. A few days before the public hearing, Norris told Slater: "Get your money back, you'll never put on this fight. You bought your stock from Bill Rosensohn, but you never got his stock certificate. You never got it because I have it."

Norris was telling the truth. Rosensohn had told us that he'd lost his certificate, but actually Rosensohn had borrowed money from a Norris company and, unable to pay back the loan, had given the stock certificate as collateral.

I told this story to District Attorney Hogan and to Krulewitch. Then Roy Cohn contacted Arthur Wirtz, Norris's business partner. "Look, this is really going to get Norris in trouble," Cohn told Wirtz. "If he owns stock in a corporation that promoted the last heavyweight championship fight, he's guilty of undercover promoting." Cohn convinced Wirtz to give us the stock certificate. We sent a man out to Chicago. He paid Wirtz the $25,000 Rosensohn had borrowed. We got the certificate we needed, and after that they could not block our license.

Next we invited bids on the closed-circuit rights. Under the terms of the contract, we had to award the ancillary rights and promote them, but we did not share in them. Half a dozen companies entered bids, but the only serious offers came from TelePrompTer and from T.N.T. (Theater Network Television). The rights were to go to the company that offered the highest minimum guarantee. T.N.T. guaranteed $500,000; TelePrompTer guaranteed $800,000. So Kahn won the bidding, but it's easy to offer a large guarantee when you have no intention of paying off right away.

The fight was scheduled for June 20, 1960, in the Polo Grounds. We should have picked Yankee Stadium. But the Stadium wanted a higher rental and D'Amato claimed that the Stadium was controlled by Jim Norris. Sometimes I suspect that D'Amato feels Jim Norris controls Khrushchev.

As preparations proceeded, D'Amato kept telling us that the fight would never take place. He said that Norris would have somebody killed or somebody drugged. He once said that Norris was going to plant narcotics in his coat pocket and have him arrested as a dope peddler. No one was killed, no one was drugged and D'Amato has never been arrested as a dope peddler.

We were deluged with requests for press tickets as the fight neared. I started getting phone calls from people who'd tell me that friends of theirs—big bookmakers—wanted to buy press seats for $200 and $250 apiece. I told them it couldn't be done, that the press seats were only for the press.

"Are you crazy?" they said. "Press tickets have been sold from the days of Mike Jacobs." I refused to give in. Some people thought I was kidding, that I was holding out for a $500 price on the press seats. I can honestly say that to the best of my knowledge—unless reporters sold their own seats—no one got a press ticket except members of the working press.

I tried to handle all the tickets as honestly as possible, but I know some things went wrong. For instance, we were advised that we had to give the USO a certain number of tickets. Al Bolan gave them to a serviceman at the USO. He signed for them; we are told he then sold most of them to ticket brokers.

My uncle was handling most of the fight details, but as the match drew close, I realized that he needed some help in stimulating the ticket sale. From my own business I understood promotion. By this time I had succeeded Denniston Slater as president of Feature Sports and I spent thousands of dollars on radio and TV spots, newspaper ads, sky-writing ads and posters. It seemed to work, because we collected more than $800,000 at the gate. This doesn't count, of course, the 20,000 people who broke into the Polo Grounds without paying.

We had feared something like that was going to happen. We heard rumors before the fight that tickets were being printed illegally and that there were all sorts of gangs being formed to break down the barriers. We hired hundreds of private policemen to guard the Polo Grounds.

But I was still worried. So I sent word to Stephen Kennedy, the New York police commissioner, that we wanted to hire extra police. Kennedy refused. He said that his policemen would do nothing except be on hand for an emergency. The New York policemen did not lift a finger to stop the people from breaking into the Polo Grounds. They watched kids crawling over the walls and didn't say a word. If a fight broke out, they restored order. But that was all.

During the weeks leading up to the fight, everybody was beginning to talk about Sonny Liston, who seemed the next logical contender for the championship.

The night before the fight, as I was driving Johansson to a mystery guest appearance on *What's My Line?* I asked how he felt about having Liston introduced at ringside.

"I don't want him to be introduced on any night that I am fighting," Ingo said. "He is mixed up with hoodlums and racketeers. I don't want it."

On the night of the fight Liston walked up to me, tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I understand you're not going to let me be introduced in the ring."

This was my first meeting with Liston. It was a terrifying experience. He has cold, dark eyes and a face that doesn't show any expression. I never realized that a man could put so much fear into you. "I'm not running the show," I said. "See my uncle." I figured Liston wouldn't hit a 73-year-old man.

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Liston glared at me. "I'll take care of Johansson for this," he said. I thought he meant right then and there. I told a couple of guards to watch him, that he might do almost anything. Fortunately Liston calmed down.

The day of the fight, Johansson seemed strangely logy to me. He didn't seem to have any pep or any spirit. He kept asking about the tickets for his family. For a long time afterward I suspected that Ingo might have been drugged on the day of the fight. I guess it was the D'Amato influence rubbing off on me. I was beginning to imagine all kinds of evil spirits.

You know what happened in the fight. Patterson destroyed Johansson and became the first man in boxing history to regain the heavyweight championship. From a personal point of view, I was sorry to see Ingo so battered. From a financial point of view, I couldn't be too upset. With Patterson winning, Feature Sports was assured the right to promote a third Patterson-Johansson match.

The next day I visited Ingo in his hotel room. Naturally, I was worried about him. "Rumors are going around that you're going to retire now," I told him.

"I'm not going to retire," he said.

"Do you want to see the press today?" I asked. "Why not?" said Ingo. He always saw the press when he won; he wasn't afraid to see them when he lost.

The same day, during a Patterson press conference, D'Amato walked up to me and said, "Well, my boy, the shoe is on the other foot. I'm running this show now. Get ready to do what I say."

"Listen," I told D'Amato, "I'll do what I've always tried to do—what's right—and you're not going to tell anyone what to do."

Trouble with D'Amato

We began to look around for the proper site to stage the third fight. We considered San Francisco, Dallas and Los Angeles. We wanted the fight to take place in November. But D'Amato screamed that he would not let the fight go to California. He did a lot of screaming. He warned us not to take bids on the closed-circuit rights or he would not let Patterson fight. Eventually he forced us to use Irving Kahn for the telecast without taking bids. I'm certain that by blocking bids he cost Feature Sports, Johansson and his own fighter money.

Now Roy Cohn and I began to disagree. I wanted us to deal directly with Patterson. I went to see Floyd, and he told me: "Look, I'm running myself. When I was knocked out by Johansson, D'Amato was in the corner. He wasn't on the floor. I was. Now I'm the champion and I'm calling my shots." Floyd convinced me that he actually intended to make his own decisions.

But Irving Kahn convinced Cohn that Patterson was still a puppet. D'Amato and Kahn tried—unsuccessfully—to persuade Cohn to force me out of the promotion. They tried—again unsuccessfully—to turn my own partners against me. D'Amato and Kahn insisted that the fight had to take place in Miami Beach.

I knew that the worst place in the world for the fight was Miami Beach. I still feel it's the wrong spot for the Liston-Patterson fight next week. I opposed Miami because the fight wouldn't draw a large gate there. I opposed Miami because Velella was living there, and I knew that D'Amato was still dealing with him. I wanted the fight to be held either in California or in Madison Square Garden. You can imagine D'Amato agreeing to Madison Square Garden; he doesn't even look at the place for fear he'll be struck blind.

In December, 1960, while the negotiations were still going on to determine a site, I flew to Sweden to consult with Johansson. "Bill," Ingo said, "I will write out a statement giving you the authority to call the fight, the site and the date any way that you think best. But please don't call it in Miami. I've heard rumors that I may not get a fair fight, and that all of the mobsters who have been run out of New York are living in Miami."

"Ingo," I said, "I'll promise you that the fight won't take place in Miami."

As I flew home from Sweden, weather grounded me in Scotland. I telephoned New York and discovered that, in my absence, Roy Cohn, after meeting with D'Amato and Kahn, had announced that the fight was going to take place in Miami Beach in March, 1961.

I felt terrible. I felt as though I had betrayed Johansson. I called Ingemar and explained what had happened. Ingo was understanding and decent about it. "I don't approve of it," he said, "but go ahead. And please protect me. Do what you can. I have faith in you. Don't let them steal the fight from me, Bill."

We got a promoting license from the Miami Beach Boxing Commission without any difficulty—and D'Amato, who still had no license in New York, got a managing license with even less difficulty.

I visited Floyd again at his temporary training camp in Spring Valley, New York, and told him that we had found a place for Johansson to train in Palm Beach. "Do you want us to find a place for you?" I asked.

"Cus tells me that he just got back from Florida," Floyd said, "and that he has found a spot in Homestead, away from Miami, which is great for us. I'll have the seclusion that I like."

The night before Patterson was to leave for Florida, I went up to his camp again. "Bill," Floyd said, "what do you know about Homestead?"

"It's funny you mentioned it, Floyd, because it's supposed to be a strongly segregated area."

"Would you check on it for me?"

I called up the head of the Homestead Chamber of Commerce from my home that night and asked him about the arrangements.

"Well, the arrangements were made with Cus D'Amato and Bill McDonald," he told me. (McDonald is a Miami businessman who had put up a guarantee to bring the fight to Miami Beach.) "I think you ought to know we have two houses," said the man from the Homestead Chamber of Commerce. "The colored house and the white house."

"You *what?*"

"The colored people must live in one house and the white people must live in the other. We don't want to have riots down here."

I told Patterson what I'd found out. "Cancel the fight," he said. "I'm not going to Florida."

I told him not to worry. Then I called Miami and told Jim Durkin, my public-relations specialist, that Morris Lansburgh, who owns the Deauville Hotel, had asked me if I was interested in having Patterson train in Miami Beach. "See if you can work out a fast deal in the next hour," I said.

Durkin called back in less than an hour. "We'll work something out," Durkin said, "but I don't know the

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details yet. Let them get on the train in New York and by the time they get off in Miami, I'll know where to take them."

The next afternoon the Patterson entourage gathered at Penn Station in New York. Cus was telling reporters all about the great Homestead training camp he had arranged. Floyd winked at me and said, "How will I know where we're going?"

"Jim Durkin will meet you," I explained, "and he'll take you."

When Durkin met the train in Miami and told Patterson that they had set up training headquarters in the main ballroom at the Deauville Hotel, D'Amato, of course, was furious. But Floyd seemed completely satisfied. We found him a handsome house in a wealthy residential section of Miami, and he found that he was not segregated in any way.

D'Amato and Kahn tried their best to prejudice Floyd against me. They told him that I had bet large sums of money on Johansson to win the second fight, which was a ridiculous lie, and they told him that I played golf at restricted clubs, which was perfectly true. I played golf at restricted clubs and at nonrestricted clubs. The truth is that I like to play golf wherever I can. I was not acting out of any prejudice. I don't believe that racial or religious prejudice belongs in anyone's personal or business life.

I went to Miami shortly after Patterson did. We set up fight headquarters at the Fontainebleau Hotel, and one night I stopped at the bar.

"Hello, Mr. Fugazy," said the bartender. "How are you? I guess I'm going to be seeing a lot of you here."

"I don't think you will," I said. "I'm not much of a drinker."

"Oh, no," he said. "I mean with the fight."

"Yes, I'll be around."

"You don't understand," the bartender said. "I'm the boxing commissioner."

I was startled. The rest of the commission startled me too. There were six or seven members, and every day at least one of them came to me demanding free tickets. Each one wanted more free tickets than the other. Only four days before the fight, the commission came to me in a group and demanded 100 free tickets. If we didn't give them the tickets, they weren't going to allow us to sell our rear ringside seats—which weren't moving—for a marked-down price of $50. I'm sure we ended up giving them more than 200 free tickets.

The boxing tradition of giving away tickets is, to me, both stupid and improper. There is no such thing as a free ticket to a World Series baseball game or to a National Football League playoff game, and I don't believe there should be for a championship fight. It tends to encourage corruption. It stimulates shakedowns and payoffs. It should be abolished.

We had one other problem with our tickets in Miami. We were holding several of the best seats in the first two rows to sell to celebrities. We had proved during the fight in New York that it adds a lot of color to the event if you have prominent actors, actresses, sports figures and politicians seated near ringside. We had put these special seats away in a safe at Convention Hall in Miami Beach. The next thing I knew, the tickets were gone. The manager of Convention Hall had taken them. Why?

"Don't worry," he said. "I had some friends I thought should have good seats, so I sold the tickets to them. I'm going to pay for them."

He had taken the tickets without any authority. We made him round up as many as he could and pay for the rest.

I must say that there were two people in Miami Beach who tried to do the proper thing at all times—Lee Powell, the mayor, and Hank Meyer, the Miami Beach publicity man. They wanted the fight to be a success, and they wanted the promotion to be conducted intelligently. But they couldn't control the Miami Beach Boxing Commission.

During the weeks leading up to the fight, we had other worries. We had trouble making Johansson train. I kept getting phone calls saying that he was seen at a nightclub at two A. M. or that he was driving around in his sports car at four A.M. He kept denying the rumors.

He had the idea of training at 10:30 at night because that would be the time of the fight. It didn't work. He'd have a big dinner, go out on the town, then get in the gym at 10:30, spar a couple of rounds and quit. He wasn't sharp.

Ingo promised me he'd go into the ring at 196 or 197 pounds, which would have been perfect for him. We sealed up his refrigerator with tape so that he couldn't sneak extra meals. But the night before the fight, his private Swedish doctor told him that he needed extra weight for strength, so he broke into the refrigerator and stuffed himself. "I ate a big smorgasbord," he told me, sheepishly.

After the weigh-in, Ingo was at 206½, absolutely the wrong weight. That afternoon he ate another meal and, by fight time, he was up to 208 or 209.

Over Ingo's objections, the Miami Beach Boxing Commission insisted upon the compulsory eight count—never before used in a heavyweight championship. Ingo—with his great right hand—had been promised by us that there would be no compulsory eight count. And a little-known referee was assigned to handle the fight. I'm positive that D'Amato—perhaps through Velella—had been talking to the Miami Beach Boxing Commission.

You know what happened in the fight. After Ingo knocked Floyd down twice in the first two rounds, Patterson got up and won by a knockout in the sixth round. A lot of people have said that Johansson got a fast count. I think so myself. Perhaps the referee got rattled. Johansson was able to go on fighting and was less battered than Patterson. And if it hadn't been for the compulsory eight count, Ingo might have won in the first round.

Before the fight, I had my first—and last—private discussion with Sonny Liston. We met in an office at the Miami Beach Convention Hall.

"Are you ever going to let me have a shot at the title?" Liston said.

"Sonny," I said, "if you convince me that you're not hooked up with the underworld anymore, I'll see that you get a championship fight. I've made arrangements for Bob Hope to buy your contract. Bob has agreed to do it. He'll buy out whoever has to be bought out, and he'll give his share of your purses to charity."

Liston glared. "Who's Bob Hope?" he said.

"He's a comedian."

"I don't need no comedian for my manager."

Another time Liston went up to Johansson's training camp in Palm Beach to pose for publicity pictures. The photographer asked them to square off in boxing stances. They put their fists up and, all of a sudden, hatred came into Liston's eyes. He looked as though he was going to start punching. "I thought he was going to move and hit me," Ingo said later, "and I was going to go right back at him." That's all we would have needed.

A full week before the fight, I came to a decision about the boxing business. "Look," I told Roy Cohn. "I don't think this is for me. I'm in the middle of controversy, trying to do what's right, and every day D'Amato is calling me names in the newspapers. I won't have a war with a man of his character. No matter what the results of this fight, I'm going to give up an active role in Feature Sports."

Cohn said that he, too, was stepping down, that he would leave all the future direction to Tom Bolan. But Cohn changed his mind and remained active. I have stuck to my word. Except for trying to clear up the lawsuits involving Feature Sports, I play no active part in boxing. And I never will, unless something is done to clean up the sport.

How to save the sport

I feel that there is only one way to save boxing, only one way to make the sport worth saving. I believe that there should be a national boxing commission, set up by Federal law, with a strong man at the top of it. Of course, as a Federal body the commission could regulate only the part of boxing that falls into the category of interstate commerce. But this would include almost all of boxing. Any boxer who fought in more than one state, any manager who handled fighters in more than one state, any promoter who sold tickets in more than one state and any fight that was televised into more than one state would fall under the jurisdiction of the Federal commission. Since all the big-money fights would come under the commission's jurisdiction, and racketeers are attracted to boxing only by the big-money fights, the commission could exercise effective control.

I'd like to see someone like John Bonomi running the commission. Bonomi was the special counsel for Senator Kefauver's subcommittee, and he did a magnificent job of uncovering the dirty elements in boxing. He knows what is wrong, and he knows how to correct it. The national commission would have complete supervision. It would license fights, fighters, managers, trainers, promoters and especially the people involved with closed-circuit television of the fights. It would prevent the mismatches that result in deaths and the mismanaging that leads to the crippling of fighters. It would replace the autonomous local boxing commissions, some of which defraud the public and cheat the boxers. It would drive the racketeers and the tough guys out of boxing.

I do not pretend to understand the precise position of the mob in boxing today. I do not pretend to understand exactly how men like Carbo exercise their influence. But I do understand why the mob is interested—and involved—in boxing. The heavyweight championship is an incredibly big business, a much bigger business today than it was even 10 years ago. The reason is closed-circuit television. With Telstar, boxing will be phenomenal.

A million-dollar gate used to be the golden goal in boxing matches. Because of closed-circuit television, the three Patterson-Johansson fights and the first Patterson-Liston fight were multimillion-dollar attractions.

Suppose Liston defeats Patterson next week in an exciting, slugging bout. Suppose it goes five or six rounds, and both fighters get up off the floor to knock the other man down. Then suppose young Cassius Clay, the kid who can't keep quiet, puts himself in line for a title fight with Liston by knocking out Patterson or Johansson in a dramatic match. Do you know how much a Liston-Clay fight, properly promoted, can be worth? It can gross $10 million. Do you blame the mob for being interested? They would have to push an awful lot of dope or book an awful lot of illegal bets to make that much money. The mob is in, and the mob is in deep.

I'd hate to see the mob kill boxing. I personally feel that the sport helped make me a success in life and in business.

When I was 20 years old, I was commissioned an ensign in the Navy and assigned to the Naval Scouts and Raiders, later known as Underwater Demolition. Each officer was assigned a crew of three or four men. My chief bosun's mate was a tough, veteran Navy man; and one day, when we were out on a scouting trip in a rubber raft, he turned to the rest of the crew and said, "Did you hear about the officer that went out on a scouting trip and never came back? Someone said that his crew threw him overboard—or shot him. No one ever did prove exactly what happened to him."

I knew that he was trying to challenge my authority, and I knew that I couldn't command his respect just by giving orders. I had to prove myself. This man weighed about 185 or 190 pounds and he had bragged about being a former boxer. I weighed 155. The next day I assembled my crew and told them that, in addition to judo and hand-to-hand combat, I thought they ought to learn boxing. I said that I'd like to teach them. The chief bosun's mate started to smile and said that he'd love to learn. We got into the ring—of course, this was strictly against the rules, because an officer can never fight with an enlisted man—and, under the guise of instruction, we went to work. I started working very lightly with him, and then he hit me a pretty good shot to the head. I explained to him that we were only working out, but that I thought it would be helpful to him if I showed him that there were weaknesses in his defense. In about a minute and a half, I had him down three times.

I never had any more trouble with my crew. The bosun's mate, Jim Healey, became one of my best friends. In later operations he helped save my life.

I feel that I owe a debt to boxing. I hope, by telling my story here, that I've helped pay it off. THE END

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Despite his boxing misadventures, Fugazy still likes the sport and practices at it occasionally. "I owe a debt to boxing. I hope I've helped pay it."

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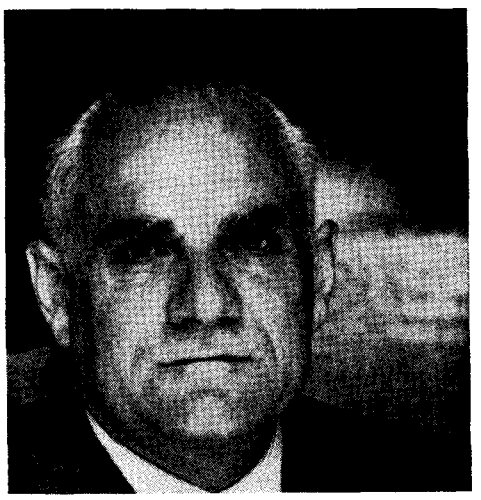
POST FICTION

KINGSLEY AMIS

All the Blood Within Me

Kingsley Amis, a native of London, won immediate notice in 1954 with his first novel, "Lucky Jim." Since then he has written three more: "That Uncertain Feeling," "I Like It Here," and "Take a Girl Like You." A collection of his short stories, "My Enemy's Enemy," will be published this month by Harcourt, Brace & World; the story in this issue is from that book. A lecturer in English at University College of Swansea, Wales, Mr. Amis has also lectured at Princeton; these talks surveyed the realm of science fiction and have been published as a book titled "New Maps of Hell." "All the Blood Within Me" appeared recently in "The Spectator" in England. The POST deems the story important enough to deserve presentation to American readers.



ALBERTO MORAVIA

The Loveliest Thing of All

Born in Rome in 1907, Alberto Moravia became an established author before he was 30. An inveterate traveler, he has lived in such diverse places as Paris, Peking, Mexico City and for a year in a cave outside Rome while Hitler's SS troops sought him. Since World War II he has produced a stream of short stories, plays and novels, including "Two Women," "A Woman of Rome," "Time of Indifference" and "Roman Tales." Of his writing habits, he says: "I write two or three hours in the morning, no more.... I don't take drugs or spirits; I don't smoke.... The very first enemy of a writer is love. A pleasant enemy." The story which follows is from the collection "More Roman Tales," which Farrar, Straus and Company will publish in September.

BRIAN FRIEL

The Illusionists

Irishman Brian Friel writes about rural Ireland. He says if his stories have any message, it is that "people are still as varied, as fascinating, as individual as Chaucer's pilgrims." Born in County Tyrone in 1929, Mr. Friel became a candidate for the priesthood at 17 but changed his mind two years later and quit the seminary. Several of his plays have been produced in Eire, and "The Saucer of Larks," a collection of his short stories, was published in the U.S. last year. As a writer Mr. Friel has found his seminary days useful: They have given him, he says, an extra tenacity, a clearer vision of what is valuable and what is worthless, and "a stubborn, undemocratic, half-understood conviction that the majority is invariably wrong."

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All the blood within me

By Kingsley Amis

TO KNOW SOMEBODY WITH LOVE, THE CLERGYMAN SAID, IS TO KNOW LIFE ITSELF. AND THAT KNOWLEDGE WILL CHEAT DEATH.

THAT MORNING ALEC MACKENZIE had been unable to eat even his usual small breakfast; so when, some minutes out of Euston, coffee and light refreshments were announced, he went along to the dining car. He felt that, in view of what lay ahead, he should have something inside him, however nasty it or the task of getting it down might prove. It was good, too, to quit the company of those sharing his compartment, a standard crew of secret agents for the bus companies: two sailors and a portable radio, an ever-toddling toddler, a man whose pipe whimpered and grumbled, an old woman with a hat who moved her lips as she read her library book and wet her fingers thoroughly before turning each page.

The first person he saw on entering the dining car was Bob Anthony, wearing a suit that looked like woven vegetable soup and reading a newspaper with awful concentration. Alec found it hard not to dive back the way he had come, even to stand his ground, but he knew that the two of them must have caught the train for the same reason and would have to meet sooner or later. Hoping only that it would be later, he did not resist when the steward put him in a chair facing Bob's, but at the opposite end of the car.

For twenty-four hours now his brain had behaved as if some terminal had come loose, deactivating half of it and letting the rest work only at low efficiency. Perhaps this was what people meant when they talked about moving round in a trance. The half-rural landscape, wheeling past the window, had a flat, pointless quality. Alec felt a slight amazement that things like keeping out of Bob's way for a few extra minutes should still matter to him, and again that he should find himself making his customary weak and futile appeal for a pot of tea instead of the donkey-colored mixture now being served under the name of coffee. Habit persisted when other things broke down. He drank coffee and ate biscuits.

The one look he had had at Bob had been quite enough to assure him that Bob's recent outbreak of affluence showed no sign of abating. Alec was well enough resigned to his own failure—bowing uncomplainingly to the inevitable was part of his code—but he had no intention of ceasing to be indignant at Bob's luck. A long period of floundering round the legal profession had been halted by two deaths. The first of these, brought on by an alcoholic seizure occurring slightly ahead of expectation, had had the effect of hauling Bob up a notch or two; the second, in which drink had played a more devious role as the agent of a fall downstairs, had made him virtual head of the firm, Bob having helped fate along, so to speak, by becoming friendly with the faller's widow. The depth of this friendship remained obscure, but it was certain that the second dead man's half share in the business had passed under Bob's control and stayed there.

An approaching disturbance—the sound of a hip striking the corner of a laden table, the clash of crockery on a tray abruptly snatched from collision—warned Alec that Bob was on his way to join him. He looked up and saw that, apart from some lateral distortion caused by the movement of the train, the old stooping gait was the same as ever, not in the least scholarly, the tread of someone closing in on bodily enjoyment or the means to buy some.

"Hallo, Mac," Bob said in his curt tone and fake-genteel accent, then at once set about making people move so that he could sit where he wanted, opposite Alec. When he had done this he swept the cloth with the edge of his newspaper, and they looked at each other in a way they often did, Bob unconcernedly claiming superior sophistication, Alec on the defensive, ready, if challenged, to stress the importance of moral fiber. Then both turned blank and grim. Alec found nothing to say; his attention was like a weight too heavy to move from where it had landed, on Bob's suit. Why was he wearing it? He must have others. Where were they?

"Well, Mac, words aren't much use at a time like this, eh?"

"No. No, they're not."

Bob signaled emphatically for more coffee. "I'd have thought you'd have gone down there yesterday."

"I didn't like to intrude."

"Oh, but surely—I mean Jim would have been glad to have you there, old chap. After all, you're not exactly a stranger."

"I worked it out that he'd sooner have been on his own. I know I would if it had been me."

"That's where you go wrong, Mac, if I may say so. You're by way of being a reserved type, always have been. I'm not blaming you, heaven knows—you can't help the way you're made—but most people aren't like that, you see. They want their pals round them. I call that a normal human instinct. Tell me, are you still living at that place of yours in Ealing?"

"You asked me that the last time you ran into me at lunch. I haven't moved since then."

"It would drive me crackers, quite frankly, being on my own twelve hours of the day. What do you do when you feel like nipping out and having a few?"

"I haven't the cash for nipping out and having a few, so the question doesn't arise very often."

"No, I see." Bob seemed not to have noticed the bitterness which Alec had been unable to keep out of his voice. Not noticing things like that was no doubt useful to one who led Bob's kind of life. After gazing with apparent incredulity at the coffee with which their cups were now being refilled, he went on: "What do you do of an evening, then? You can't just ——"

"Oh, I get a bit of bridge now and again, and there are one or two people I drop in on. There's

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ILLUSTRATION BY MERLE SHORE

a colleague of mine in the export department living just ten minutes' walk away. I usually have some grub with him and his wife Sunday midday and occasionally in the week."

"Still go to your concerts?"

"Not so much now."

Bob shook his head and drew in his breath. "It wouldn't do for me, I must say."

"Well, we're not all built the same, are we?"

"No, I like being in company."

Alec knew how true this was. The advent of the partner's widow had done nothing to curb Bob's habit of appearing in the pub near the Temple both men were apt to use at lunchtime, and plying some woman with gin-and-Frenches while Alec sat up at the bar with his light ale and veal-and-ham pie. Every few minutes the other two would burst out laughing at some trivial phrase, or go off into face-to-face mumbling that sometimes led to more laughter, all eyes and teeth. He never knew how to behave during these interludes.

The train had stopped at a station. Bob glanced out of the window and dropped his voice slightly. "I suppose it was another stroke, was it? Jim wasn't very clear on the phone."

"Yes, it was a stroke all right. She died before they could get her to hospital."

"Good way to go, I suppose. Better than poor old Harry. He was under drugs for almost a year, you know. It makes you wonder what sort of exit you'll have when it comes to your turn. Selfish, of course, but natural. Do you ever think about that, Mac? How you'll go?"

"Yes."

"Still, there's no use getting morbid. Actually I should think of the two of us you'll last longest. You thin little wiry chaps take a devil of a lot of killing, in my experience. You're a bit younger than me anyway, aren't you?"

"I was sixty-four in June."

"Not six months in it. We don't live to much of an age in our family. Harry was the same age as me when he snuffed it, and then poor Dora was barely fifty, and now here's Betty only sixty-seven. Well, I say 'only'—that's not really old as things go nowadays, is it? Still, look at it another way and it's a lot of years. You must have known her since—what—'thirty-two or -three?"

"The—I'm not sure of the date, but it was August Bank Holiday, 1929."

"Here, that's pretty good card-index work, Mac. Well, I'm blowed. How on earth do you remember it so exactly?"

"It was the day of the mixed doubles tournament at that tennis club near Balham we all used to belong to." Alec began filling his pipe. "I got brought in to run the show at the last minute. Until the Friday I didn't see how there could be a show, and what with the teas to arrange and one thing and another it'll be a long time before I forget that day, believe me."

"M'm. It—er—turned out all right, did it?"

"Yes, Betty and Jim got into the semi-finals.

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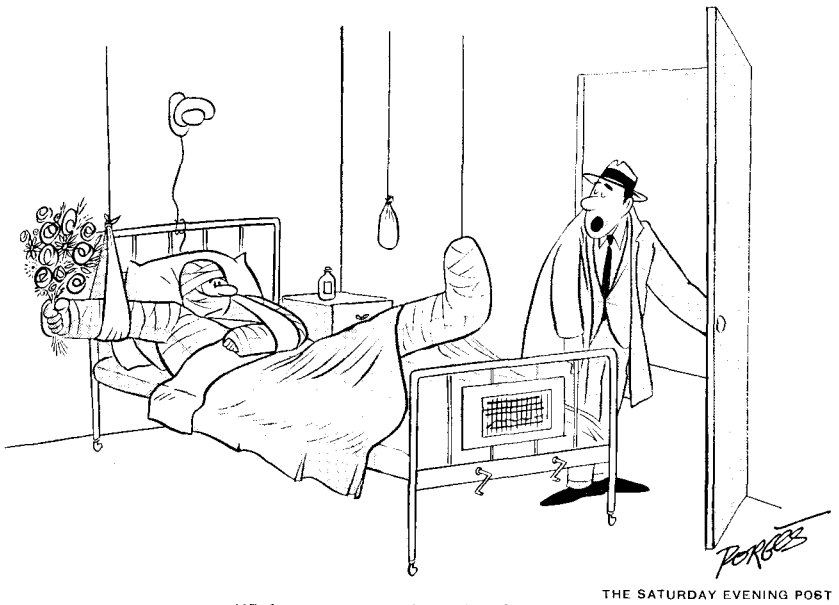
BLOOD

Nobody knew if they were any good or not, with them just moving into the district. But then they took the first set six-one, and everyone could see—well, as soon as Betty had made her first couple of shots, really. Her backhand was very strong, unusual in a woman. I didn't get a chance against them myself, because . . ."

As clearly as if he had just seen a photograph of it, Alec recalled one moment of that first day. Jim, his bald head gleaming in the sun, was standing up at the net; Betty had stepped forward from the base line and, with as much control as power, was sending one of her backhand drives not more than an inch or two above the net and squarely between their two opponents, who formed the only blurred patches in the image. Although the farthest away, Betty's figure was well defined, the dark hair in a loose bob, the sturdy forearms and calves, the straight nose that gave her face such distinction, even the thinning of the lips in concentration and effort. Some details were wrong—Betty's pleated white skirt belonged not to that afternoon, Alec knew, but was part of a summer dress she had worn on a day trip to Brighton just before the war, and Jim had not been so bald so early. There was nothing to be done about it, though. While a part of his mind fumbled left-handedly to correct it, the picture stayed as it was. Just as well, perhaps, that it had not been given to human beings to visualize things at will.

Long before Alec was finally silent, Bob was glancing fitfully about, extending and shortening his body and neck like someone trying to see over a barrier that constantly varied in height. He was always having to have things: another round of drinks, the right time, a taxi, the menu, the bill, a word with old So-and-so before they settled down.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I hope you enjoy the flowers."

Twitching a nose rich in broken capillaries, Bob said inattentively: "Of course, you were pretty attached to her, weren't you, Mac?"

"Yes, I was."

"And so was she to you, old thing." The distance between Bob's waist and chin grew sharply, as if a taxi driver or possibly a racing tipster had flung himself down full length behind Alec's seat. "She was always on about you, you know. Talking about you."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes. You had a lot of brains, according to her. Looked up to you, so she said. I'd like a miniature of brandy, please," he added over Alec's shoulder. "Wait a minute. Better make it two."

Alec began wondering how to decline the offer of a miniature of brandy. He need not have worried, because when they came Bob put them both carefully away in the pockets of the woven-soup suit. He then tried to pay for Alec's coffee, but Alec prevented him.

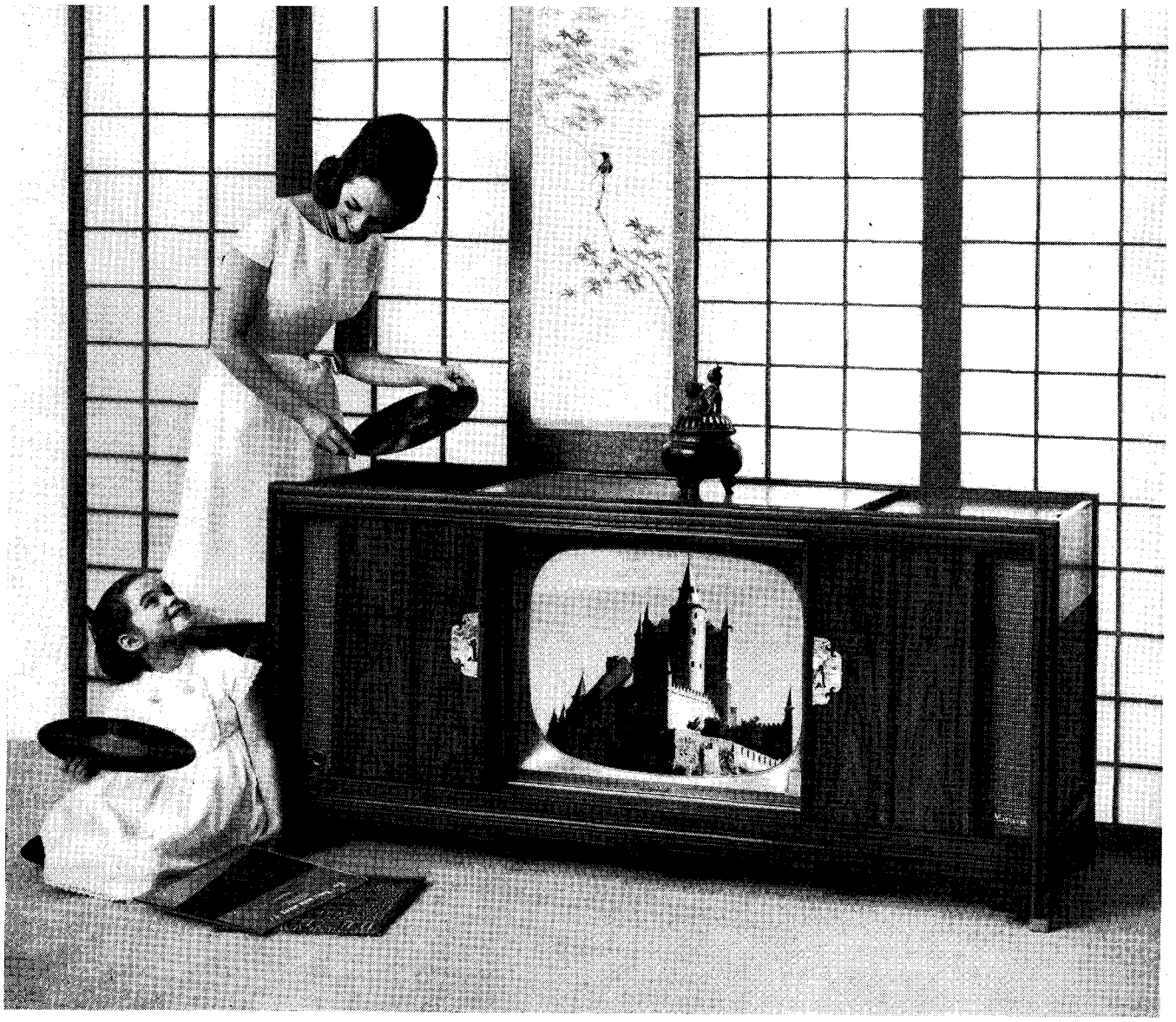
"Ah, we're just coming in," Bob said. "There's that pickle-factory place. Appalling stink when the wind's in the right direction, makes you wonder what they put in the blessed stuff. How are you feeling, old chap?"

"Me? I'm perfectly all right." The barrier in Alec's head had given no sign of breaking down in the last five minutes, which meant it might just possibly stay in position for the next three hours, or however long it was going to be before he could decently leave. If he could hold out until then, the truth about him and Betty would never be known to any outsider, especially Bob. The thought of their secret being turned over by that parvenu mind, frivolous, hardheaded and puritanical in turn, and never the right one at the right time, was unendurable.

Bob had got up and was looking at his watch. "Good for you, Mac. M'm, late as per usual. I think we'd better go straight to the church. It might be the best thing in some ways."

"Will you sit, please," the clergyman directed.

He was a bulky man of about fifty-five with white hair carefully combed and set. He had a thick voice, as if his throat were swollen. It went down a tone or two each time he told the congregation to change its posture. His way of doing this even when it was clearly unnecessary, and of giving every syllable its full value, made up a good substitute for quite a long sentence about the decline of churchgoing, the consequent uncertainty and uneasiness felt by many people on such occasions as did bring them into the house of God, his own determination that there should be no confusion in his church about what some might think were small points of procedure, and the decline of churchgoing. Now, after making absolutely certain that everyone had done his



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bidding, he pronounced the dead woman's name in the manner of an operator beginning to read back a telegram.

"Elizabeth . . . Duerden," he said, "has brought us together here today by virtue of the fact that she has recently died. I need not tell you that the death of someone we love, or even the death of any human being, is the most serious and important event with which this life can confront us. I want for a short time, if I may, to look into this business of death, to suggest a little of what it is, and of what it is not. I believe that the loss which her . . . family has suffered is not absolute, that that thing exists which we so frequently name and seek and offer, so rarely define and obtain and give, that there is consolation, if only we know where to look for it. Where, then, are we to look?"

By now the man sounded as if he had been going on for hours and had more hours ahead of him. Some of the thickness, however, had left his voice when he continued: "In another age than ours we should find it natural to look in the first place to the thought that to be separated from the ones we love by the death of the body is not final. We should derive our consolation from knowing that no parting is forever, that all losses will, in God's good time, be restored. But that would hardly do today, would it, thinking along those lines? It wouldn't do much for most of us today."

Something so close to vigor had entered the speaker's tone in the last couple of sentences that they were like an interruption, from which he himself took a moment to recover. Then he went on as thickly as ever: "But God's mercy has seen to it that we need not depend for our consolation upon any such belief. We find this out as soon as we can put aside something of our agony and shock and begin to ask ourselves what has happened. What has happened is manifestly that somebody has been taken from us, and nothing will ever be the same again. But what has *not* happened? That person has not been eradicated from our hearts and minds; that person's life has not been canceled out like a row of figures in a sum; that person's identity is not lost, and can never be lost. . . . Elizabeth Duerden lives in those who knew her and loved her. The fact that she lived, and was Elizabeth Duerden and no one else, had a profound effect upon a number of people, a considerable effect upon many more people, a slight but never imperceptible effect upon innumerable people. There is nobody, there never has been anybody, of whom it can be said that the world would have been the same if they had never lived."

He can string words together, Alec thought. Or whoever had written the stuff could. He looked round the church, anxious to impress on his memory this part, at least, of today. But it was a modern building, thirty years old at the most, with bright stained glass, a tiled floor, and woodwork that reminded him of the dining-room suites he saw in suburban shop windows: none of the air of antiquity that had always appealed to Betty.

The Gioberti family occupied the pew in front. The farthest away from him was Annette Gioberti, who turned her head now and gave him a faint smile. The bearer of this exotic name looked like a soberly but becomingly dressed English housewife in her middle thirties, which, as the daughter of Jim and Betty, was much what might have been expected of her. Jim had been against the marriage at first, saying among other things that, while he had no objection to Italians or half-Italians as such, he did not fancy having his grandchildren brought up as Roman Catholics. But Betty had soon laughed him out of that by asking him when he had last had anything to do with the Church of England, and had added that Frank Gioberti was a decent, hard-working lad who was obviously going to do everything in his power to make Annette happy—what more could they ask?

Alec had never known Betty to err in her judgments of people, and in this case she had turned out to be almost too literally accurate. From what she told Alec, whose direct contacts with the Giobertis were rare, there was plenty of money around in that household, and no shortage of affection, especially if you counted the more obvious kind of show of it—expensive presents on anniversaries as well as birthdays, and bunches of flowers being delivered unexpectedly. But as regards the finer things of life (Alec always wanted to smile at this favorite phrase of Betty's, so characteristic of her in its naïve sincerity) there was a complete gap: no books apart from trashy thrillers, no music except what the wireless and Gramophone churned out, and no pictures at all; in fact Betty had given them a Medici print of a medieval Virgin and Child one Christmas, thinking it would appeal to Frank, and had come across it months later in a drawer in one of the children's bedrooms.

The part of Frank that could be seen above the back of the pew seemed to Alec to offer a good deal of information. The thick black hair was heavily greased; the neck bulged in a way that promised a roll of fat in due course; the snowily white shirt collar and the charcoal-gray suit material did somehow or other manage to suggest, not lack of taste exactly, but the attitude that money was more interesting. Still, one had to be tolerant. A man who owned however many laundries it was in the Deptford area could hardly be expected to have the time or the inclination to take up the French horn. It was only the children who might be the losers, especially since, in a materialistic age like the present one, the parent had a special responsibility for suggesting that there were some worthwhile things nobody could be seen eating or drinking or smoking or wearing or driving or washing dishes in on TV commercials. And then people wondered why there was all this . . .

Alec pulled himself physically upright in his seat. It was almost frightening, the way the mind could so easily follow its well-worn tracks, even at times of unique stress. Habit again—nature's protection. He turned cold at the thought that today might pass him by altogether, that he might in some way miss experiencing it or beginning to understand it. The most abject and revealing loss of composure would be better than that. He started doing what he could never have predicted—trying to feel. "A human being," the clergyman was saying, "is the sum of many qualities, and it is from what we see of these that we form our ideas of what everything in life is, of what life itself is." No help there.

Alec glanced over to the front pew across the aisle, where Jim and Bob sat together. With the Giobertis, this was all the family there was. Jim's brother, who had emigrated to Canada getting on for thirty years ago, had not received Jim's cable, or had not answered it, and it was now nearly twenty years—yes, twenty next April—since young Charlie, Annette's brother, had been killed in a motorcycle accident in Alexandria, three weeks after getting his commission in the Royal Armoured Corps. Well, he had been spared all this.

Jim's face, half turned toward the clergyman, looked quite relaxed, and he had seemed so in the brief moment at the church door when Alec had just had time to grasp his hand and murmur a few words, though his movements and reactions had been a little slower than usual. It had been the same, Alec remembered, the night the telegram about Charlie arrived. He had got there in the small hours—he had left his digs within a minute of getting Jim's phone call, but the train had been held up by an air alert—to find Betty in a state of collapse, naturally, and Jim simply being Jim, only more so: calm, solid, desperately hurt but not defeated, saying little as always, showing a degree of strength that even Alec, who admired him more than any other man he had ever met, had not expected. Thank God that Jim, at least, was still here. Now that he was alone, Jim might well consider throwing in his lot with him, sharing some sort of household, even perhaps (Alec put this part of his thought aside for future reference) coming into the small glass-merchandising firm of Keith Mackenzie and Company in which Alec, upon his retirement next year, was planning to join his brother Iain. If that appealed to Jim, it would be a kind of continuation of the Trio—the name Alec used in his own mind for the unit the Duerdens and he had comprised for over thirty years. And it would be a fine memorial to Betty.

"And so to have lived in vain," Alec heard the clergyman say, "is inconceivable." Even the thickest and most preternaturally apathetic voices have a directional component, and Alec became half aware that this one was being beamed toward him. When a pause followed, he looked up and saw that the clergyman was indeed staring angrily into his face. After another second or two of ocular reprimand, the man spoke again. He was plainly drawing to a close, and now the hint of a new tone was heard, the detached disgust of a schoolmaster reading out to his class some shameful confidential document he has snatched from the hot hand of one of its members.

"Whence do we derive our ideas of what is most precious and admirable and lovable in human nature? Not from any inborn knowledge, but from what we see in those around us. To know somebody, and even more to know them with love, is constantly to be made aware of what human nature is and can be. To have known somebody with love is to be permanently illuminated with the human capacity for tenderness, for generosity, for gaiety, for disregard of self, for courage, for forgiveness, for intelligence, for compassion, for loyalty, for humility—and nobody has ever lived who has been unable to offer his fellow creatures some one or other of these. And is this illumination an aspect of life, a side of life, a part of life? No, it is life itself, this learning what we are. And can death diminish that? No, death can do nothing with it; death even throws it into prominence; death is cheated. As death will always be cheated. Let us pray. Will you kneel, please."

Alec knelt and tried to pray but could not decide what to pray to. The principle for good he sometimes thought of as existing above and beyond everything, and which he had expected (wrongly) to become more real to him as he grew older, seemed to involve a way of looking at things that included a belief in Betty's having a future, and he could not see how she could have any. So he made some wishes about the past instead, that Betty had had a happy life and had not suffered when she was dying. He felt his mind slowing down and becoming a blank, and would have begun to forget where he was if it had not been for the diminishing footfalls that told him he was about to be left alone. He got quickly to his feet and hurried outside.

"Whether you take it or not, Sir, I'd just like to thank you for making my day."

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BLOOD

Jim was shaking hands with the last group of local people, under the eye of the clergyman, whose manner now implied that he had been forced into his vestments as part of a practical joke and could see, for the moment, no dignified way of extricating himself. He looked bigger too.

Alec felt impelled to speak to him: "Thank you for your address, Vicar. I thought it was most ——"

"Rector," the other said, moving off.

"Right, let's get on, Mac," Jim said. "Who are you going up with?"

There were only two cars to be seen, one with Bob in it, the other full of Giobertis. "Oh, don't worry about me," Alec said rather wildly. "I can walk. How do I get to the ——"

"Nonsense, hop in with me and Bob."

"No, that's for the—I wouldn't want to ——"

"Well then, go with Annette and Frank and the kids. They've room for five easily."

"In here, Uncle Mac," Annette called, and began making a place for him between herself and her husband. The two Gioberti girls occupied the folding seats: Sonia, a bespectacled blond child of seven or eight with, so far as could be made out, a perfectly spherical head, and Elizabeth, a somewhat darker fourteen-year-old with a figure which, Alec supposed, many grown women would envy. As they moved off, Elizabeth asked: "Where did you leave our car, Pop?"

Frank answered in his strong cockney accent: "Outside that hotel where we're going to have lunch—the King's Head or whatever it's called. Tumbledown-looking joint."

"Why couldn't we have gone up to the cemetery in our car?"

"Because we're going up in this one."

"Why? Ours is much more comfortable."

"I dare say it is, but we're going up in this one and that's an end of it, see?"

"What are we going up to the cemetery for?" Sonia asked.

"To see Gran being buried."

"It won't hurt her," Sonia stated.

"Of course it won't hurt her. She's dead."

"What are we going up to see her being buried for?"

"Because that's what we do."

"Sonia, take your shoes off there," Annette said.

"And shut up," Frank added.

"How's Christopher?" Alec asked. "Let's see, he must be nearly ——"

"He was four in June."

"Really? It seems only the other ——"

"Auntie Gina's looking after him today," Elizabeth said with a hint of triumph. "Over at Camberwell."

To forestall another invitation to silence from Frank, Alec looked out of the window. His eyes immediately fell on the little coffee shop with green check curtains where, whenever he came down for the weekend, he and Betty would spend an hour or so on Saturday morning before strolling along to the King's Head to meet Jim after his morning of local activities—work for the Ratepayers' Association or the Golf Club committee. They would all relax over a couple of pink gins in the saloon bar, and then have lunch under the low beamed ceiling of the dining room. It was at times like that that the Trio had really come into its own again, and for days and weeks afterward there would be a lifting of the shadow that had fallen over Alec's life since 1945. With the war over, the Duerdens had decided to stay on in this part of Buckinghamshire, where they had come in 1941 as a temporary measure to avoid the bombing, and not, after all, return to their house in Clapham. Since he could not reciprocate their hospitality, Alec had had to confine himself to staying with them only half a dozen times a year at the outside, and had seen them hardly more often for a meal or a theater in London. He supposed he ought to be thankful that the Trio had survived as well as it had, that it had ever been able to recapture the spirit of its heyday, those twelve happiest years of his life between 1929 and 1941, when the Duerdens and he had occupied houses facing the Common, not 400 yards apart.

Alec's face was still turned toward the window, but he saw nothing of the neat residential area, its pavements decorated with a staked lime sapling every fifty feet, through which they were now passing. He was thinking of the moment when he had first named the Trio to himself. He and two or three other people (he forgot who) had taken their music round to the Duerdens' one Sunday evening, and, after the tomato sandwiches and coffee, Jim had asked him to have a shot at the accompaniment of a duet. He had sat down at the piano, which had an excellent tone for an upright, and played the thing for them at sight, something of a feat with such bold, dramatic writing, full of shifting trills in both hands. It was *Onaway, Awake, Beloved*, a far more interesting setting than that in Coleridge-Taylor's *Hiawatha*, which he had always thought—secretly, for Betty delighted in it, and had met the composer once at a wedding in Croydon—a bit of a bore. Out of the corner of his eye Alec had been able to see both Betty and Jim as they sang, and when, with his support, the two voices swept into

Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the moon when nights are brightest?

he had felt his own blood leaping through him in a strange, painful rhythm, as if he had stumbled on a mysterious secret. And so he had; he had discovered that there could be a relationship among three people for which none of the ordinary words—friendship, love, understanding, intimacy—would quite do. When the song finished there had been enthusiastic applause from the others, even from ten-year-old Charlie, who was staying up late as a special treat, and Alec's excitement had passed unnoticed.

The car stopped outside the cemetery. Although Alec had walked along most of the roads in the area many times in the last twenty years, the place itself, and its whole location, were totally unfamiliar to him.

"Here we are," Frank said. "Want any help, Uncle Mac?"

"No, thank you."

He got out and began walking toward the graveside, remembering that, outside his family and their circle, Betty was the only person who had ever called him "Alec," and she only for a brief period, perhaps a year after their first meeting. Then she had slipped into calling him "Mac" as everyone else did, or rather as Jim in particular did. With that fine tact of hers, the finer for being unself-conscious, she had made it clear that there was not to be even the slightest and most nominal acknowledgment of what she felt for Alec, just as he had never by a single word acknowledged what he felt for her. The idea that two people could fall in love instantly and irrevocably and never mention it, let alone do anything about it, would have seemed incomprehensible or lunatic to anybody but themselves, or rather to anybody but themselves and Jim. For Jim had somehow made it clear to Alec that he knew, but without hurt or resentment; he knew, but he understood and forgave, and so made it possible for Alec to go on seeing them without losing his self-respect. It was silently agreed between the three of them that while she loved Jim no less, she loved Alec too, with a different—he recoiled from the mental impertinence of wondering if it were a deeper—kind of love. Few women would have been capable of that, but love had been Betty's gift.

Alec answered an imaginary question about what he had done with his life by saying to himself that he had loved a fine woman and known a true friend. The love came first, as love must. By repeating this slowly he succeeded for a time in shutting out the presence of those standing near him and all but the first phrase of the dreadful words the clergyman was saying. Then Alec started noticing the coffin lying in the grave. It had been lowered by green straps that recalled to him, in their color and texture, the web belt Charlie Duerden had worn with his uniform when they lunched at Simpson's together during one of the boy's leaves. A handful of earth was thrown onto the coffin. Alec realized that he had been very much afraid of the hollow noise this might make, but it was all right, the soil was dry and chalky, without noticeable clods, and when the spades got to work it could, from the sound, have been anything at all being buried. There were the beginnings of movement away from the graveside; Alec sighed and raised his head, and the whole scene shone brightly in his eyes: the people with their varied complexions and hair, the grass, the privet hedges, the vases of red and blue flowers on the graves, the great pair of cypresses by the entrance, all slightly overcolored like a picture postcard. In the middle of it all Alec saw the clergyman, looked squarely at him for the first time since leaving the church, and saw that the clergyman, as earlier, was looking at him.

The moment after Alec felt he was going to cry he started crying; he could no more have prevented it than he could have prevented himself from gasping if a bucket of icy water had been thrown over him. How did it help the *dead* to have made the living aware of certain things? What good to anyone were *ideas* about lovable qualities? What use was it to *learn* about tenderness? What could you *do* when you were illuminated about human possibilities, except go round telling yourself how illuminated you were? What was *knowing* in aid of? And what was it to *have loved* someone?

"Here we go, old chap," Bob's voice said. "Just let's take a little stroll together. That's right, steady as she goes. I was wondering when you were going to crack. I was saying to myself, I wonder when old Mac's going to crack. That's your trouble, if I may say so, old stick: You keep things bottled up too much. Far better let 'em come out, like this. Well, you've picked the right time. Just a minute."

Alec became aware of the curious hooting noise he was making, and pressed his hands over his mouth. "Nuisance," he said. "Sorry."

"Don't talk unmitigated piffle, old thing. Holler away for a couple of hours if you feel like it. *Get rid of it.* Emotion has got to come out. Sooner or later it's got to come out. That's human nature. Here. Go on, knock it back. Down in one. I'll join you if I may. I knew these little beggars would come in handy. Expensive way of buying booze, but still."

"Thirty years for nothing," Alec said, coughing. "Wasted my time."

"Oh no you haven't, Mac. People who've really done that don't mind. Here's the gate."

"No, pipe down, I'm doing this," Frank said loudly. . . . "Mrs. Allen, another grapefruit juice? Sure you don't want anything stronger? . . . Mrs. Holmes, what about you? Are you quite sure? . . . Mrs. Higginbotham? Ah, that's more like it. . . . Another for you, darling? Right. . . . Now, Rector . . . large Scotch. . . . Bob . . . large brandy and soda. . . . Mr. Walton?"

Mr. Walton, the undertaker, said he would have a pint of black-and-tan with Guinness and best bitter. A tall, vigorous young man in his middle thirties, he had the look of a woodcutter or hedger

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I can't find my life jacket."

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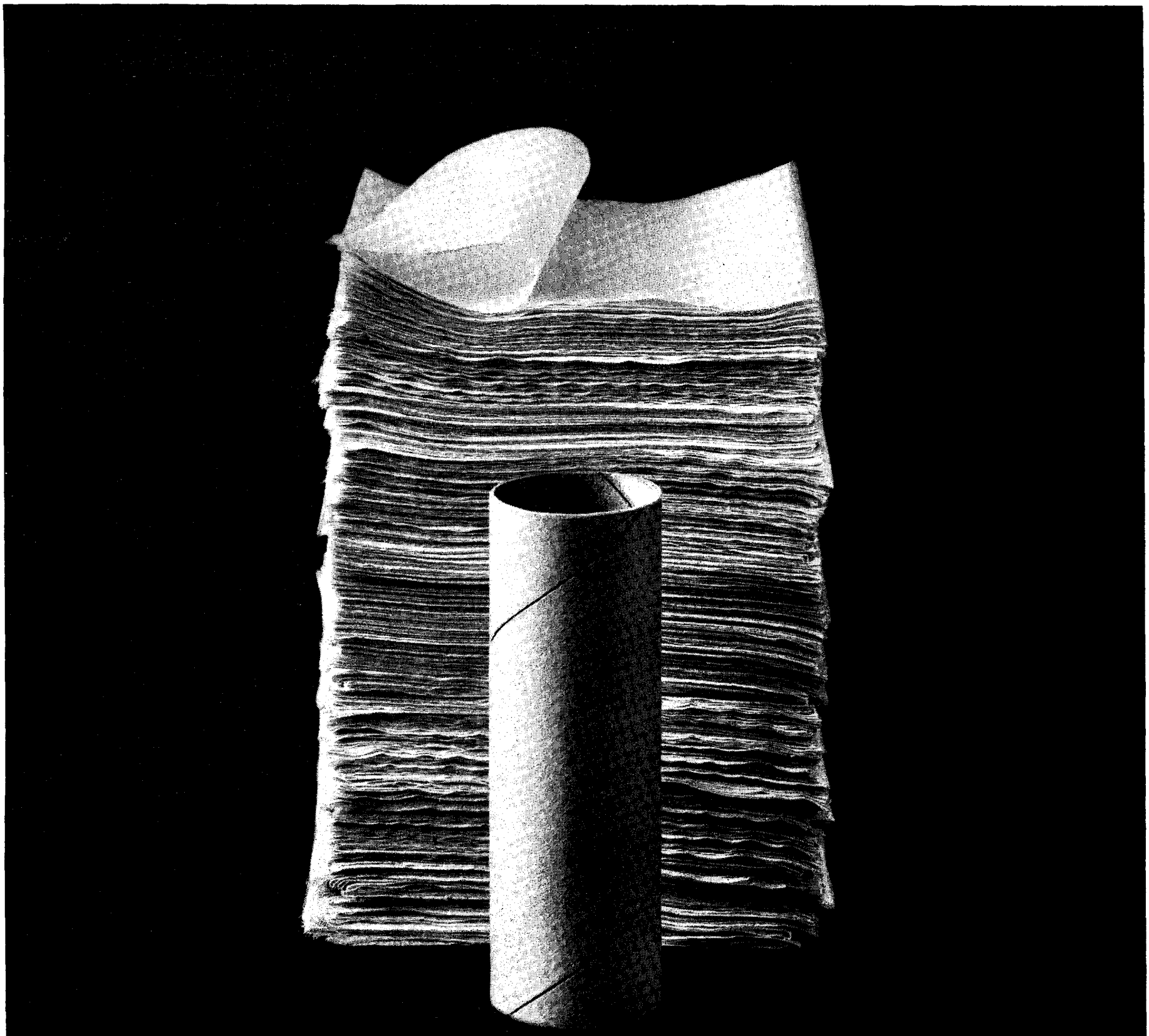

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momentarily in town to get his implements sharpened. Part of this look derived from his heavy tan, which had been acquired, so he explained, during a recent five-week holiday on the Costa Brava. Alec found he could imagine Mr. Walton paying for an extra-lavish seafood dinner with one sixth, say, of the profit on a moderately lavish funeral.

The party, some fifteen strong, was sitting or standing about in the lounge of the King's Head. Alec had been relieved at this choice of venue, thinking that the saloon bar at the side of the building would have been too full of associations, but a glance inside soon after arrival had shown him that, since his last visit here, the room had been so remodeled that he was unable even to locate the nook by the vanished fireplace where he and Betty and Jim had drunk their pink gins not five Saturdays ago. All the horse brasses and sporting prints, the uneven dark woodwork and frosted-glass panels that had given the bar its character had been swept away, and the new bright plastics made it bare and unwelcoming Alec recognized this as part of a pattern of change. The things with which his life had been furnished—the tennis club, the Liberal Association and its strong social side, keeping up with the new plays, music in the sense he understood it, even such numerically unimportant occasions as George V's funeral and George VI's coronation—were no longer there.

The young waiter in the smart white jacket carried his tray over to where Alec was standing in silence with Jim. "I wanted to say how sorry I am, sir. We shall all miss Mrs. Duerden coming in here. We all liked her very much."

"Thank you, Fred, that's very nice of you. . . . I think this is yours, Mac."

Alec took the whiskey and soda. He had asked Frank for a small one, but its quantity, combined with the darkness of its color suggested that it was not very small. This would be his third double, not counting the brandy at the cemetery. Taking a hearty swallow, he tried for a moment to work out how much it was going to cost him to buy a round, then gave up. He could manage it, but it was a good thing he had had the foresight to cash that three-quid check last night. Much more important was the question of saying something meaningful to Jim, which he had not managed to do so far. He tried again: "I know this must seem like the end of everything, but it isn't really. You must believe that."

"Isn't it? Must I? I'm seventy years old, Mac. What am I supposed to start doing at my age? It's just a matter of waiting now."

"Well, of course, that's how it seems, but ——"

"No, that's how it is. Probably in a few months, I don't know, it'll look different again, but how, I just can't ——"

"You'll find so many things you want to do."

"Look, you're not going to waffle about developing new interests, are you? Spare me that. Did I tell you that part-time job of mine with those varnish-and-stain people packs up at Christmas? What do I take up then? Chess?"

"There's bound to be something." Alec was disconcerted by the violence of Jim's tone and manner. He repressed an impulse to glance over his shoulder. Before he left he would mention to his friend the possibility of their joining forces in London, but now was clearly not the time.

"Oh yes, I'm sure," Jim said bitterly. "Wherever you look there's something.... Oh, are you off, Rector? Haven't you got time for another one?"

"Unfortunately not." The clergyman spoke with feeling so intense as to be unidentifiable. "I have to be getting along."

"Well, you've been very kind and I'm most grateful." Jim turned aside to say good-bye to one of the local couples.

The clergyman looked at Alec. "Thank you for saying you liked my address," he said, blankly this time. "It's the one I —— You're not family, are you?"

"No, just a friend."

"It's the one I use for those who have become members of my flock retroactively, so to speak—a proportion that increases every year."

"I see. Do forgive me, but—it was you who wrote it?"

The question hung in the air for a second or two while what was arguably a smile modified parts of the clergyman's face. "Yes," he said, "alone and unaided I did it. But of course I was a much younger man then. Good-bye to you."

Soon afterward they went in to lunch, just the family and Alec, five adults and two children. They sat at the round table in the window, well away from the alcove favored by the Trio—another relief. Further, Alec considered, it looked as if he were going to get away with not having to go up to the house at all. He wanted never to see it again, marked throughout as it was by Betty's personality—apart from such details as the oversized TV set Frank had had delivered on the Duerdens' fortieth wedding anniversary.

Their waiter offered his condolences, then the headwaiter and the wine waiter; Frank caught the last-named by the sleeve before he could move away and ordered another round of drinks and two bottles of hock. The manager came over and chatted for a couple of minutes. He was a new man and had not known the Duerdens well, but, without pushing himself forward, he spoke the language of decent feeling. "I had hoped to get to the church this morning," he said, "but I just couldn't, with the Business Circle lunch and a christening party out of the blue. But I was thinking about you." Before departing he added, "Mrs. Duerden'll be missed all over the town. It won't be the same place without her."

This moved Alec in a gentle, unagonizing way. Betty would never have wanted to be thought one of the important people in the district, but she had been a well-liked queen of her modest bits of castle. Such reflections occupied him for most of the meal, which soon began to acquire some sort of festive air. A couple of stories from Frank about the difficulties of bringing the laundry business up to date contributed little, Alec considered, apart from additional light on the fellow's character. When Bob got going, however, with what he called some unofficial law reports, it had to be admitted that he cheered everybody up. Even Jim had to laugh a few times, and the two Gioberti girls, each clutching a glass of pop, seemed spellbound.

While Alec ordered a round of liqueurs, Frank leaned back and lit a cigarette. "Fantastic really," he said. "Here we are, the lot of us, all having a good time, and two hours ago we were—well—overwhelmed by grief. It just shows you, don't it? I mean it's natural, see? The church, the graveyard, the pub. Whoever it was thought up how to run funerals knew his job. I reckoned the service was real nice, didn't you, Annette?"

Annette kept her eyes on the table. "Very nice," she said.

"It was a bit—what shall I say—austere. That's the only criticism I got. Of course, you don't want to listen to us; we're Romans; we go for a bit of, you know, color and ritual and ceremony and incense and all that jazz. When you're used to that type of thing the other stuff's bound to come a bit drab, see what I mean?"

"Yes, I do," Alec said. "But you've got to remember that's the way we run things." He paused to pick up four of the half-dozen pieces of silver that remained of his two pound notes. "We like our religion to be austere, as you call it."

"Like I said, it's what you're used to."

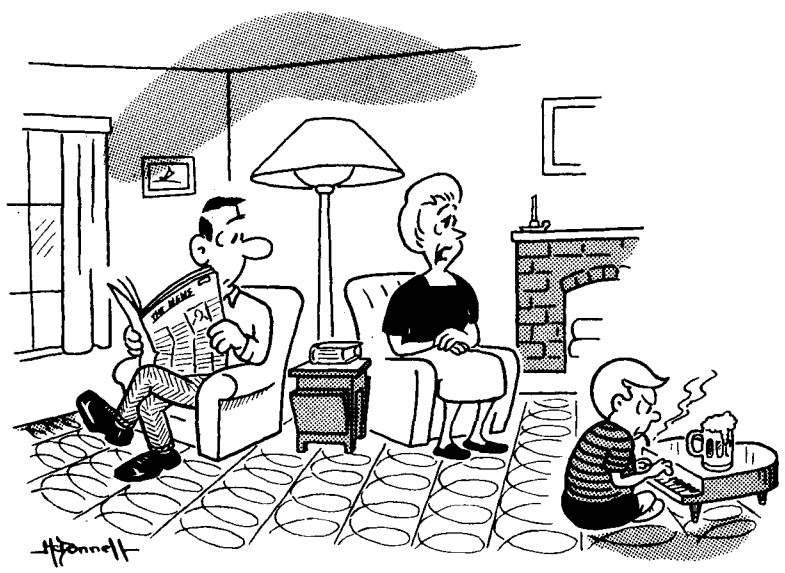
Alec's voice rose. "And we don't like a lot of dressing-up and chanting and bowing and scraping and any tomfoolery of that kind. That's not what we want in this country. We'll do things the British way ——"

"Who's we, Uncle Mac? . . . OK, Annette."

"—— which means we're not going to take very kindly, necessarily anyway, to any religion that's . . . And a lot of other things for that matter, that aren't ——"

"That are foreign, that what you mean?"

"Yes, if you want to put it like that."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Maybe it was a mistake to get him that toy piano."

"Well, you want to put it like that, don't you? . . . It's all right, Annette, honest. . . . Yeah, the Pope does live in Rome, no getting away from that. There's no end of foreign things in this country when you get down to it, like the wine we just drunk, and that cigar you're smoking. And lots of foreign people too, one sort and another. In fact, I remember in my far-distant youth they were always going on at us about that—you know, how anyone could come here and carry on pretty well any way he liked, provided he behaved himself. They used to reckon it was one of the big ——"

"It's no use telling old Mac any of that," Bob put in, swiveling his glance round the table. "He thinks the English are foreigners really, don't you, old chap? And the Welsh and the Irish too, of course, and the Highland Scotch, and he's not too happy about Edinburgh and Glasgow; in fact, unless you come from Peebles you're a black man as near as dammit, what?"

Everybody laughed loudly, including Elizabeth and Sonia. Alec joined in with the rest, but he would not have wanted to withdraw anything he had said to Frank. There was far too much of this sentimentality about nowadays, the idea that you had to be twice as nice to Negroes and Jews and Indians and so on, whatever they were like, which the better types among them must surely resent. And he felt that a little opposition from time to time would not do Frank any harm. All the same, Alec realized, he had gone rather far. No need to have got hot under the collar like that—it must have looked . . . Suddenly overheated, he rubbed his hand across his forehead. He had drunk too much whiskey on an empty stomach, and he ought to have remembered that white wine never agreed with him. The notion of a few minutes in the open air abruptly became irresistible.

At the side of the building there was a small, walled yard, embellished with a few climbing plants, where people could sit and drink in the summer if they cared to fetch their own orders from the saloon bar. The chairs and tables had been removed, no doubt to protect against his own folly anyone whom the sunshine might have lured into the treacherous outdoors. Alec perched himself on a low brick wall and was clasping his hands round one knee, pipe in mouth, when he was joined by Annette, who must have followed him from the dining room. She remained standing, a rather dumpy figure without a trace of her mother's looks.

He took her expression for one of inquiry. "I'm all right," he said. "It was a bit stuffy in there, wasn't it?"

"I didn't like what you said to Frank just now."

"I know; I'm sorry, Annette; I didn't think."

"You knew he was in the army for six years and got captured in North Africa? That makes him as British as anyone else as far as I'm concerned. That and having a naturalized British father and a mother born British and being born in England himself. And who cares anyway? And do you know how many Catholics there are in England? And it was all Catholics here once, before they ——"

"Annette, I really am sorry. I had no intention of ——"

"He's the best husband and father anyone could wish for. Never looks at another woman even though I know he gets plenty of chances. And then he runs

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into this kind of muck. He gets it in business all the time. 'Mister who? How do you spell that? Oh.' You can tell what they're thinking—that's when they don't come out and say it. I get it too, you see. 'How long's your husband been over here?' It makes me mad. She was always going on about it. Fine liberal she was."

"But she wouldn't ever have dreamed of ——"

"You didn't know her. The way she used to go on about Elizabeth. That's a laugh, isn't it, 'Elizabeth'? Her name. That was him. You don't think I'd have been the one who wanted to name ——"

The sunlight suddenly grew more intense, and Alec shaded his eyes with the hand that held the pipe. "What? I don't quite ——"

"Never mind. She's well developed for her age, I know, but these days a lot of them are, with the diet or whatever it is. She'd never let me alone about it. I'd see her watching the kid, sort of fascinated, and then when we were by ourselves she'd say, 'She's so *big*, isn't she?' as if it was . . . nasty or disgusting or something. 'She's so *big*,' she'd say, as if I'd done it on purpose to spite her. And then she'd say, 'Of course, these Italian girls, they're women at fourteen, aren't they? Like Jewesses.' Her own granddaughter. Three-quarters English. I don't think she ever believed Frank isn't a Jew really and hadn't taken up being a Catholic as a sort of extra. She never liked him and she didn't mind showing it, either."

"But Annette, it was your father who was against Frank if either of them was; I remember them arguing about it. He said ——"

"You know what Dad's like, up in the air one minute and forgotten all about it the next; it's just his way. No, she was the one. It wasn't like her to come out and say anything; all smiles on the surface and needling away whenever she got the chance. She was the same with Sonia's eyesight and Chris crying too much, according to her. I often say to myself, the only grandchildren she'd really like would be if Charlie and I had got together and had some. She gave him a hell of a time—I don't know whether you knew—wanting to know where he was and who he was with all the time. He got away overseas as soon as he could, poor old Charlie."

Annette stopped, not looking at Alec, who hugged his knees tighter to prevent them from trembling. "I didn't realize you hated her," he said.

"I didn't hate her, Uncle Mac—been easier if I had, in a way. Oh, she was all right in lots of ways, and she did enjoy a laugh. It was the way she wouldn't ever leave me and my marriage and my kids alone made me mad." At the mention of anger, anger itself returned to her voice, which had softened in the last minute or so. "She liked baby-sitting when she came to stay, because that gave her a chance to snoop around. She kept you on a pretty good string, didn't she, too, all these years? I felt sorry for you. Dad told me about it once when they'd had one of their rows. He didn't really mind, because it gave her a bit of a kick. Mind you, according to him she let it slip once she thought early on you were going to ask her to go off with you, but then you never did. Why not?"

"It wasn't that sort of love," Alec said.

"No, I know the sort. That's the best sort, the sort you don't have to do anything about or get to know the person, and it was fine for her. The way she used to put on a big tolerant act Sunday mornings when we came back from Mass when we stayed with them. Tolerant."

Alec thought he saw tears of rage and grief in her eyes. He got up and put his arm diffidently round her shoulders. She went on standing in the same position with her weight on both feet, not stiffening or drawing away, but not relaxing against him either. What she had said had affected him chiefly with apprehension that she might lose all self-control. Whether or not her view of her mother was true, or truer than his, he still felt as if he had spent thirty-two years preparing a gift that had had no recipient and could not conceivably have had one. In return for his trouble he retained, safe against total erosion, Betty's gift to him of a few ideas about what human nature was like; and the last two or three hours had taught him something of how envy and pride could appreciably distort his judgment of other people. All this amounted to more than a little, without being, of course, anywhere near enough. He dropped his arm.

Annette said, "We'd better be getting back in. I'm sorry I came out with some of that. I didn't want to hurt your feelings. It was just that ——"

"We've all been under a great strain."

"You come back with us, Uncle Mac, and have some supper; there's plenty of stuff in. Frank'll run you home."

"That's very kind of you, but it's right across London, you know."

"Doesn't matter. We ought to see more of you. Seems silly not to."

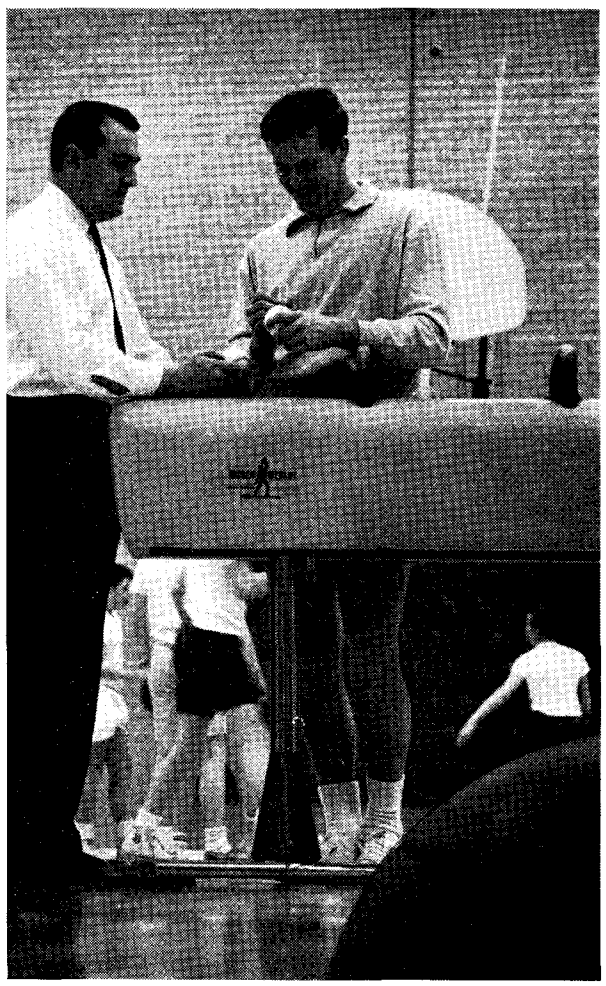
"It's a pity it's such a long way."

THE END

MR. JAYCEE GOES TO WAUSAU
—FINDS IT "AS ADVERTISED"

Wausau Story

By DOUG BLANKENSHIP,
President, U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce



★ *Jaycee-sponsored civic improvement programs give young men the opportunity and direction to serve their communities. Here Doug Blankenship visits the beautiful new Woodson YMCA which Wausau Jaycee-raised funds helped to build. The fellow autographing the baseball looks a lot like Tony Kubek, New York Yankees shortstop. He is. Tony selected Wausau for his off-season home, likes to work out at the "Y."*

★ *Employers Mutuals salesman Jim Fletcher (left), of Fond du Lac, was one of Wisconsin's five Outstanding Young Men. Here he and Doug Blankenship, who makes his career with Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company in Atlanta, Georgia, take a coffee break. Being both Jaycees and insurance men, Doug and Jim talked of the personal satisfactions and opportunities in community service and insurance careers.*

"As Jaycee President, I've traveled over 175,000 miles getting to know Jaycees and what they are doing for the 4600 communities they serve. Recently I was invited to Wausau, Wisconsin, to attend a Jaycee awards dinner. Besides Jaycees, I met many business and professional people. My visit proved that what I had read and heard about this energetic city is so. Jaycees there are as progressive a group as I've seen anywhere, and they've got the enthusiastic support of the whole town. Yes, it's true what they say about Wausau! They're friendly, cooperative, hard-working people."

What's true about Wausau is true about Employers Mutuals of Wausau, too. Ours is a 52-year-old company, big, strong, growing. We are a mutual company, dedicated to the prevention of loss. Through our coast-to-coast network of 145 offices we serve businesses of all kinds and sizes. We are one of the largest writers of workmen's compensation insurance. We also write all other forms of casualty and fire insurance for firms and individuals.

Our expanding business calls for many skills and talents. We need more good people—people with Jaycee-type enthusiasm and dedication. If you are looking for a career opportunity in insurance and would like to join "good people to do business with," write Personnel Dept., Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wis.

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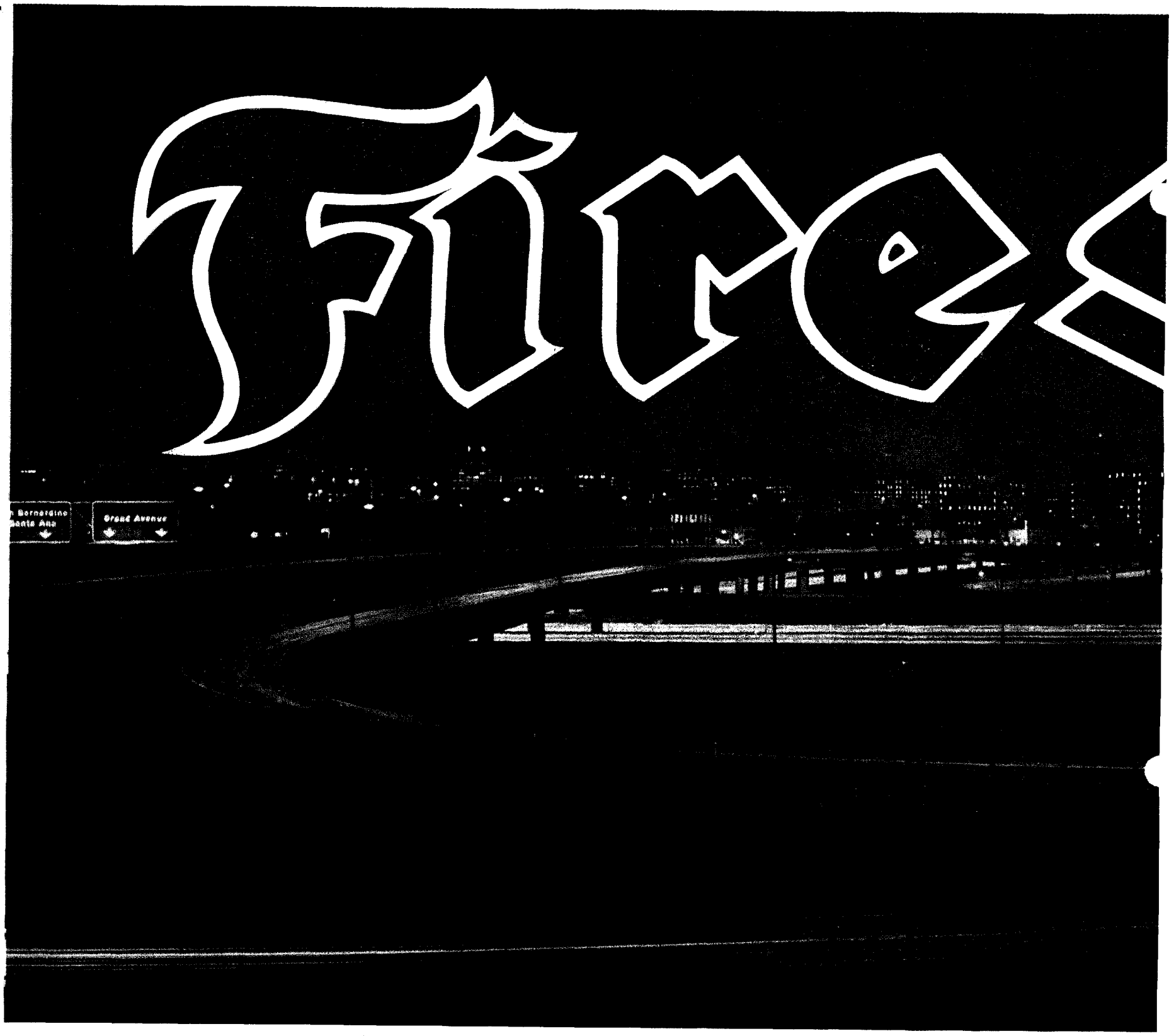

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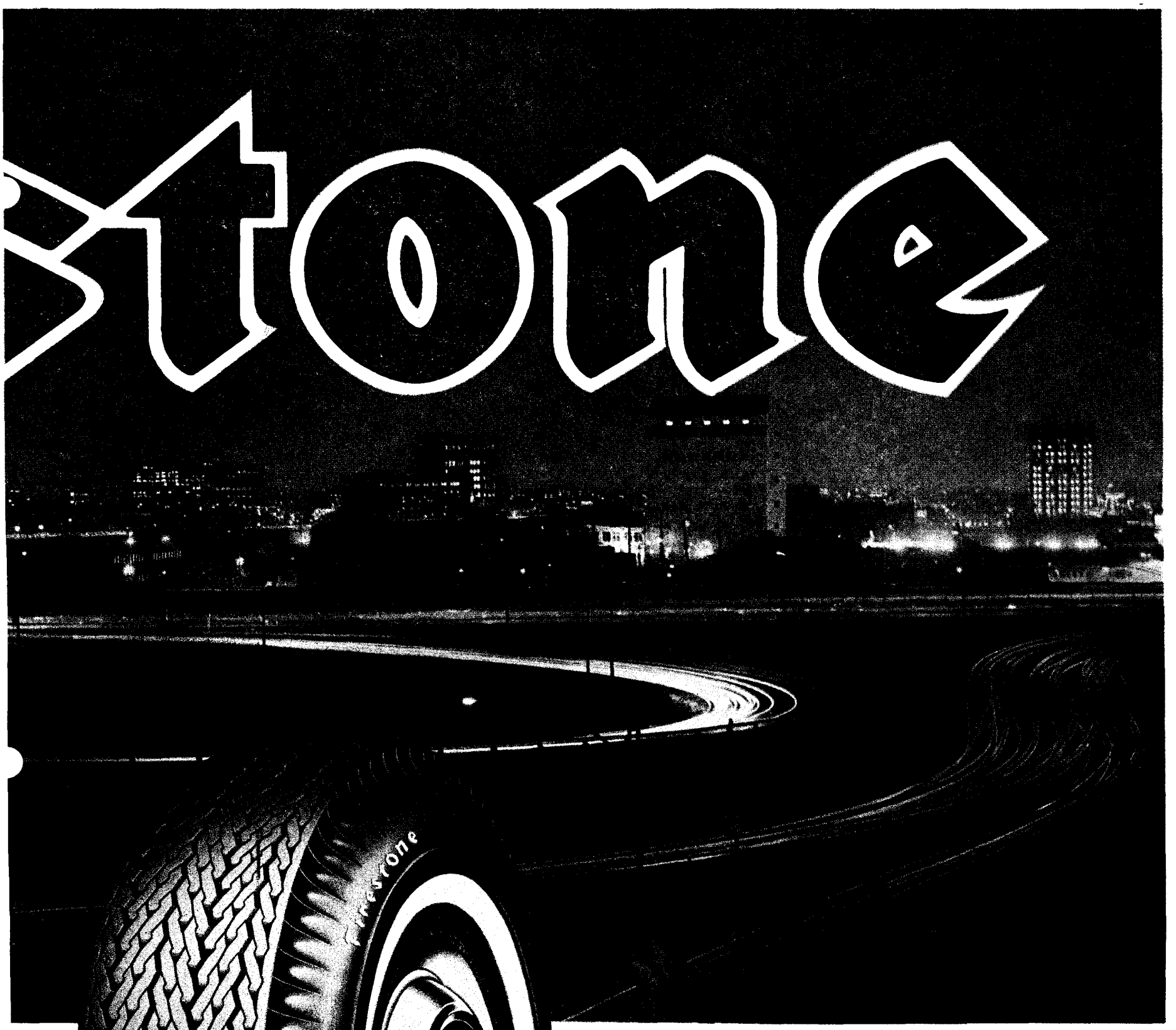

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The Loveliest Thing of All

She was a woman in love. Her "perfect jewel" of a husband was worthless. And I was his accomplice in deceit.

By ALBERTO MORAVIA / Translated by Angus Davidson

I went to visit Massimina and Peppe at their home. I had not seen them since they had got married. They had stopped me in the street to invite me. I was hurrying round a corner to avoid them, for I had courted Massimina for years and I didn't like seeing her with another man, even though he was a friend, but they stopped me, and they both seemed very eager to have me to supper. And so I accepted, reluctantly. Massimina was a short, broad young woman with a small, round head. It looked like the head of a small sheep; when you looked at her, with her fine, bright, prominent eyes, her little nose, her full mouth and her very broad face, you might think that in certain circumstances she would be capable of charging at you, head down. I had fallen in love with her before she became so broad; but it must be added that her job as a masseuse—she was one of the best in Rome—had developed the muscles of her chest and shoulders and arms; and she had become broad all over, though still retaining—for me, at any rate—the characteristic charm of a little curly-headed sheep. Perhaps, when I saw her again, she looked all the broader because her husband, beside her, looked so very, very narrow: He was a tiny little young man but well-proportioned, curly-headed, too, but fair, with an insolent expression on his face, very smart in his puffed-out check shirt, and American-style trousers tight on the hips and legs and with hand-stitched pockets and seams. Massimina had wanted this pretty little husband by hook or by crook. He would have nothing to do with her; but then, when she went on insisting, he yielded. He was working in a small bar in Trastevere, but after he got married he left the bar and stopped doing anything. It was Massimina who earned a living for them both.

And so I went to visit them in the neighborhood of Via Emo, in which houses spring up like mushrooms and where, if you look at an open field and then turn away, when you look round again there is already a huge yellow eight-story building. They lived in one of these blocks of flats that looked as if it was made of cardboard and had a row of shops on the ground floor, with blinding neon lighting that made even the cabbages at the grocer's look bright purple. A new quarter, a new building, and, when I had rung the bell and the door was opened, a brand-new flat. I went into the bare little entrance hall, which reverberated with the sound of the radio: Peppe, in the minute living room, was listening to the sporting news. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Go in there, into the kitchen, and you'll find Massimina. I want to hear the news." I noticed that he had an absorbed expression and that he was biting the nail of his first finger—always, with him, a sign that he was worried. I left him and went into the kitchen.

This, too, was minute, like the living room, but with everything in place, contrived and fitted in to perfection—cupboards, sink, gas rings, table, oven. Massimina, an apron tied round her hips, was standing in front of the stove, her sturdy arm outstretched to grasp the handle of a frying pan in which she was shaking to and fro a *fritto misto* of brains and squash. Beside her she had a piece of yellow paper, the kind that is used for wrapping bread, upon which she deposited the brains and squash as they were cooked. She looked at me sideways and said, "Have you seen my little house? D'you like it?" In her voice, which was soft and gentle, there was a quiver of tenderness that moved me as I reflected that she had bought this little flat inch by inch, so to speak, putting aside the money through year after year of massage, and now she had given the whole thing to that idler Peppe, who wasn't even fond of her. "It's a really charming little flat," I said. She laughed with pleasure and went on, "Go and have a look at the bedroom and then come back here and tell me what you think of it."

To please her I went out and looked at the bedroom. There was a big double bed, low, according to the fashion, with a blue bedspread; there were two bedside tables of dark mahogany; there was a chest of drawers. On the chest of drawers stood a china ornament consisting of a round plate the color of sea sand, with a few

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Tackling the rust problem of this toy truck is child's play compared to Chrysler Corporation's continuing war against corrosion.

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But these are just a few of the ways Chrysler engineers meet and learn from the challenge of destruction. And this challenge itself is only one of many met by Chrysler Corporation in the course of its diversified activities. As a major producer of automobiles and trucks, and marine engines. As prime contractor in the nation's space program. As the twelfth largest industrial company in America, with understandable confidence in its own growth and the future of this country.

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*Your authorized Chrysler Motors Corporation Dealer's Warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts; transmission case and internal parts (excluding manual clutch); torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (excluding dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear wheel bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Motors Corporation Certified Car Care schedules. Trucks are included, but are subject to additional limitations of 1500 hours operation if mileage does not accurately reflect the extent of actual use and operation of parts covered by the warranty. Coverage will not apply to trucks subjected to prolonged power-take-off or off-highway use.

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small crabs visible upon it, and, kneeling on its rim, a woman in a bathing costume making frightened gestures because of the crabs. A door was standing open, and I saw the bathroom, too, all white with nickel-plated taps and fittings. Everything was new, clean, orderly, polished. I went back to the kitchen, and she at once asked me, trembling, "Well, what d'you think of it?" Moved again by the thought that it was she who had created this room out of her humble savings, I answered, "I think it's a lovely room." "Yes, isn't it? I bought the furniture in Via Cola di Rienzo. Did you see the bedspread? It's pure silk." "Lovely, lovely." "And the bathroom—did you see that?" "Yes, lovely, lovely." She laughed again, gave the frying pan a shake and then, after a moment's silence, went on, "But the loveliest thing of all in this flat—d'you know what that is?" I replied, just to pay her a compliment, "The loveliest thing of all is *you*." I saw her shake her head; then she said, "The loveliest thing of all in this flat is my husband." I was left gaping, for I wasn't expecting such a frank declaration as this. She continued, "Isn't he charming, my Peppe? Such fair, curly hair. Tell me, isn't he charming?" Then I burst out, "But why d'you have to say this sort of thing to *me*?" She understood, and answered, "I say these things to you because I wouldn't say them to anyone else. Yes, I've a husband who's a perfect little jewel. But go back to him now, go and keep him company, because I still have things to do here in the kitchen."

I left her willingly, because to hear her speak in that way about her husband made my blood boil. I found that Peppe had turned off the radio and was sitting biting his nails, deep in thought. Then he said, "Rodolfo, can I trust you?" "Of course you can." "Well, listen," he said, "this evening about eleven I have an appointment—and I've got to get there." "An appointment? Why, who with?" Impatiently he replied, "With a girl. Now you've got to help me if you're a true friend. At a certain time, say half-past ten, you must remind me that we have an appointment together with Fabrizi—you know, the car dealer—about some tires. You mention it, and I'll confirm it, and then we'll say good night to Massimina and go off."

To tell the truth, I felt very uneasy: to have for a wife a woman like Massimina, worth her weight in gold, to have been married barely a month and already to be making appointments with girls, at night . . . I said with sincerity, "If you really insist on it, I'll do this for you. But mind what I say, Peppe: You're doing wrong." "And why am I doing wrong?" "Because you two have been married for a month—and Massimina is so very fond of you." Then he twisted round like a fury: "How can I help it if I feel nothing at all for her? She wanted me at all costs, although I kept on rubbing it in, in every possible way, that I didn't love her. Well, if you're willing to do this for me, all right. If not, it's all the same to me." "Very well. Keep calm. I'll do it."

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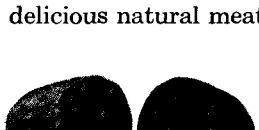	
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	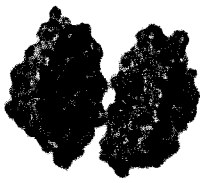
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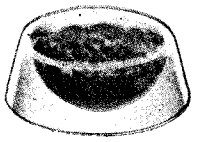
More nutrition because, bowl for bowl, tasty new Burgerbits with vital meat and bone meal have more proteins, vitamins, minerals.

	
CRUNCHY	MUSHY

More crunchability because Burgerbits stay crisp longer in liquids, to give extra chewing exercise for healthy teeth. And, leave no sticky residue, no messy bowl.

The critical period in matrimony is breakfast-time.

Sir Alan Patrick Herbert. Uncommon Law.

At this point Massimina, who had finished her cooking, came into the room and began setting the table. She spread a fine tablecloth over it and laid three places, not without pointing out to me that the set of china for six was very fine, with gold flowers on it and a gold border. Gaily she went from one room to the other, carrying plates, glasses and knives and forks; but this gaiety on her part was entirely for the benefit of her husband, who in contrast sat motionless in his armchair with a serious, absent-minded look on his face. And I noticed that each time she went past him she could not resist giving him a caress or addressing some little joking remark to him, or even going so far as to rub her hip lightly against his shoulder. In short, she was in love and was not ashamed of showing it.

We sat down at the table in front of the open window, which, since the flat was on the ground floor, looked out straight onto the pavement. From outside, on that stuffy August night, came the sounds of radios: The neighborhood was full of radios all screaming the same song, like so many cocks all crowing together when the sun rises. Massimina brought in the brains and squash and a tureen full of spaghetti and helped us lavishly; and I, who had not known her before as a cook, reflected that she had great skill in the art and that Peppe was a fool to be

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unfaithful to her with some silly little slut of a girl. We ate in silence, and then I told Massimina what a really fine cook she was, and she replied that she was pleased I appreciated her cooking, because Peppe was continually complaining. Peppe protested gloomily, "I don't complain, but you're always trying to stuff me. Eat, eat, eat. I only try to defend myself." She gazed at him broodingly, just as a mother broods over her child, and then exclaimed, "Eat up then; don't be afraid. If you get fat I'll give you some special massage, and you'll get slim again." It made me laugh, this idea of Massimina giving her husband massage, and so our conversation moved to the subject of massage, and Peppe, with a mischievous look, said, "Massimina, tell us some of the confidences that your ladies come out with while you're massaging them. Now listen, Rodolfo, and see if it doesn't make you laugh." Massimina hedged for a moment, then told us some really comic tales: of old women who had massage in order to please their lovers, so they said; of young women who confided their husbands' whims; of film actresses who recounted their own goings-on. Peppe, still with that mischievous look on his face, added, "But there's one of those ladies whom I should really like to meet—the one called Nora. Every time she telephones to arrange an appointment she tries to start a conversation: 'You're Massimina's husband, are you? And what do you do? Are you a masseur, like your wife? And why not?'" Massimina, as she listened, suddenly flew into a rage. "One of these days," she cried, "instead of massaging that woman I'll give her such a slap on her side that it'll leave a mark on her! Nasty flirt—that's all she is." Peppe, who had deliberately mentioned this lady, laughed with satisfaction.

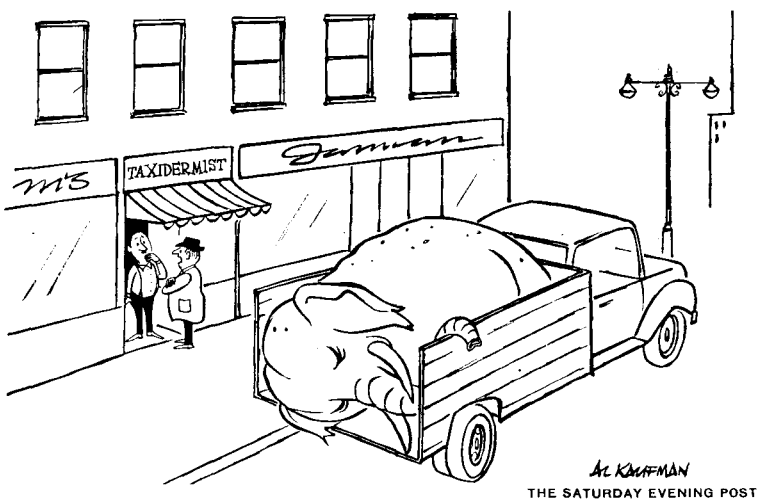
After supper we turned on the radio again and listened to a program of songs. Massimina went out to tidy up the kitchen. Peppe kept biting his nails in silence, and every now and then he looked at the clock. I felt more and more embarrassed as the time passed, because I was fond of Massimina and disliked helping Peppe to deceive her. I wanted to make a last effort and said, "Where does this girl live?" He looked at me, hesitated, and then answered, "Not so very far from here. She lives in Via Candia." "Well, tell me where she expects to meet you, and I'll go and tell her that you'll see her tomorrow in the daytime. Don't go this evening. Can't you see how happy Massimina is? She meant this supper to be a sort of housewarming, and you would be hurting her." But he shrugged his shoulders and replied, "You're an idiot. I promised to go, and I'm going."

Well, Massimina finished the dishes, and the time came when the lie had to be told. I glanced at the clock and said to Peppe, "Look, it'll soon be time for us to go and see Fabrizi about that business." "Yes, of course," he said promptly; "I was forgetting. To tell the truth, if you hadn't reminded me, I should have forgotten all about it. Come on; let's be going." As he said this he got up with such brisk impatience and such clear satisfaction that even a blind man would have noticed it. Massimina, in fact, understood and began in an agitated tone of voice, "Fabrizi? You hadn't told me anything about it." Then all of a sudden I intervened: "Massimina, come in here a moment; I want to speak to you."

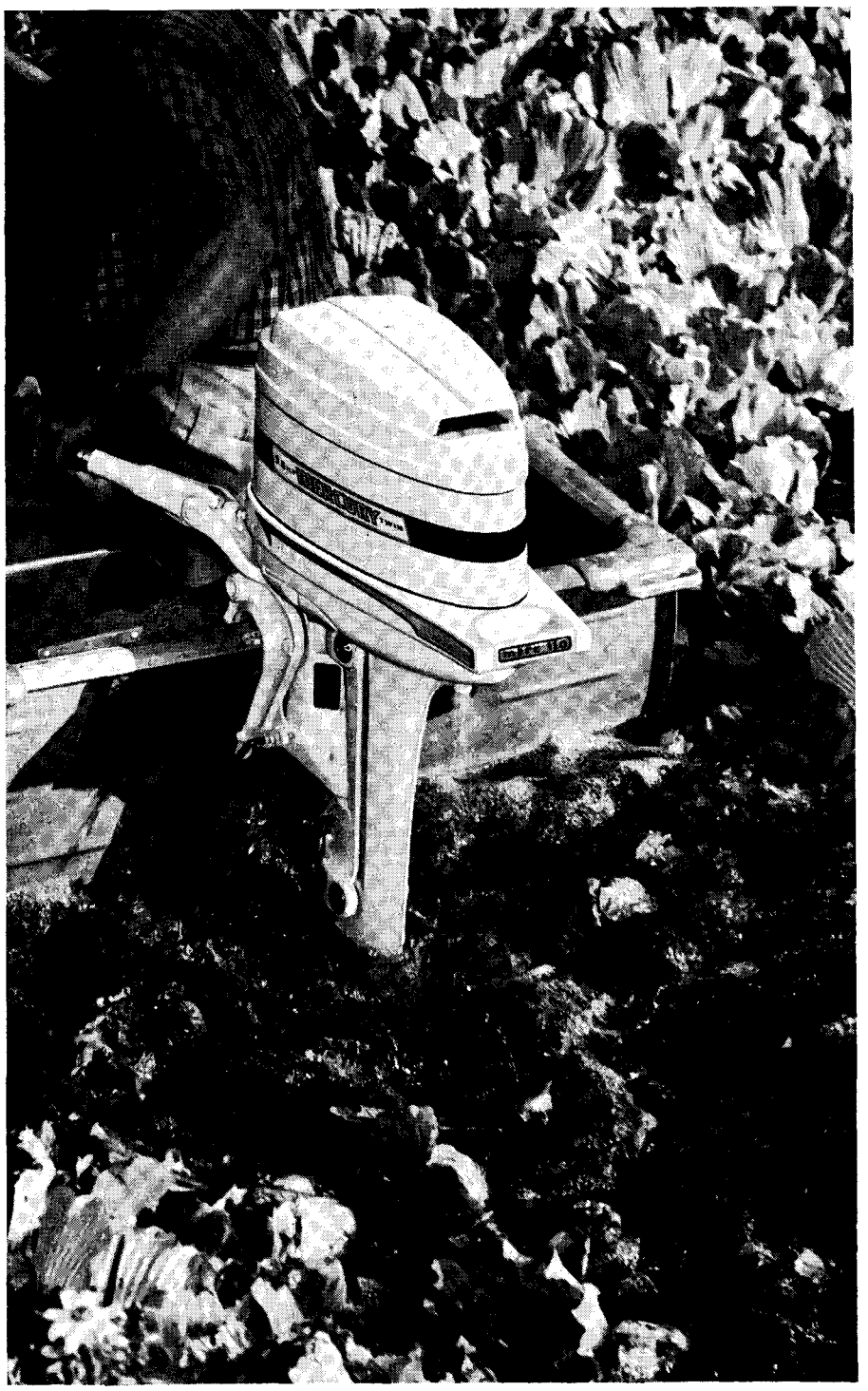
We went into the bedroom, and I closed the door and said to her, "Now look. It's best for you to let Peppe go out without making too much of a fuss. The more you try to control him, the more you show that you're jealous, the less fond of you he'll be. Pay attention to what I say, for once: Let him go out without saying anything." She looked at me; her face was so contorted, so dismayed, that it was painful to see. Finally she stammered, "All right, Rodolfo; I'll do as you say."

We went back into the living room, and Massimina said to Peppe in an offhand way, "Well then, good night. I have to go out early tomorrow morning, but I'll be careful not to wake you. See you tomorrow evening." Her voice was trembling, but she restrained herself, as she had promised me. As for Peppe, he kept his eyes lowered; he was ashamed. We went to the door, and Peppe said, "Good-bye, Massimina," and hurried out; but I myself stopped in order to thank Massimina for the supper. And then as I was repeating, "Thank you, thank you so much, and I hope one evening you'll come and have dinner with me in a restaurant," I noticed that she was crying. She was standing still, leaning against the doorpost, and the tears were slipping down her cheeks quickly, one after the other. I was moved, and I said, "Don't cry. We really are going to see Fabrizi." She answered in her gentle voice, "Fabrizi telephoned yesterday that he was leaving for Naples. Peppe knew, but he forgot." I felt embarrassed and, not knowing what to say, replied, "Don't cry, Massimina. It's quite true that you have a lovely little home—and in it the loveliest thing of all is your husband." She shook her head and said, "The loveliest thing of all will be when I get to sleep soon and stop thinking about him."

I said good night to her and joined Peppe in the street. We walked past the window; Massimina stood there looking at us. Then we turned the corner. THE END



"Well, speak up, man—do you want the job or don't you?"



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The Illusionists

He would teach me his magic, I thought, and take

The annual visit of M. L'Estrange to our school in the first week of March marked the end of winter and the beginning of spring. The bleak countryside around Beannafreaghan was cold-dead when he arrived and for perhaps a few weeks after he left, but when we heard the scrape of his bicycle handlebars against the school wall and saw his battered silk hat pass the classroom window, the terrible boredom of winter vanished suddenly, and we knew that good times were imminent.

We hadn't many visitors to Beannafreaghan Primary School, where my father was the principal and entire staff. Once a month Father Shiels, the manager, drove the twisted five miles from the town, in one breath asked us were we good and told us to say our prayers, shook father's hand firmly and scuttled away again as if someone were chasing him. Occasionally an inspector would come, and father would show him the seeping walls and the cracked windows and the rotting floor, and the inspector would grunt sympathetically, nod his head sadly from side to side and leave without asking us anything. At odd times salesmen for books would come, but no one ever bought anything. And one morning a traveling theater, a great colored caravan towed by a Land Rover, stopped at our gate, and a man with a beard and an English accent breezed into the classroom. I distinctly overheard father telling him that unfortunately it would be impossible for him to put on a play that day because a recording unit of the BBC was coming that very afternoon to make choral and verse-speaking tapes. The whole story, of course, was a fabrication: There wasn't a note of song or a line of verse in any of us. The truth of the matter was that his twenty-five pupils could not afford to pay sixpence each, much less two shillings, not even to see an international cast doing international plays.

I never knew which I liked better: to be playing in the school yard at lunchtime and suddenly see the tall figure of M. L'Estrange, mounted on his bicycle, freewheeling recklessly down the long hill that hid us from the town of Omagh, or to be in class, staring dreamily at an open book, and then to hear the scrape of his handlebars against the wall of the school.

I think I preferred him to walk in on us when we were in the midst of lessons, to see the door opening, to hear his deep, resonant voice boom out, "Am I interrupting the progress of knowledge?" because then the delight was so acute that mouths opened, eyes stared and hearts raced—there he was, M. L'Estrange, the illusionist, back again to perform magic for us! To rustic children he was the most wonderful man in the world.

Father was stiffly polite to the manager and overanxious with inspectors, but he welcomed M. L'Estrange warmly and enthusiastically. Mother's attitude toward the illusionist was at least consistent with her usual behavior—she treated him quietly and with caution. But I could never understand father's attitude. There was no doubt that he was delighted to see M. L'Estrange. He put an arm around his shoulders and pumped his hand and kept looking at us to find a match for his own heartiness in our faces (perhaps he mistook our stillness for indifference). But as the afternoon went on, his exuberance evaporated, and he became irritable again, and by the time, always late in the evening, M. L'Estrange left our house to cycle back to the town, father and he were more than half drunk, and father would have begun taunting him about being nothing more than a trick-of-the-loop man and scarcely better than a tramp. But when he first arrived at school you would think father had found a long-lost brother. He would exclaim, "Look, children! Look who's here! M. L'Estrange! Back again!" As if there were any need to tell us. From the moment he appeared in the doorway our quick, country eyes devoured him: the calm face, the slender white hands, the long silvery hair that had given a gloss to the collar of his frock coat, the black striped trousers, frayed at the bottom, the soiled white scarf, the glittering rings. And then, long before I had finished gazing at him, father would send me across the fields to the house to tell mother to have a meal ready for M. L'Estrange after the performance.

That was a job I hated. Mother never shared my excitement—"Don't tell me that old trickster's here again!"—and by the time I got back the show was ready to begin. It was little consolation to me that later in the evening, when all the other pupils had scattered, I would have M. L'Estrange all to myself in my own house. What mattered was that I invariably missed the preparations: the clearing of father's table; M. L'Estrange putting on his black mask; the hanging of the curtain between the blackboard and the fireplace; the arranging of the desks in three rows. The smallest children, frozen with delicious nervousness, sat in the front seats, the bigger ones sat in the middle, and the biggest along the back. Father stood at the door and smoked, his face relaxed and smooth with content.

Then M. L'Estrange would begin. He would stand in front of us for a few minutes, his hands joined before his chest as if he were praying, his lean, lined face immobile, staring at us with those soft, sad eyes of his. Mesmerized, we stared back, our throats drying with anticipation, giggles stirring and promptly dying in our throats. Suddenly he would crack his fingers and say, "Would someone please open a window at the back of the auditorium?" or "Would it be possible to have a spotlight switched on?" in a voice so unexpectedly quiet and persuasive that instinctively we all moved to do his bidding, so great was our relief that he had spoken, so hypnotic was his power over us. From then on he had us in the palm of his hand.

Though I saw his tricks every year for five or six years, I remember only two of them. In one he knotted a heavy string to one of his back teeth, gave the string a tug, and out came a huge wooden molar, the size of a turnip. The other trick I remember was with a rabbit that had dull, weary eyes, like my mother's. He sat the rabbit on father's table, surrounded it with four sheets of cardboard, covered these with a black cloth, and to our horror collapsed the box with a great thump of his fists. Of course the rabbit had disappeared. With a tired smile he would produce it from under his jacket.

We knew that the show was over when M. L'Estrange walked over to where father stood and led him to the middle of the classroom. Together they stood before us, both smiling and bowing (I was always embarrassed by father's bowing, as if he had been part of the entertainment), while we clapped and cheered and whistled and stamped our feet. Then father made a speech of appreciation, thanked M. L'Estrange for "including humble Beannafreaghan in his overcrowded itinerary," reminded us to bring twopence each the next day—he paid the illusionist out of his own pocket and through the following weeks badgered and cajoled his pupils to reimburse him—and gave us the rest of the afternoon off. It was then that I knew one of the few advantages of being the teacher's son: Each year I was privileged to wheel M. L'Estrange's bicycle, with the precious, securely sealed box that held the rabbit and the giant tooth and the other sacred things on its carrier rack, from the school to our house. It was a quarter of a mile by road, and I was always accompanied by a retinue of a dozen or more amateur illusionists who pantomimed around me, yanking out their teeth and producing rabbits from schoolbags, offering me all the wealth of their pockets if I would allow them even to touch a rim of the bicycle's wheel.

By BRIAN FRIEL

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me to great palaces, and to see the seven seas!

Illustration by Ray Prohaska

He was crawling toward the bicycle on his hands and knees.

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ILLUSIONISTS

M. L'Estrange's last visit to Beannafreaghan, in March of my tenth year, is the one I remember most vividly because I had spent the whole doleful winter waiting for it. Father had decided that I was to be sent to a Jesuit boarding school in Dublin the next September (like so many of his grand plans, this one fell through too; when September came, mother got the Christian Brothers in Omagh to take me as a day pupil), and I had made up my mind to escape that terrible fate by getting M. L'Estrange to take me away with him as an apprentice illusionist. I knew that a busy man like him could do with an assistant to organize his tours and look after his accouterments. My scheme was not altogether impracticable: I had a small bicycle of my own and planned to learn my mentor's craft so that when he retired I could become a professional illusionist myself. Throughout the year I had put all my pocket money into a cocoa tin so that when my apprenticeship began I would have a measure of independence. I told no one of my scheme. And that March, as I wheeled M. L'Estrange's bicycle from the school to the house, I remember watching the others clowning around me and thinking how young and silly they were. Little did they know the wonderful future that lay before me.

Father and M. L'Estrange sauntered in about half an hour later. As father's good humor unaccountably dwindled, the illusionist's increased. He bowed theatrically to mother and addressed her as "Madame," and I believe he would have raised her hand to his lips had she not pulled it away and said in her flattest County Tyrone accent, "I suppose you're famished as usual, Mister, are you?"

"I'll not say no to a morsel, Madame," said the illusionist with a roguish smile. "I'll not say no."

And for a man with such a lean, patient face he had a huge appetite. Indeed, so hungrily did he eat that father did the talking and M. L'Estrange only grunted "I see" or "Yes" between mouthfuls. When the meal was over, father produced a bottle of whiskey and pulled up two chairs, and they sat talking and drinking at the fireside, as they did every year, until night came down on Beannafreaghan and the whiskey was done.

That winter had been particularly severe. There was still snow on the hilltops and the fields were rigid with black frost when M. L'Estrange came. Had I not had the evidence of the illusionist sitting in our kitchen chatting with my father, I would not have believed spring was at hand. Their talk followed the usual pattern. First they spoke of the satisfaction to be got from teaching school in a small rural community, "striking a spark that could cause a conflagration," as the illusionist put it, and from traveling around the countryside, "opening the ready hearts of children to laughter," as father said. They agreed that each vocation had its unique rewards. Then they talked about changes they had witnessed over the years: Now only dedicated teachers taught in decaying, shrinking schools, and only altruistic troupers still entertained in them. Then they went away back to the past, and from there on it wasn't really a conversation, but two monologues spoken simultaneously, each man speaking his memories aloud. And when the bottle was empty, father became sarcastic.

Mother refused to be drawn into their talk. M. L'Estrange would try to engage her, but she shook him off quickly: "You're nothing but a pair of blatherskites!" Throughout the whole afternoon and evening she never stopped working, baking bread, washing clothes in the zinc tub, boiling nettles for the hens, scalding the milking tins, chopping vegetables for dinner the next day, all the time bustling about the kitchen so that she was constantly coming between me and the two men, and making so much noise with her buckets and basins that I missed a lot of what was being said. Not that I minded missing father's reminiscences—I had heard them so often I knew them backways—but now that I was on the brink of a new life every word M. L'Estrange had to say about his early career was of the utmost interest. But worse than the din she made, mother tried to make conversation with me—"Have you no exercise to do?" . . . "Any fun at school today?" . . . "Why don't you go out for a run on your

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bicycle?" . . . "Are you not taking the dog out for a walk?"—and when I answered her in sharp monosyllables she invented jobs for me: Feed the calf, bring in sticks, get water from the well, close the meadow gate. The result was that I heard only part of the monologues and witnessed only the last half of the row that night when father told M. L'Estrange never to set foot in Beannafreaghan again.

"The summer I qualified," father was saying into his glass as I spread the sticks for the morning fire on the hearth, "I came first place in the whole of Ireland. And there wasn't a manager in the thirty-two counties who wouldn't have given his right arm for me. His right arm, sir."

"France is the country," said M. L'Estrange, turning his rings idly. "That's where they had appreciation. A hundred thousand francs for an hour's performance. *La Belle France*."

"Dublin—Cork—Galway—crying out for me. An old parish priest drove up the whole way from Kerry, three hundred and fifty miles, to ask me personally to take over a school in Killarney. 'We would be honored to have you, Mr. Boyle,' he said."

"Ah, the drawing rooms of London in the early Twenties! Lords and ladies and all the quality of the land. Lloyd George once shook my hand and said it was a pleasure to see me perform."

"But would I go? Oh, no! Beannafreaghan, I said. That's the place for me. Beannafreaghan. Because Beannafreaghan needed a teacher that had something more to give, just that little bit more than the other fellow."

"A pleasure to see me perform. The year 1920. In Londonderry House, London, capital of the world."

"I'm telling you, if I hadn't taken up the challenge that summer, bloody Beannafreaghan Primary School would have been closed down, and all the bloody children would have grown up illiterate."

"Top of the bill in Leeds and Manchester and Glasgow and Brighton."

"Bloody illiterates and too bloody good for them."

"M. L'Estrange, prince of the occult."

"Fifteen years ago the Very Reverend John Shiels came out to me here and stood in this very kitchen and asked me—bloody well begged me—to take over the new school in the town. Wasn't another man in the whole of County Tyrone competent to tackle it."

"I drove my own car and stayed in the best hotels and picked and chose the engagements I wanted. There was respect for illusionists in those days, respect and admiration."

"And what, said I straight out to him, and what would happen to Beannafreaghan?"

"I saw me ordering swank dinners for the whole cast and tipping the waiters with pound notes."

"That never occurred to him. Oh, no! But it occurred to me. They may be country children, I said to him, and they may not have the most modern school building, but they deserve the best teacher in the country, top of my class the summer I qualified, and they're going to have the best teacher in the country! I'm not going to desert them, I said to him."

"My Lords, ladies, and gentlemen, things are not what they appear! The quickness of the hand deceives the eye! I was entrusted with the secret of this next act by the sultan of Mysore ——"

"And I didn't desert them. I'm bloody well still here, amn't I? In spite of all the offers I got. Hundreds of them. Only fifteen years ago in this very kitchen ——"

"In his white marble palace in the hills where the sun shines all day ——"

"I'm still here! The proof of the pudding is in the eating!"

"It's all in the mind. The powers of the mind are beyond our comprehension. We are all ——"

At that point mother ordered me out to the shed with her.

I held the hurricane lamp while she milked the cow. She could do the job in five minutes when she wished, but that night she seemed to take hours at it.

"Hurry up! Hurry up!" I kept saying because I was afraid M. L'Estrange would have gone before we got back.

"What do you want to listen to the ravings of two drunk men for?" she said. "I don't know what takes that trickster here anyway, upsetting things." And she rested her forehead against the red cow's side and pulled the teats as if she never wanted the milking to end.

The row began while we were out. In the still, frosty night we heard the angry voices as we came out of the shed. Their talks had always ended with father taunting the illusionist. But never until that night had M. L'Estrange answered him back; he just lifted his hat from behind the kitchen door and went off without a word into the darkness. But that year, when my whole future depended on him, he had to lose his temper.

"Good heavens!" said mother. "They'll kill each other!" And we ran up to the house.

M. L'Estrange was just outside, and father was standing in the doorway, and

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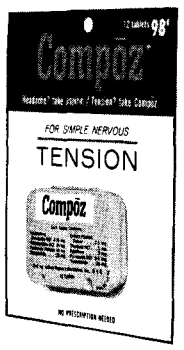

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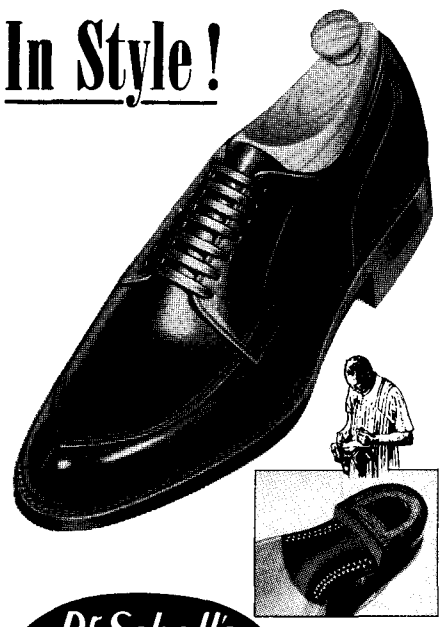

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ILLUSIONISTS

they were shouting at each other. Father held on to the doorposts for support, and the illusionist swayed backward and forward, pointing an accusing finger at him. They were both ugly with hate.

"Go home to your hovel, wherever it is!" father roared. "Bloody tramp!"

"Beannafreaghan is the place for you!" M. L'Estrange roared back. "The back end of nowhere!"

"And where did you pick up the name L'Estrange, eh? I know who you are, Monsieur Illusionist L'Estrange: Your real name's Barney O'Reilly, and you were whelped and bred in a thatched cottage in County Galway!"

"They wouldn't give you a job in the town if there wasn't another teacher in the whole country!"

"You were never in London or Paris in your life! And your wee cheap tricks wouldn't fool a blind donkey!"

"You're stuck here till the day you die!"

"Mr. Barney O'Reilly—fake!"

"A soured old failure!"

"Never put a foot in Beannafreaghan again or we'll set the dogs on you!"

"Don't you worry, Boyle. You'll never see me again."

Mother sprang between them. She pushed father inside, into the hallway, and then wheeled on the illusionist.

"Get out of this place!" She spat at him with a fierceness I had never seen in her before. "Get away out of here and never darken the door again, you—you—you sham, you fake, you!"

Then she saw me standing with the hurricane lamp in my hand. "Get inside at once!" she snapped. "You should have been asleep hours ago."

I did not dare to disobey, so mad was she. As I went by she shoved me in the back and bolted the door behind me.

Father was standing uncertainly in the middle of the kitchen floor. He tried to look defiantly at her.

"I told him a thing or two that he needed to ——" he began.

"Get off to your bed," said mother sharply. "And shame on you making a scene like that before the child."

"I told him a few home truths. I let him know what I thought of ——"

"Shut up! Hasn't there been enough said for one night? Go and get some sleep or you won't be fit to go to work tomorrow."

As he lurched toward the door he tried to wink at me, but his two eyes closed. "He forgot his beautiful hat!" he said, sniggering, lifting the shabby topper down from behind the door.

"Run after him with it," said mother to me. "I don't want him coming back to look for it. Run, child, run!"

That should have been my opportunity. Confused and frightened as I was with the shouting and the hate and the sickening sight of father and M. L'Estrange abusing each other, a part of my mind was still lucid, still urged me: *Now, now, now!* I saw the cocoa tin on the mantelpiece; I knew my bicycle, polished, oiled, pumped, was in the turf shed; I thought of the Dublin boarding school. But suddenly the dream that I had nursed all winter lost its urgency, required an effort and determination I couldn't muster. If by some miracle mother were to say, "Go off with M. L'Estrange, son—travel the world with him," or if M. L'Estrange were to come back and say in his persuasive voice, "Your son and I have planned to make a grand tour of Ireland and England and the whole of Europe," then I would have floated off with him to drift happily from theater to theater, from country to country. But now I stood trembling, numb with irresolution.

"Will you hurry up! He won't have got the length of the school yet," said mother, and I unbolted the door and ran out into the hushed night.

I found M. L'Estrange on his hands and knees in the road below the shed. He was crawling toward his bicycle, which lay spinning five yards beyond him. He smiled drunkenly up at me.

"It would appear, my friend, that my trusty steed and I have parted company."

The moonlight gave his face the pallor of a corpse. His long, thin fingers were spread out before him like the fingers of a witch.

"You forgot your hat."

"Would you be kind enough to lift my bicycle for me? Once I get up nothing can stop me. The problem is ——" He hiccuped. "Pardon. The problem is to mount, if you understand what I mean."

I left the hat within his reach and went to lift the bicycle.

Before I got to it I found the giant tooth lying on the road. Beside it was the square of black cloth. Further on I found the four sheets of cardboard, and the mask, and a packet of balloons. I picked them up and carried them to the bicycle. It was then that I saw that the box on the carrier rack was open and empty. The rabbit! The rabbit had escaped! I was about to shout, to cry out to M. L'Estrange that his rabbit was gone, when I saw it crouching by the front wheel. Silently, cautiously, I tiptoed over to it. But there was no need for silence or caution, for it never moved. I gathered it gently in my arms and looked into its face. Its dull, weary eyes, my mother's eyes, stared back at me, beyond me. Had its heart not tapped against my fingertips I might have thought it was dead. I put it in the box on top of the black cloth and closed the lid.

M. L'Estrange was at my side. "All set? Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more."

He was wearing the top hat now, and it sat jauntily on the side of his head. "As I say," he went on, "once I get mounted nothing can stop me, nothing in the wide world." He put an arm on my shoulder to steady himself. "As for you, my good friend, accept this little token from M. L'Estrange, prince of the occult."

He slipped a coin into my hand, and then he gripped the handlebars, held the bicycle away from him and said in his resonant voice that carried over the still, dead countryside, "*Au revoir!*"

Then he moved off. He looked back at me to see was I watching him (I think he wanted to attempt getting up on the bicycle), and when he saw me looking after him he waved and went on walking. A bend in the road hid him from me.

In the light of the kitchen I saw that he had given me a penny. I dropped it into the cocoa tin. Father was in bed, and mother was spooning my night porridge into a bowl.

"He's away, is he?"

I said he was.

"Sit down and take your supper," she said. "You're famished with the cold."

"He gave me half a crown!" I blurted it out because I thought I was going to cry.

"Aye?" she said, giving me a shrewd look.

"And he said that he'll come to see me in the boarding school in Dublin." I couldn't stop myself now. "And he said that when I'm a man big he'll take me away with him and teach me all his magic, and we'll go to France and Germany and Spain and India, and we'll see the seven seas and visit great palaces and carry red-and-gold parrots on our shoulders and drive about in big cars and stay at grand hotels and—and—and ——"

Then the tears came pouring out of me, and mother's arms went round me, and I buried my face in her breast and sobbed my heart out.

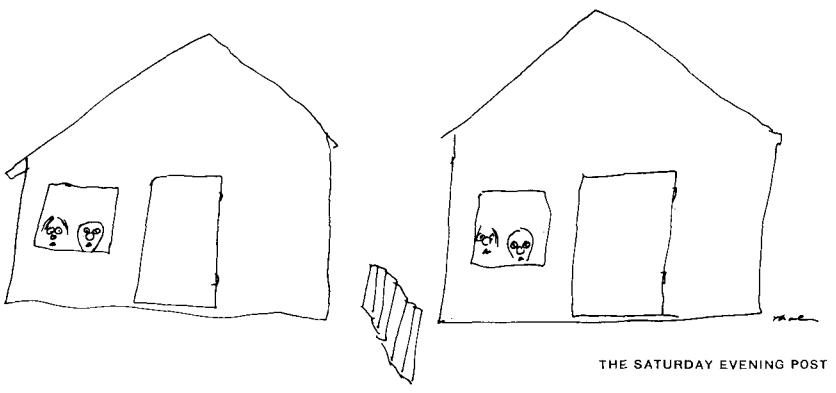
"And—and he was so drunk he fell off his bicycle, and he could hardly walk. And but for me he would have lost his rabbit and his giant tooth and ——"

"There, there, there," said mother, rocking me and stroking the back of my head. "It's all over now. It's all over. All over. It'll be forgotten in the morning. And before we know where we are spring will be here, and you'll be away in Tracey's lorry to the bog to cut turf, and the birds will come back and begin nesting ——"

"I told you a lie—it was a penny he gave me!"

"—and we'll bring the hive of bees up to the mountain for the heather," she went on, as if she hadn't heard me. "And we'll whitewash the shed until it sparkles—remember the fun we had last year?—and before we know, it will be summer, and we'll take the rug down to the meadow and lie in the shade of the chestnut tree and listen to the cow eating the clover, and we'll take a packet of biscuits with us and a can of buttermilk, and we'll have a competition to see who can drink it the quickest—remember last year?—and on the hottest day of summer—oh, it'll be so hot it will kill us to laugh!—we'll empty the well and climb down into it in our bare feet, and scrub it out, and yo-ho to each other down there—remember? remember?—and we'll laugh until we're weak, and oh, oh, the great fun we'll have—oh, dear God, it'll be powerful—when the good weather comes."

I stopped crying and smiled into her breast, because every word she said was true. But it wasn't because I remembered that it was true that I believed her, but because she believed it herself, and because her certainty convinced me. THE END



"What will the neighbors think?"

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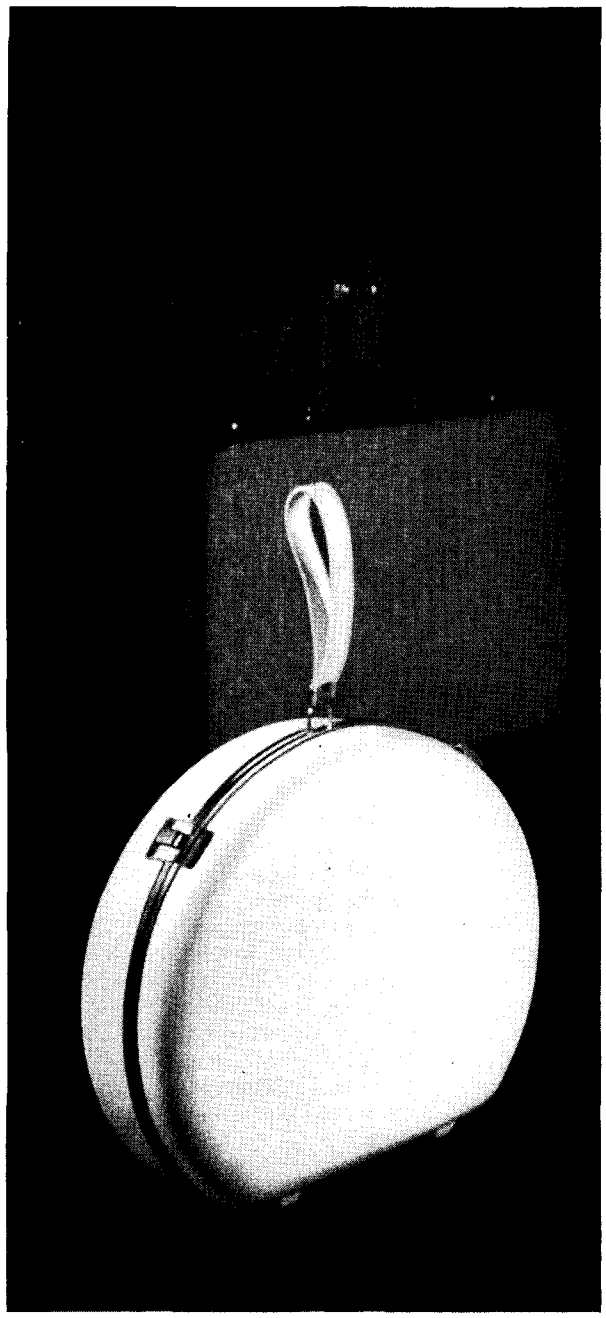

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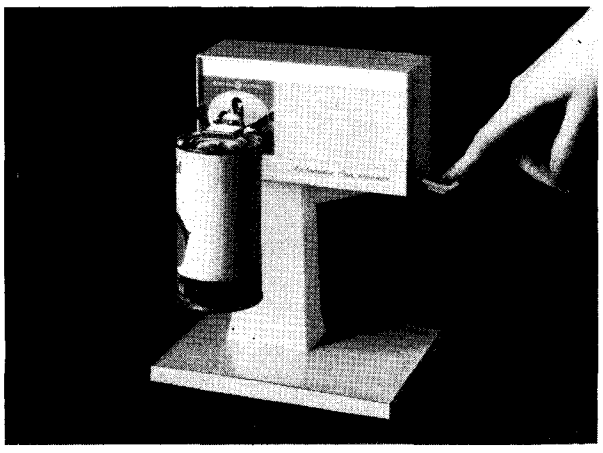

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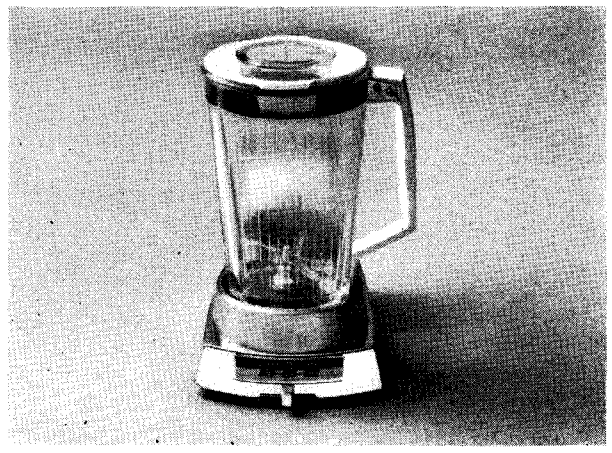

Low-Silhouette Blender. Designed to fit anywhere. Only 10½ inches high. Blends, chops, aerates juices. Perfect for mixing drinks.

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Rack of this spring's best hats supports sign of street where most are made.

Passion and piracy pervade the street

Where HATS are made

To milliners, ladies with bare heads are sinners.

By MURIEL FISCHER

Easter is the one day of the year when a perpetually frenzied millinery industry can pause and murmur joyously, "Ah—how beautiful!"

But Easter comes just once a year. And in an industry geared months ahead of the season it comes too early or too late. "Easter is tricky," grumbles veteran manufacturer Charles Kartiganer. "If it falls early the buyers don't have a chance to try out the goods and make their commitments. When it falls late [shrug] we don't have a selling season after Easter. But [sigh] what're you gonna do?"

Millinery is an industry that alternately shrugs and sighs, motivated as much by emotion as by fashion. The First Lady wears a babushka? It's a personal affront. The First Lady wears a hat? It's an achievement. Hairdos are bouffant? "Ugly—where do you put a hat?" Hairdos are close-coiffed? "This calls for a hat!"

As industries go, millinery is no giant. Almost the whole of it is sandwiched within a four-block span in mid-Manhattan, and its wholesale return averages around $175 million a year. However, for the men who supply the mass of America's headgear, hats are their lifeblood.

"When you're in millinery everything reminds you of a hat," explains Scheer Brothers salesman Bill Rosenberg. "Spring is a hat [and the time to buy fall goods]. Winter is a hat [and the time to plan Easter]. A woman is something you put a hat on (and your wife is the only woman you're certain will wear one). And when you see an absolutely gorgeous girl, first you picture her in a hat. . . ."

Millinery seasons are short and violent. The peak periods are the 10 weeks prior to Easter and the 10 weeks prior to fall. Yet there's never a lull. For if the industry isn't making hats it's planning hats, and it's always busy talking hats.

Mealtime in the millinery industry is a community picnic. At noon, members swarm like homing pigeons to the restaurants named Fashion, Emblem, Famous and Hat Box. Here trends are reckoned, vogues predicted. A friendly argument between two men spreads table by table and soon has a whole army of kibitzers firing retorts, an interchange among men who have known one another for 10, 20, 30 years.

"What's selling, what's active?"

"Gauchos. Gauchos are everywhere."

"So what's a gaucho? It's a sailor with a Spanish accent."

"What's the difference? Gaucho, sailor, flamenco, Valentino—Biltmore's making them; Lish Brothers, too; also Betmar, Kartiganer, Brookfield and Chesterfield. What more do you need?"

"Scheer Brothers has a pink candy straw, a very nice cloche."

"You can't give a cloche away in Minneapolis."

"San Francisco is the city. A woman without a hat in San Francisco, they know she's from Los Angeles."

"New York—it's a shame. I remember when half the kick of being in this business was seeing your hat five times over in three blocks. Today you're lucky if you see any hat."

"My mother wore a hat every day of her life, may she rest in peace."

"Those were the days, when a woman wouldn't go to the butcher without a hat."

"It's all this fuss with the hair. Mark my words, in ten years they'll be balder than the eagle."

"My daughter-in-law in the suburbs, I'd give her a dozen, but she cries, 'Papa, nobody wears them here.'"

"Listen. This will be a good season."

"Listen to him—the optimist."

"If we weren't all optimists would we still be in this crazy business?"

Then, as mealtime ends, each man of millinery threads his way through the crowded streets to his own little niche in the district—a floor, maybe two.

In the bustling showroom of Biltmore Hat Corporation, ebullient, ruddy-faced Harry Samet dashes about with a saucy spring hat atop his head. His eyes dance mischievously as he greets his "favorite" buyer. "I'll ship you eight dozen straws because I'm so fond of you," he tells her. "I'll take one, to keep up with the trend," hedges the buyer. "Sweetheart," purrs Samet, "I just don't want you to come crying later for shipment." Samet retires briefly to his cubbyhole of an office to take a few aspirins and delivers a modest description of his 26-year-old operation. "You see the traffic here? We ship 80,000 dozen units a year, about a million hats. We have the biggest production line in the

Out of giant hatbox pop Emme, Sally Victor, Chanda, Halston, Mr. John. ▶

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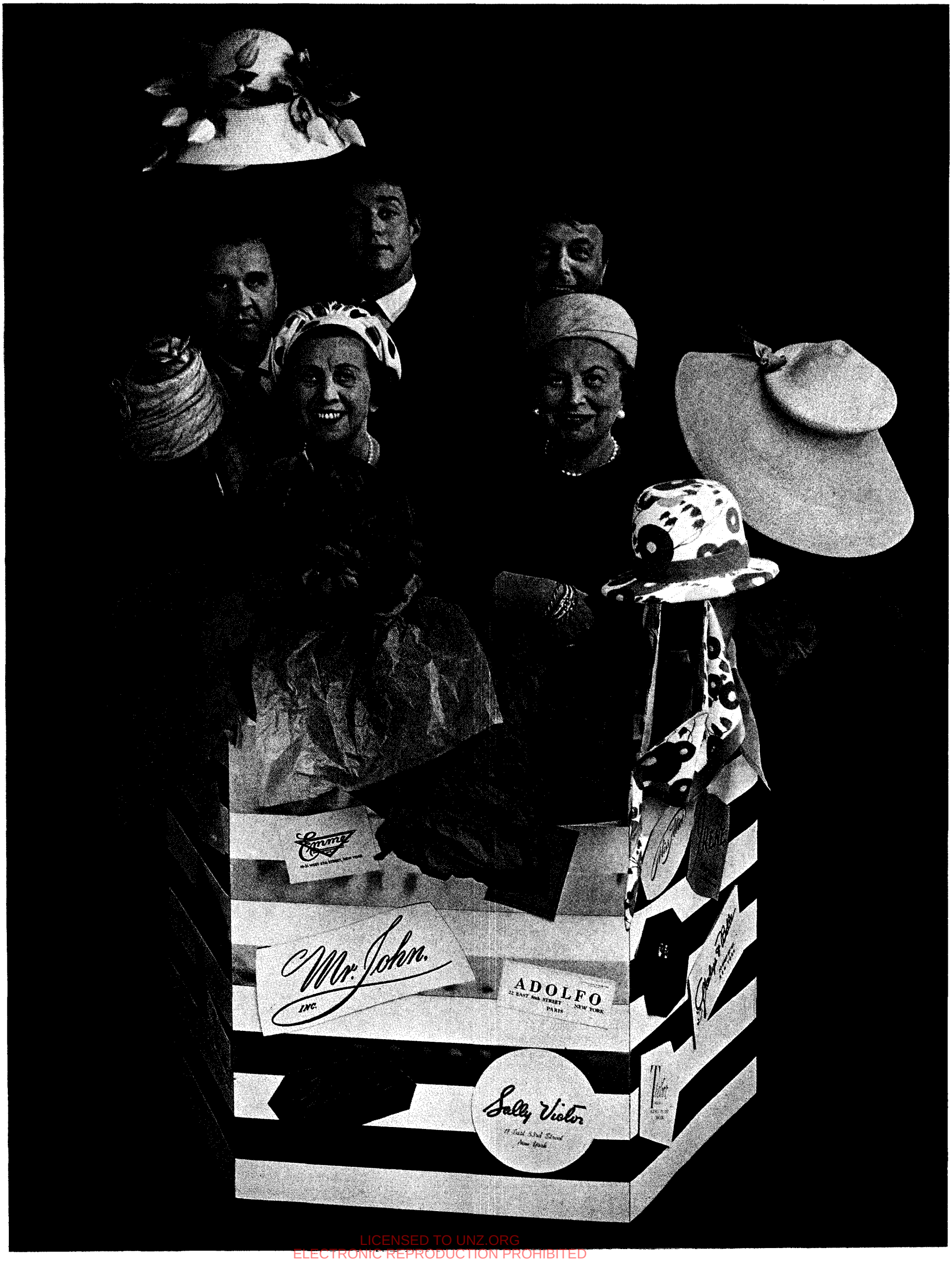
Photographs by Henry Ries



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HATS

city." He sails into the production room and pauses at a sewing machine. "This is how it starts," he shouts above the din. "From a piece of shoestring called braid. Round and round the shoestring spins until a crown is formed, and then a brim. A hat is sized, rounded, wired, blocked, shaped, stamped out, ironed, sprayed and baked. Meanwhile trimmings are cut, laid in piles, sorted in plastic bags, pinned to each hat, for milliners to drape and sew, pasters to paste. . . . It takes thirty-five, forty items to make a hat."

A few floors above, small, white-haired, 65-year-old Samuel Lish, founder and senior member of the 48-year-old firm of Lish Brothers, holds up seven fingers denoting seven subsidiaries, seven factories, seven price levels, and declares augustly, "We are the General Motors of the millinery business." This established, Lish gingerly slaps a succession of hats upon his head and delivers a running commentary: "There are really only nine basic silhouettes. So one season you raise a crown, narrow the brim; the next you lower the crown, broaden the brim. Mostly you go by feeling."

These feelings are made more secure by sampling imports. "My nephew goes to Europe, buys two dozen originals, handmade at a hundred dollars apiece. We make changes, or copy exactly. Maybe five weeks later our versions are on the market, selling for six, ten, fifteen dollars."

The men of millinery are in it, frankly, because they were born to it. Bernard Grossman, third generation of Betmar Hats, reflects wistfully, "When I was five years old I walked among the racks, and the racks buried me." Grossman is 28 now and a graduate engineer. "My father, my grandfather—they built this business. Someone has to maintain the reputation."

New York is the hub

Today there are 515 millinery establishments in the United States with a total of 22,000 "in-season" employees. There are mills in Massachusetts, plants in Pennsylvania, factories and lofts in Chicago and St. Louis. Each has some tie to New York, for New York is the main artery of millinery. New York's hat district weaves its way from West 36th Street to West 39th Street, crisscrossing from Fifth Avenue on the east to Avenue of the Americas on the west. Within this maze 465 firms craft hats retailing from $1 to $30. Some two dozen more firms dot the East 50's, referred to in the industry as the "uptown" or "couture group."

But the hub of Hatsville, U.S.A., is one block—known in the trade simply as "39th Street." So abiding is the tradition that when the largest structure in the area was erected—1040 Avenue of the Americas—occupants were accorded the side address of 65 West 39th Street for purposes of freight and sentiment.

Thirty-ninth Street is where you learn what a hat really is. Says Grossman, "With automobiles, with appliances, a line is designed, sent to market and [snap] that's it—catalogue 1963! Even with clothes they cut maybe four, five patterns per house per season. And again [snap] that's it. But millinery changes every five minutes. One item can make a trend. And when the trend comes we all get a piece of the pie." He smiles and sighs. "A trend is something we try to create. But mostly we watch for it, pray for it and ride it."

Henry Pollak (leading supplier of imported straws, domestic felts) muses on the will-o-the-wisp nature of the trends: "When Grace Kelly set sail for Monaco she wore a bone-colored dome. Soon women all over the country went looking for copies. When Elizabeth Taylor appeared in a leopard hat and coat, the flash went out: Make leopard, make jaguar, make anything with spots." Pollak, likewise a third-generation product of the industry, threw up his hands. "Five years ago they couldn't give the spots away."

Last season one house made a long-haired, shaggy hat considered a novelty item, another copied it, and a syndicate bought it for a store in Portland, Oregon. There it rested, long-haired and listless until a salesgirl took the hat one day, and idly began to run her comb through it. The hat took shape. And so did millinery history. Overnight the "wig hat" was born.

"It was fantastic!" salesman Storm Feinberg of the 40-year-old firm of Kartiganer recalls. "All of a sudden orders started coming in heavy from the coast. Then we heard how they were demonstrating the hat to show its wig effect. For the next ten weeks we produced two thousand dozen a day."

When the rage ended in America the wig hat caused riots in Europe. Jobber Morris Zeck ("a half century in millinery, 42 years with the Schuman and Stein firm") says, "To my knowledge this was the first time this country ever exported millinery to Europe." Zeck, who admits he passed up the hat when he first saw it last summer ("I turned it down—too wild"), wryly reflects, "Who knew it would turn into a Hula Hoop?"

Roughly 60 million units of millinery are sold per year. In the overall accounting 80 percent are in the below-$10 category, only 3 percent in the over-$35 salon group. Inside the industry, however, there are just two divisions. A low-priced hat is a "39th Street hat." All the rest are "uptown."

Uptown are millinery's "golden dozen," the couture names to be imitated. Sally Victor and Mr. John are generally acclaimed the crowned heads of couture's royal family. Also included are Lilly Daché, Adolfo, Emme, Chanda, the house of Hattie Carnegie, and a dynamic young newcomer called Mr. Halston.

The couture labels top the most celebrated coiffures in the world. The rococo setting of Mr. John's gilded salon at 24 West 57th Street has, among the carved lions and bronze doves, an entire wall devoted to the names of well-endowed customers, their signatures embossed in gold-leaf. Among them: Firestones and Fords, Vanderbilts and Whitneys, Astors and Rockefellers, and stage and screen personalities including Marlene Dietrich, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Elizabeth Taylor, Loretta Young, Greta Garbo. At the 18 East 53rd Street salon of Sally Victor the retinue is political, theatrical, literary and royal: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Mrs. William S. Paley, Betty Furness, Hedda Hopper, Queen Elizabeth II and Princess Grace. Adolfo is the favorite of such sophisticates as Mrs. Byron Foy, Mrs. Palmer Dixon and Mrs. Frederick Eberstadt. And Mrs. Ethel Price, whose tag of Emme has long been a fixture at 19 West 57th Street, receives orders from Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell and Arlene Francis.

A 30-year-old man out of Chicago named Roy Halston Frowick—the Mr. Halston of Bergdorf Goodman—finds it rewarding to mention occasionally that he is Jacqueline Kennedy's favorite hatter. It was Halston who created the "Ken-

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When Elizabeth Taylor appeared in a leopard hat and coat, the flash went out: "Make leopard, make jaguar, make anything with spots."

Showroom girl models hat for milliner Sam Lish.

nedy pillbox." He smiles at the recollection. "I made it for her long before the inauguration," he relates. "Funny thing is when she put it on she dented the top of it—pushed it in, I guess, holding it against the wind. It was photographed that way, and soon I noticed all the women wearing pillboxes were pushing them in." Halston also made the large rolled brims Jackie wore to India. He estimates that "fifty percent of the downtown business was based on that hat that season."

In his race to prepare a line for the selling season, the 39th Street manufacturer often finds it expedient to steal. "How many designers do I have?" chuckles Harry Samet. "Two who work in my place—and one hundred and eighty working for others. So they call us pirates. But we compliment them, don't we?"

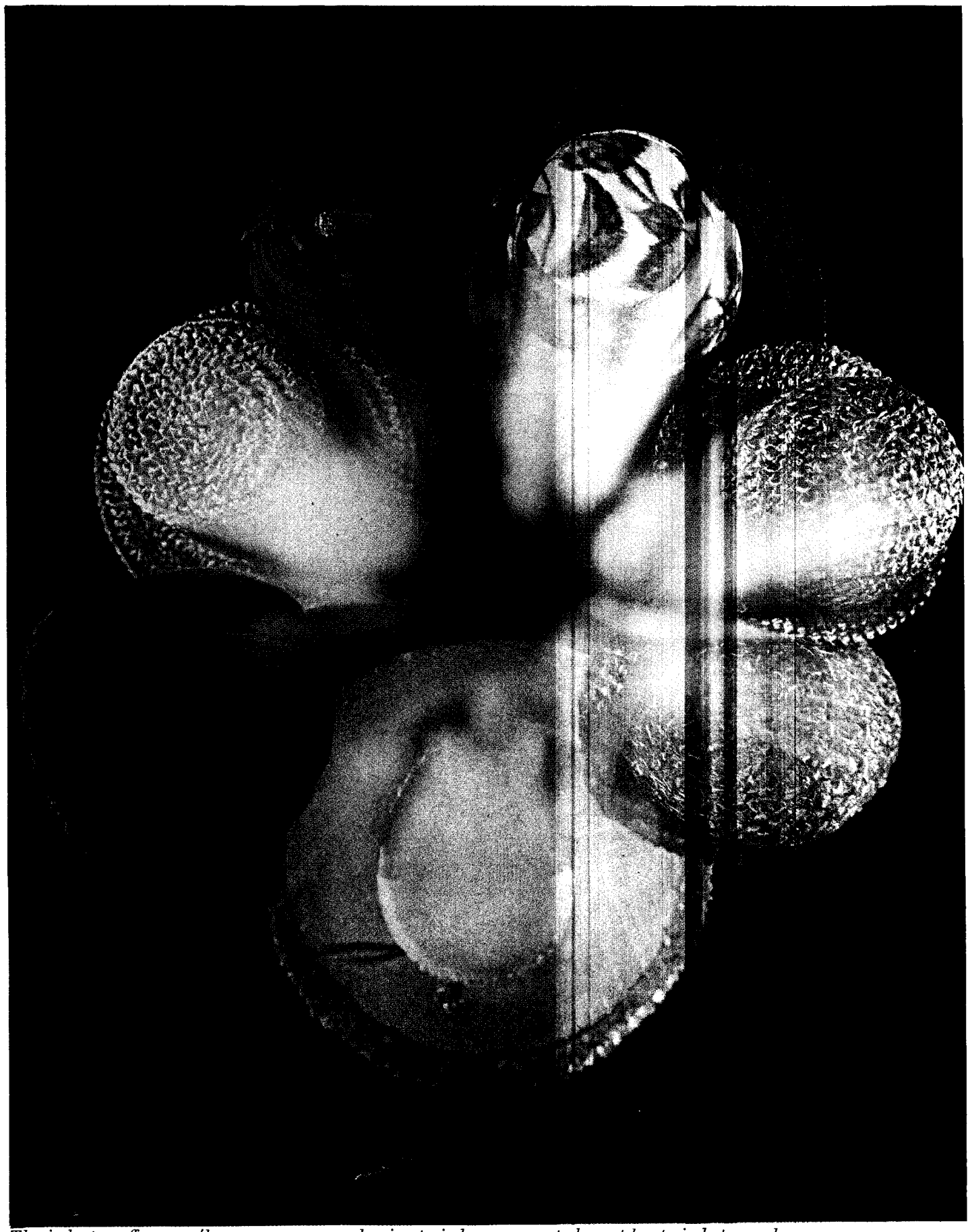
Lilly Daché agrees. "When they stop copying me, ah, then I am finished." At the same time, the couture designers say, "If they can copy me, I can copy myself!" Many have a "39th Street line." (Dachettes, Emme Boutique, Miss Sally Victor and Sally V., Mr. John Junior and Mr. John Sophisticates are styled uptown, packaged downtown and priced from $8.98 up.)

Piracy is encouraged by the Millinery Institute of America, an organization sponsored by the downtown manufacturers, the uptown creators and the Millinery Workers' Union. "Let's face it," expounds Charles Rothenberg, who heads the M.I.A. "It is ability to copy down, mass-produce and render fashion at the lowest price level that makes the American woman the best-dressed female in the world." The institute seeks to encourage women to buy six hats per year. (Current estimates pinpoint the odd fraction of 2.8 hats per woman.)

Millinery is an industry with razor-sharp rivalry; yet it functions like a family. (Nearly everyone in millinery is related by blood, marriage or partnership.) The foundering firm gets help. ("In millinery we never step on a man who is down. We reorganize him.")

Millinery can brag mightily of endurance. Some 40 firms have been in the business for better than 25 years. (Yet few newcomers have entered the field in the past five years.) At least seven establishments loudly proclaim, "We're the largest and the oldest!" There is no disclosure of profit or loss, but from the rumor and talk each man knows, almost to the penny, what the next is earning.

The men of millinery are irrationally in love with hats. Why else would a fat man pushing 60 strut around with a froth of flowery straw atop his bald spot—and look you squarely in the eye as he asks, "Tell me, did you ever see anything more beautiful?" THE END



The industry offers a mélange every season, hoping to induce women to buy at least six hats yearly.

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post scripts

"*Not again!*"

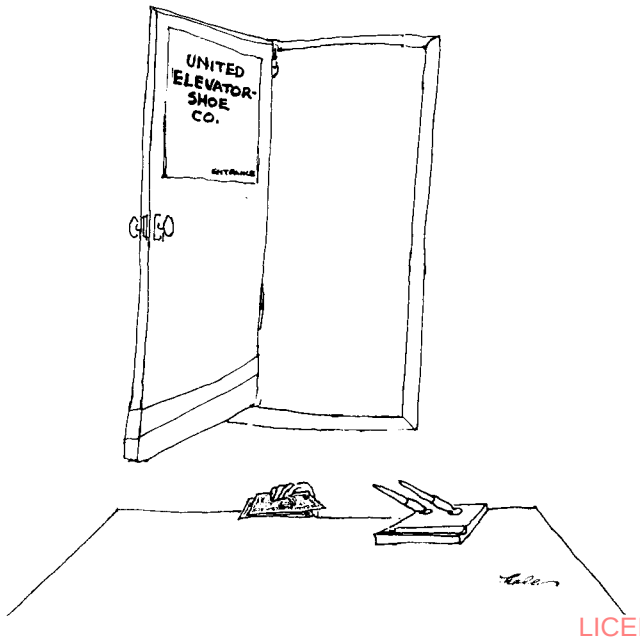
"*I entertain a lot.*"

"*Must you always talk shop?*"

MONEY-GO-ROUND

Does history repeat itself?
If so, may I inquire
Why every doggoned time around
The price keeps getting higher?

S. OMAR BARKER



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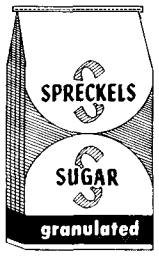

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Dorothy Loudon clowns behind a curtain in apartment of New York brownstone she bought.

THE LOWDOWN ON LOUDON

Despite the brilliance of her work, Dorothy Loudon harbors monumental doubts about performing.

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

Until she appeared for the first time on the Garry Moore show this season, Dorothy Loudon was a comedienne and singer whose obscurity might be termed widespread and long-standing. As an artist she had only a select following, acquired principally in a few cabarets and a couple of small revues. Financially her renown was correspondingly narrow. She had even undergone an ordeal at the hands of the Diners' Club and the resulting trauma drove her smarting into the arms of American Express.

It has since become abundantly clear that both Moore and American Express backed a winner, despite Miss Loudon's lack of early foot. On the evening of the CBS Moore hour last December, Miss Loudon, given 21 minutes on camera, captivated audience, critics and Moore. She received 500 letters, more than any other Moore debutante in history. Reviewers saluted her as the successor to Carol Burnett, an alumna of the Moore show who has since gone on to headier projects. Moore himself noted, "We gave her every chance to fail"—and promptly signed her up for a minimum of 14 more appearances at $3,000 per show this season and took a lien of one year on her TV services thereafter. Her nightclub price jumped from $1,250 a week to a gratifying $5,000.

Unmarried and in her mid-30's, Miss Loudon is a small, sturdily constructed brunette with wide, mad blue eyes in a face that stops just short of caricaturing itself. She owns a voice that sounds like ball bearings quarreling in clotted cream, the result, in part, of having had to prevail over the babble of nightclub patrons. The enormously diverting quality of her talents makes it possible to describe her as petite rather than stubby, and pretty as against simply passable.

She feels disjointed professionally and is convinced that she is a dull girl in

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LOUDON

private. At parties, which she attends out of loneliness and the nagging suspicion that she may be missing something, she sits at a safe remove from center stage, a model of nonperformance. She travels with show-business people, but makes a strenuous effort not to talk shop. "I don't want to have to stop," she explains, "and realize that the business I'm in is different from any other."

Once she turned herself over to a psychoanalyst. "All my friends were going, and I thought, *What's the matter with me—why can't I join the club?* I went three times, I kept asking, 'When am I going to lie down?' And he kept saying, 'I'm sorry, Miss Loudon; you don't need psychiatric help.' It was one of the meanest things that happened to me since I fought with the Diners' Club."

She lowered her voice to an intimate wheeze. "That was one of the reasons I went to the analyst," she explained. "They sent me those forms—how much did I make and so on. So I wrote them and said, 'What are you going to ask me next—my religious and political affiliations? It's none of your business. I'm going with American Express, and I'll never miss you.' And I haven't."

Miss Loudon professes to be an unstrung harp plucked by errant winds and only able to do things onstage she cannot do off. But even about performing she has monumental misgivings. "I think there's something kind of funny and tragic about someone who comes out on a stage—which most people think is pretty glamorous—and right away the audience knows she doesn't know why in hell she's there. Well, that's me. I'm never completely in control of myself. Nobody ever looked at me and thought I was in command of anything."

Despite her misgivings she does command considerable attention as a performer. A typical nightclub routine of hers provides a clue to the surrealist humor at work: She minces to the stand while the band grimly dissects such pathetic corpses as *Ti-Pi-Tin* and *I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen*. "Remember?" she asks with awful archness. She pretends she has been drinking. There is no reaction from the audience, and she wipes a hand across her face. "Am I the oldest one in the room?" she next demands. "Is that what it is?" The first spatter of laughter is heard.

"A very strange thing happens to me at parties," she continues, lurching the least bit. "Everybody keeps coming up to me to say I look just like Shirley Temple." She does a brief, convulsive imitation of the child star of the '30's, producing an effect not unlike the one-legged Sarah Bernhardt at 77 playing a young man. "You know why they say I look like Shirley Temple?" she goes on. "Because I *am* Shirley Temple. I don't know who that other short, dumpy girl is who calls herself Your Storybook Lady, but you know who I think she is? Conrad Nagel." The orchestra sloshes on with *On the Good Ship Lollipop*. "And now," she says, "I am going to sing one of my hits. I do it at the drop of anything. At parties. On the street. In jail." After she has torn several other silly passions to tatters she notes: "I usually do this act on top of a piano. But they left it open tonight." Plaintively she finishes, "It hurts."

As background for this sort of routine Miss Loudon can draw upon a repertory of some 1,500 old songs—all of them taught to her by her parents. An only child, she was born in Boston to James E. Loudon Jr.—a saxophonist of sorts—and his wife, the former Dorothy Helen Shaw, a pianist. Her father, variously the advertising manager for a machine company, a wallboard salesman and a basketball player at Dartmouth, lives in retirement in Claremont, New Hampshire. Her mother died in 1956.

When Dorothy was three her father moved the family to Indianapolis and when she was 10 to Claremont. She took dancing and piano lessons and appeared in school plays. The yearbook of her class at Stevens High—'43—pronounced her "most popular," "most versatile" and "best actress." She was the head cheerleader, and she won a drama scholarship to Syracuse University. Weekends she sang for money with a local jazz band. Two years of Syracuse sufficed. She cast a bleak eye at sororities when one of them turned down a girl friend who was Jewish. "Dorothy was very imaginative too," a male classmate remembers. "She got out of physical training by saying she had a cyst on her spine. Brought it off beautifully."

By the fall of 1945 she was off to a now-defunct drama school in New York. She eventually auditioned for an agent who booked her into a cocktail lounge in Troy, New York, as a singing pianist. This was fine, except that Miss Loudon was suffering from a technical deficiency: She could sing in more than one key, but she could play only in F. With two weeks at her disposal she raced home to Claremont, where her mother taught her to play in C as well.

Told to amuse clients

From then on, her life was a more-or-less picaresque and enlightening succession of engagements in clubs of varying degrees of refinement. Once she was inexplicably booked into a Manhattan nightclub where the performers were expected to amuse the clients in various other ways. The girls were bossed by an aging, muscular mistress of ceremonies with a fine moustache. "Girls," she would shout, "there's a lot of lawyers here from Albany. Go out and mingle. You hear? Smile. Order steak. And you," she would say, fixing a basilisk eye on Miss Loudon. "You, innocent, catch on too. Hear?" Miss Loudon heard and fled.

If she is unmarried, it is not for lack of trying, and she suspects that spending as much time as she has in clubs has kept her that way. "I've never seen a man alone in a saloon," she stated categorically. "who wasn't a lush or didn't have a wife at home. Every now and then my friends fix me up with a blind date. Are you ready? He's been divorced once, he's living with his mother, he's going to the analyst five times a week and he never should have left his mother. *And* he sits staring at me as though I'm a freak and there *he* is, a well of strangeness."

Besides playing clubs, Miss Loudon spent a year on the road with the Ted Lewis band and several weeks in Las Vegas with Ray Bolger. In the '50's she made her debut at the Blue Angel in New York, where she became a kind of house fixture. "People would come to see someone else," says Max Gordon, the owner of the Angel, "but Dorothy would entertain them."

She finds audiences kind. "They see my desperation to please them and to be liked," she says. "Everyone wants to be liked, but some want it so badly that they go into show business. Like me. And there's never enough. But I'm not a comedienne in self-defense. If that were true, my comedy would be entirely different. I remember when I was playing the old Ruban Bleu in New York, another female comic—a famous one—was there in the audience, and she couldn't stand it, I guess, because I was doing pretty well. I heard people screaming a little too loud for what I was doing and I looked around. She had a cigarette up her nose. I thought: *Pretty sad for somebody who's made it.* She didn't even realize what she was doing."

Two years ago Miss Loudon bought a four-story refaced brownstone, now painted yellow, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, and she lives in the two top floors. When she gets home she watches television. "I hang on until the test pattern," she said. "It seems only fair to stick until the last gun is fired." The house is furnished in what Miss Loudon calls "Early Anything." In her characteristically tangential way she has concluded that the house is "fat" because she is a good cook. That is, she bought it to invite friends to, and she gets "fat attacks" while feeding them—and herself. She is not apt to lose the compulsions sometimes induced by ownership, even mortgaged. Before leaving she pads from room to room mumbling, "The water is off; I've closed every faucet. The iron is off; I pulled the plug." By the time she closes the door she *knows* she has forgotten the keys, which she never has. "I have a subconscious desire," she explained, "not to spend the night in the streets."

The house also harbors seven filled suitcases, some of them unopened for months. They contain Miss Loudon's stage clothes, and she intensely dislikes laying eyes on them. "Clubs spoiled clothes for me." she said. "Your head could come off with the sequins and the bangles and the jets. I like simple clothes. I make my own, but I don't have any fun dressing up any more. I'm in those other things—performing clothes—too much." In mufti she sometimes seems to have been thrown together.

Her only involvement with Broadway to date has been in *Nowhere to Go But Up*, a collection of rhinestones and paste in which she was the sole authentic jewel. It opened last fall and folded after nine ghastly performances. Up to the time of her Garry Moore appearance, her major TV credits were gained on panel shows and on the Ed Sullivan hour.

Moore, in the forefront of her admirers, says of her talents: "She can make an audience laugh as hard as any girl in the business. Her timing is exquisite and her sense of the ridiculous delicious. And the greatest trick of all is that she manages to draw laughs without losing an ounce of her femininity."

Her success, however welcome, has had more than one effect on Miss Loudon. "I'm not as happy," she admitted, "as I thought I'd be. There's a responsibility now that I never had. I could afford to be pretty independent about what I did before, but now I have to worry about all those millions of people. They're keeping me working.

"On the other hand," she added, "I'm glad it happened, because I would've hated to work hard all my life for nothing in a business that has so few rewards unless you, quote, make it, unquote. I would have been bitter. Anybody who works as hard as I do—no matter at what—deserves more than a gold watch at the end of a lifetime." THE END

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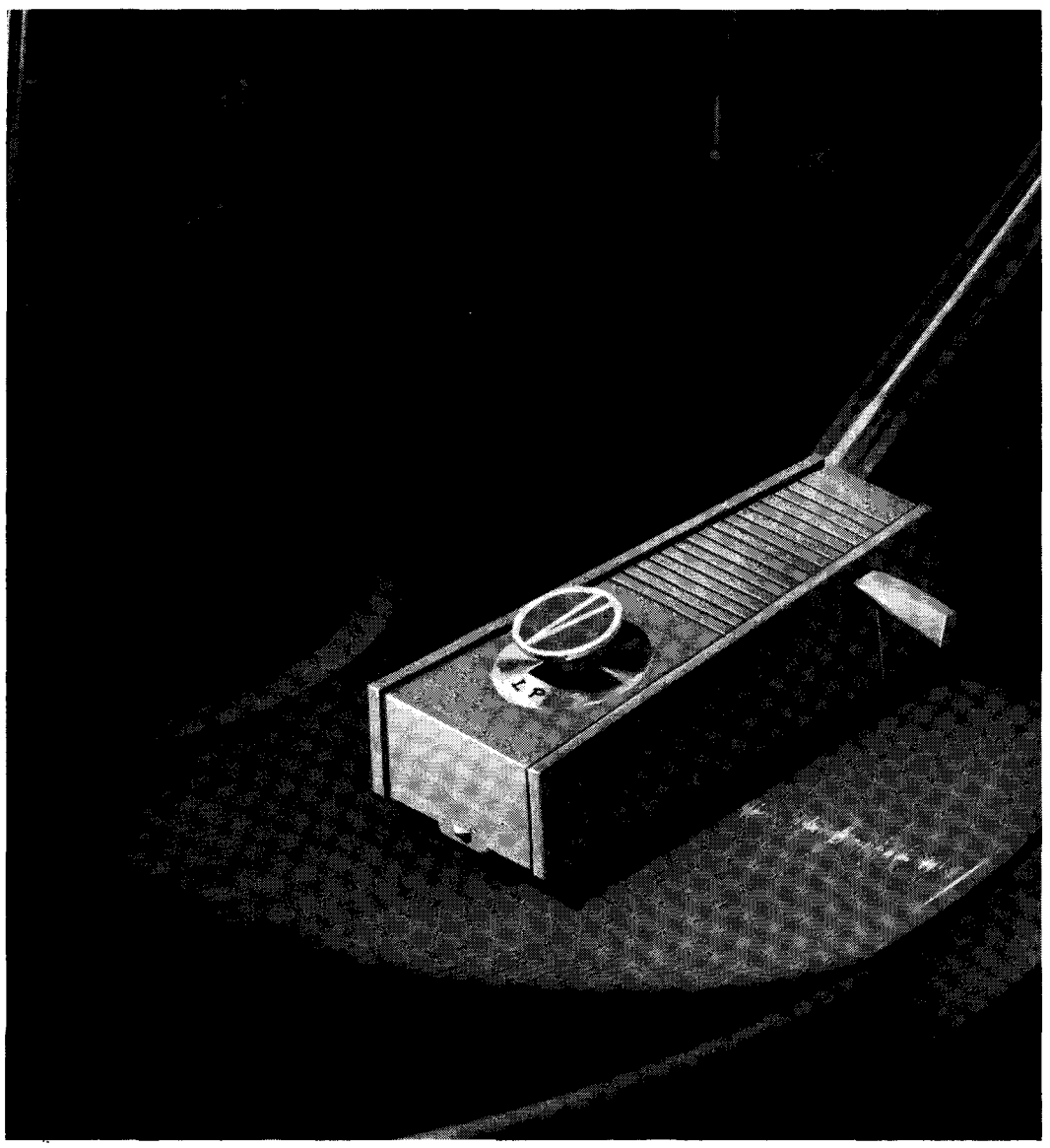

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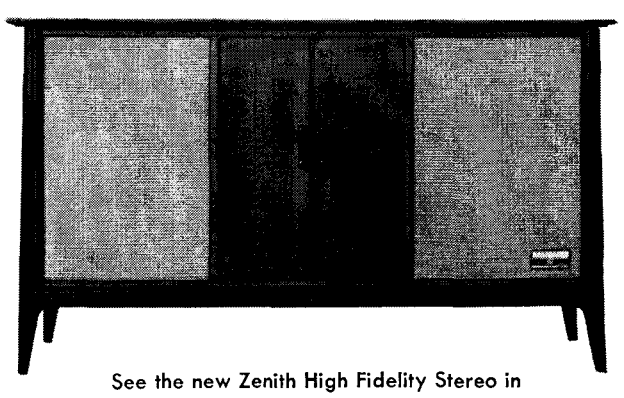

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■ LOU MARSH WAS WORKING WONDERS WITH THE TOUGH YOUNGSTERS OF A MANHATTAN STREET GANG. AND THEN ONE NIGHT THE GANG'S EX-LEADERS CUT HIM DOWN.

DEATH OF A YOUTH WORKER

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

In New York city court police bring in the "olders" who resented Lou Marsh's wholesome influence on their former gang.

Monday, January 7, was a cool, clear evening in East Harlem. Louis Marsh, a street-club worker with the New York City Youth Board, walked along East 113th Street near Jefferson Houses, a city housing project. This clean, dead-end street, fringed by the red-brick high-rise buildings of the project, stood in sharp contrast to nearby streets, dirty and lined with tenements.

Lou Marsh turned to enter Community Center 102. In the daytime the center is the gymnasium and lunchroom area of a public school. But five nights a week, from seven until ten o'clock, the spacious, well-equipped area becomes a community meeting place, part of New York City's network of indoor recreation facilities for teen-agers.

Marsh, a slim, six-foot Negro, 29 years old, was checking on "his boys." These were the Young Untouchables, a street gang of 14-to-16-year-old Puerto Rican boys who lived in the nearby project and tenements. As he entered the center, the normal confusion of noises bounced off walls and floor. Shouts and laughter came from a half dozen basketball games in progress. Latin-American rhythms were blaring from a record player in the lunchroom. Puerto Rican and Negro youths, some wearing "stingy brim" felt hats, were hunched over the record player, singing or tapping their feet to the music.

It seemed an ordinary night at 102. But Lou Marsh was troubled.

Characteristically, his mood was contained. A calm, deeply inward person, he did not reflect tension to the teachers he greeted, nor to the pretty Puerto Rican girls from whom he smilingly accepted potato chips. But Marsh must have been far from tranquil inside. He was certainly feeling the tensions of the previous day, when the whole area had been torn by conflicts involving his Untouchables and a rival gang, the Playboys of East 111th Street. Only a few hours before, at 2:35 that Monday morning to be precise, he had finished his written report to the Youth Board:

> Playboys entered 112th Street between First and Second Avenues for the third time during the afternoon. They chased Untouchables, who were on the grounds of Jefferson Houses, broke several windows in the Project area, and were chased out of the block by five Untouchables. At seven P.M. the Playboys returned to the above area, but finding no Untouchables in the area they left. At about 8:45 approximately 12 Playboys entered the Project, darkening the stairway on the second floor hallway by removing the light bulbs from fixtures, attempted to enter the home of the P —— family, and threatened to shoot Mrs. P.

Mrs. P is the mother of one of the Untouchables' leaders. Lou and his supervisor, Herschel Ross, had tramped the area all Sunday night, following those incidents, trying to "cool" members of the Untouchables who wanted to retaliate. Tonight, before coming to the center, Lou had visited Mrs. P in her home to reassure her about police protection. The grateful mother had pressed a supper of rice and soda on Lou, while he warned her son: "If you guys are going to fight the Playboys, I'm going to call the Twenty-fifth Precinct [police]."

"No, Lou," said the 16-year-old, a spindly youth who had been involved in fights and petty thefts in the past, "we're going to the center to play basketball."

Now Marsh was at the center to be certain that his boys were still "cool." He had been on the job long enough to know when a situation might be near flash point. Ken Kaplowitz, the heavy-set, amiable teacher in charge, noted the time of arrival—8:20 P.M.—to let Lou know how long the Untouchables had been there. Lou commented quietly: "It seems uneasy outside."

"Well, everybody's here who's usually here," Ken offered, adding that a dozen Untouchables were playing basketball. They walked over to the courts.

Lou called, "Hi, fellas," to his boys, and they yelled back with the familiar, affectionate response: "Lou's here. . . . Hi, Lou," and went on with their games.

Suddenly some Untouchables darted out of the gym. There was a report that Playboys were outside the center.

"I'll be able to handle it," Lou said to Ken. "I'm glad I'm here at this point."

Some of the boys already had run out, but Lou held others at the door. After a few minutes of conversation, Ken recalls, Lou left with his arms around the shoulders of two boys, "like pals walking out together." Others followed them. Lou did not know that he was walking to his death.

Ever since he had joined the Youth Board Louis Marsh knew he might face danger. He knew about boys like these. He had been born in a similar environment, North Philadelphia's "Harlem," and had firsthand experience of life in a racial ghetto. Despite the circumstances, Lou's family life was wholesome, and from it Lou and his two brothers drew strength. (One brother is a Philadelphia high-school teacher; the other is an engineering student at Stanford University.) At the age of 15 Lou contracted epilepsy, an illness that blighted his adolescence. He wanted to be a doctor and worked for a year after high school to accumulate funds for his first year at Philadelphia's Temple University. But the epilepsy forced him to give up the idea of a medical career, and he turned to sociology. Eventually his

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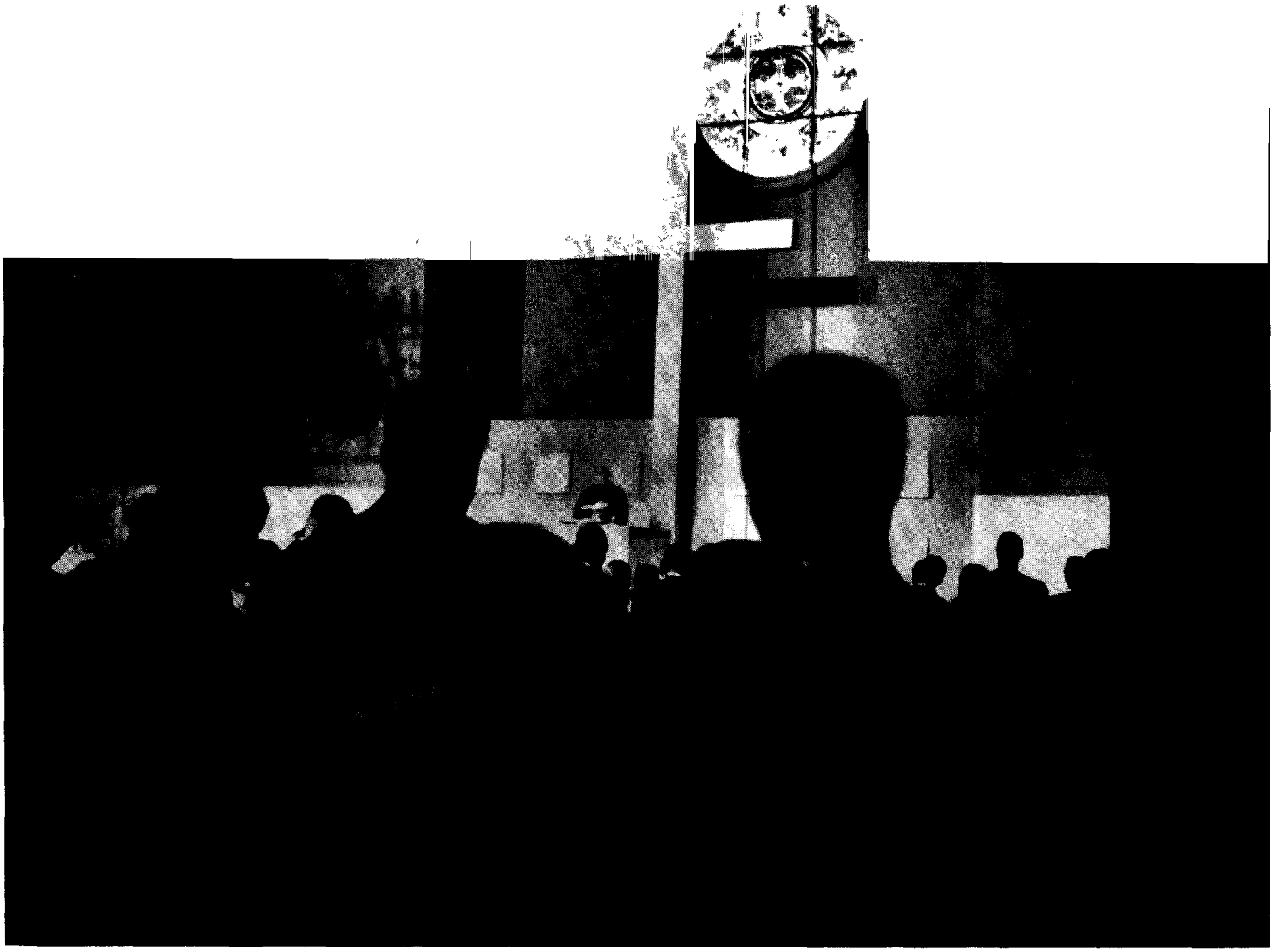

Members of the Young Untouchables (foreground) attend service for Marsh at New York's Judson Memorial Church.

desire to serve people blossomed into a decision to prepare for the ministry.

After graduation from Temple in 1956 he studied for two years at Yale's School of Divinity. But his grades were mediocre; he seemed dissatisfied with formal instruction in religion. He preferred his field work—as a counselor to youth in boys' centers and as a psychiatric aide.

In 1958 Marsh was one of 40 Americans selected for the first student exchange with the Soviet Union. With him he took dozens of phonograph records—American jazz and folk music—and he played them for the Russians, exchanging records when he could and, when that was not possible, giving them away.

Back home he continued his divinity studies for a time and then, worried about lack of money, dropped out of Yale. He took several odd jobs before deciding last May to join the Youth Board in New York. Lou withheld the fact that he suffered from epilepsy. When a seizure sent him briefly to the hospital, his supervisor learned of his illness but kept him on.

Intellectually he was consumed by a continuing, restless search for his own identity. He found a spiritual home at Judson Memorial Church, an interracial church in Greenwich Village. His friends there say he was tremendously stimulated by Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*. In Ellison's novel Marsh seemed to find poetic expression of his own problem of "invisibility" as a Negro in a white man's world. His was the probing, doubting, hopeful spirit of such Negro thinkers as his friend Langston Hughes, Ellison, James Baldwin and Martin Luther King, whose books were on his shelves.

Lou was drawn to Youth Board because of its pioneer work in reaching out to troubled youth. These youngsters live in the midst of violence, poverty, mental illness and narcotics addiction. Often they turn to the gang because it is the only "family" they know. Harrison Lightfoot, Youth Board official in charge of the street-club project, told Lou in his first interview that he would be assigned to the Young Untouchables. This "club"—the kids prefer the word to "gang"—had a long history of trouble with the police, but because of staff shortages the Youth Board had never assigned it a permanent worker. Lightfoot warned Lou that he would be tested and provoked by cynical, hostile kids, whose first thoughts would be, *What's his angle? What's in it for him?* His assignment was to change the attitude of the gang. Did he think he could handle such a job? Lou smiled. "I feel such kids have a lot of potential," he told Lightfoot. "I have confidence that I can have some influence on their lives."

He did, but it was harder than he expected. Informal, soft-spoken, well-mannered, Lou Marsh brought a new adult image into the lives of these gang boys. At first this puzzled and angered them. One day a key member of the gang—a thin, illiterate Puerto Rican boy of 16 who had dropped out of school and could not find work—fought with his father. The boy stormed out of his apartment and, from a rooftop, threw a brick at Marsh. Lou reacted in a way that made a lasting impression on the entire gang. He visited the boy in his home. He took the boy on excursions and tried to find him a job. He became a trusted friend.

All last summer Lou worked outdoors with the gang. I met him then for the first time and was impressed by his self-probing spirit. Lou, supervisor Herschel Ross and I toured the neighborhood as part of my research for a *New York Times* article. There had just been a rumble and a knifing near the playground where we stood. I asked Lou how he liked his new work, and he replied, "I'm not sure. I'm troubled. I don't seem to be able to get close enough to these boys."

I remember needling him: "What bigger challenge is there, for a divinity student or a social worker, than to be here in this dangerous part of the city, working with these deprived and dangerous youngsters?"

His easy grin told me that the taunt was familiar. He had mocked himself with the same question and had answered it to his own satisfaction. He not only stuck with the work, he grew to love it.

Lou was always available to the Young Untouchables, night and day, on the streets or in their homes. He took them to Madison Square Garden to see games and the circus. He took them on picnics and to Bear Mountain. Though there were incidents involving his gang and other gangs, notably the fractious element of the Playboys, the Untouchables became more peaceable. Police in the area noted this and were heartened.

A real turning point with the gang came last October. With encouragement from Herschel Ross and Ken Kaplowitz, Lou got his boys off the street and into Community Center 102. Although the center was near their homes, the boys never thought they would be accepted there. One night Lou brought the whole gang in to meet Ken and look around. The boys were amazed by the facilities (Ping-Pong, pool, table hockey, two gyms for ball games) and by the simple rules ("We play ball. We don't smoke. If someone takes a ball away from you, it doesn't mean he wants an argument; it's just part of hard play").

Above all, they were amazed by their welcome. From then on, each became a paying member (35 cents a season). They came to the center every night. At first

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they played only among themselves, but soon they were playing with everyone else in the gym—for them, against them, but most important, with them. As Kaplowitz puts it: "Their whole sociology seemed to break up. After two weeks it no longer mattered to them who they were playing. They had assimilated. It was Lou, playing with them at first, then just quietly shooting the breeze with them off the court, that made all the difference. They began to get better and better."

Then four former Untouchables came to the center. These were older boys who had outgrown the gang but felt they still could control it. The leader of the olders, as ex-members are called, was Teddy Sheppard, a short, well-built Negro youth. At the center Sheppard boasted to Ken Kaplowitz that the younger boys would "go down for him" (fight at his say-so) if the occasion arose. But to the dismay of the olders the Untouchables began to respond to Marsh and the teachers at the center. The olders came to the center less and less often. By Christmas they had stopped coming altogether. Clearly Lou had dented their influence over their old gang.

On the fateful night of January 7, the olders struck back. When Lou left the center that tense evening, his arms around two Untouchables and others just behind, he found Teddy Sheppard and his pals waiting outside. An Untouchable later described the scene: "Teddy was hitting one of our guys. He thought he was hitting a Playboy. When I told Teddy to stop, he was hitting an Untouchable, he said, 'You guys are a bunch of punks. The Playboys came there in the block, come in the apartments and frighten the mothers, and we have to take care of them to protect ourselves.' Teddy kept saying, 'We gave you our name and you don't do anything.' So I said, 'Well, we're going down on them, to make sure they don't do that again.' So Lou tried to stop it."

The accounts of other youth workers and the police show that Lou was successfully separating the Young Untouchables from the olders and urging his boys in the direction of a nearby park. Then, presumably, Lou turned back to reason with the olders. They answered his peacemaking effort with blows that sent him to the ground. The olders had not meant to kill. Teddy Sheppard even identified himself by walking into the community center and telling a teacher: "Someone has knocked Lou Marsh out on the street. He's unconscious."

A youngster relayed this news to Kaplowitz, who was just coming out of the gym. Ken ran to the entrance. Automatically he noted the time—8:45.

"Teddy, are you kidding?" he asked.

"No, man," Sheppard replied, "he's out on the street. Someone knocked him out." Sheppard turned and was gone.

Even as Ken ran out to help Marsh, he was aware that he had "never seen the street so barren." Just in front of the school entrance Lou lay on his back in his duffel coat, his eyes open with a steady, glazed look. He was alive but obviously badly hurt. Kaplowitz loosened Marsh's belt and untied his shoe laces. Lou started to bleed at the left side of his mouth, indicating a possible concussion. Kaplowitz turned Lou's head to the left and forced his mouth open so he would not choke on his own blood. When another teacher arrived, Ken dashed back into the building to phone for the police and an ambulance.

Police and detectives of the 25th Squad did a good, fast job. The Communications Bureau flashed a signal to a Youth Squad car cruising in the area. Responding to the call, the Youth Squad men found two precinct cars already on hand and a silent, shocked crowd where Lou was lying.

This was a crushing moment for Patrolman John Mannion of the Youth Squad. Mannion and Marsh had worked closely on gang problems. He gentled Lou's head as he examined the bloodied areas, covered him with a blanket from a radio car. Even before the ambulance sped away, Mannion and the detectives were in the crowd, asking questions: "Who was in the gym? Who didn't like Marsh?" They brought four members of the Young Untouchables to the station house and questioned them individually.

The Untouchables were in a state of shock. They couldn't believe Lou was hurt. Lou had helped them. He had been their friend. What would happen to him? And, in revulsion at the deed, these boys—bred in a culture of violence and lawlessness, normally cynical with cops, hating authority—went against their code and told what they knew.

Many others also helped. As Mannion and his colleagues continued their investigation in the square-block area near the center, they heard certain names mentioned again and again—Teddy, James, Speedy. To check out the names Mannion phoned the Gang File Unit of the New York Police Department, a 24-hour-a-day central intelligence office that collects information about youth gangs in the city. The records listed Teddy Sheppard as 18 years old, married and the father of two children. He had been arrested nine times since he was 16. He lived in a basement flat in the area. When the Youth Squad arrived at about 10:30, less than two hours after Marsh had been beaten up, Sheppard's wife told them that Teddy was in the bedroom asleep. They woke him up and took him to the station house for questioning. Sheppard came without protest. He seemed "nonchalant, unimpressed by the whole thing," a squad man recalls.

The Gang File Unit identified "James" as James Griffin, 19, a tall Negro built like a weight lifter; Griffin had two juvenile reports on his record. "Speedy" was Steve Naranjo, 17, Sheppard's brother-in-law, a thin, good-looking Puerto Rican, who had a record of two juvenile arrests. Another suspect was Antonio Blondet, 19, a husky Puerto Rican with four arrests, one for possessing a loaded sawed-off shotgun. Like Sheppard, each of the three was "in bed, sleeping" when the police arrived.

That night about a dozen Untouchables, Playboys, former Untouchables and other youths were brought to the station house. After questioning, all were released except the Sheppard group. A detective took down everything the four boys said. The boys read and signed the statements. The police summary stated that "when Marsh attempted to dissuade the aforementioned youths from fighting, Sheppard pushed Marsh. Griffin hit Marsh with an open-hand blow to the face. Naranjo struck Marsh with his right fist in the face, causing Marsh to fall backward to the ground. Blondet had taken hold of Marsh's arm."

The four were booked on a charge of felonious assault, were fingerprinted and taken to police headquarters to be photographed. The attack was apparently spontaneous. No weapons were found. If the group had intended to kill Marsh, as one detective puts it, "they certainly would have carried the means." But the end was the same. Marsh died two nights later, of brain lacerations "undoubtedly due to violence of an exterior source." The charge against the Sheppard group was changed to homicide. Later it was changed again to first-degree manslaughter. The four shortly will go on trial and, if convicted, face up to 20 years in prison.

In the hearts and minds of Lou Marsh's family, and of all those who loved him and worked with him, burns an awful question: "Why this senseless violence?"

Probing for an answer, one comes across many answers. In sum, they point to the value of Marsh's work and the worth of the Youth Board—the sense of their approach to boys in trouble. The death of this worker is the first such tragedy in the Board's 15-year history.

Some people reacted to Marsh's death with the familiar charge that trying to redeem wayward youth with social-work techniques was mollycoddling and that the only reform these "vicious kids," "animals," "hoods" can understand is "a taste of jail." One early garbled story in a national picture magazine said the Young Untouchables had turned on Marsh and attacked him.

The truth is a dramatic refutation of this nonsense. Lou was succeeding so well—he had, in Detective Lt. Francis O'Connor's words, "made tremendous strides with the boys who had formerly given us every kind of trouble"—that he had become a threat to those who still wanted to manipulate the Untouchables.

So Lou Marsh was cut down, on the street where he served. He died because he was doing his job so well.

Lou's material legacy is trifling. He left a few books and papers, a small wardrobe including some borrowed items, and several debts. His real legacy must be measured in human terms. His Untouchables were beginning to find better lives for themselves. Lou believed that these youngsters, in deep trouble with the law and with themselves, could become useful members of society. He knew they had aspirations, limited and warped though these aspirations might be, and he was able to help them achieve some of them—to get a job, to dress better, to develop self-regard. Certainly the work had to go on. This is why Youth Board immediately assigned the gang another worker, Raphael Ferrer. Because of Lou, Ferrer's job will be easier, although formidable. Contrary to a newspaper report, the gang is still intact and in trouble.

The boys remember Lou. They remember him as a person who was close to them, who believed in them. Against the fears and threats of their parents, they went, in their cleanest clothes, to the service for Lou at Judson Memorial Church. Later, they went back to the center on East 113th Street and stood moodily near the place where Lou had fallen. They flinched when they were asked how they felt. "Don't ask us that," one answered bitterly. "Lou was our friend."

"At first," says the Rev. Howard Moody of Judson Memorial, "I thought Lou's violent death was senseless. Now I'm not so sure. In that last moment Lou was doing his job—on the street. He made that street holy." THE END

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The collapse of Kennedy's grand design

By STEWART ALSOP

"If you ask me whether this was the winter of our discontent I would say no. If you would ask me whether we were quite as well this winter as we perhaps were doing in the fall, I might say no."

This oddly phrased remark by President Kennedy at a recent press conference is a vast understatement. The contrast between the winter Kennedy and the fall Kennedy is, in fact, a most remarkable contrast. Last October, after he had forced Nikita Khrushchev to blink in their famous confrontation, Kennedy was riding high—about as high as any President in recent memory. And now look at him.

Trouble with Canada, our oldest friend. Turmoil in the Middle East. The Vietnam war going badly. Unemployment high. The Kennedy tax program bogged down on Capitol Hill. Irony of ironies, the Republicans beating him over the head with Cuba, where less than six months ago Kennedy seemed to have scored the greatest triumph of his career.

And de Gaulle. Above all Charles de Gaulle. For Charles de Gaulle has kicked the liver and lights out of President Kennedy's famous Grand Design.

The "de Gaulle crisis," which is still going on, and may go on for years, is less dramatic than last October's two-week Cuban crisis. It has involved no U-2 overflights, no midnight calls to a sleeping President, no mobilization of the Strategic Air Force, no hawks, no doves—and if anyone has blinked, it has been John F. Kennedy. But although it has been less dramatic, the de Gaulle crisis could turn out in the long run to be more difficult and even, conceivably, more dangerous than the great October confrontation.

As Walter Lippmann has written, de Gaulle has "struck a blow at the foundations" of American defense and foreign policy. In fact, he has struck not one blow but several.

The Grand Design was in two parts. The politico-economic part was largely inspired by France's Jean Monnet. Its chief American sponsors were Undersecretary of State George Ball and White House security adviser McGeorge Bundy, both personal friends and passionate admirers of the brilliant Monnet. This portion of the Grand Design can be summarized in three sentences. First, the British would join the Common Market. This would lead to a "United Europe," including Britain, united politically as well as economically. The United States would in turn form with United Europe what the President in more hopeful days called a "concrete Atlantic partnership."

De Gaulle has said *non* to the British in the Common Market. He has said an equally loud *non* to the Atlantic partnership—"a colossal Atlantic community, under American leadership . . . not at all what France has wanted."

The military-strategic portion of the Grand Design was the brainchild of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara and his "whiz kids" in the Pentagon. It can also be summarized in three sentences. The United States would contribute to the Atlantic partnership a "centrally controlled" atomic deterrent—meaning controlled by the United States. Meanwhile the Europeans would bring NATO's strength up to 30 divisions, to provide the "conventional option." Thus the West could resist a limited Soviet attack without resorting to the weapons which might destroy the United States as well as the Soviet Union.

De Gaulle has said *non* to the "centrally controlled deterrent." He will build his own nuclear force—his beloved *force de frappe*. And he has said *non* to the "conventional option." He has committed just two underequipped divisions to NATO. Without a serious French contribution, a 30-division NATO is not in the cards.

In short, de Gaulle has said a wintry *non* to the whole Grand Design. So where do we go from here?

This reporter has asked that question of just about all the President's chief foreign and defense advisers. The simplest way to summarize their answers would be in two words: "God knows."

That is a bit too simple, but not much too simple. The mood of Kennedy's Washington today is a puzzled, frustrated and, below the bland surface, angry mood. To understand the frustration, it is only necessary to list the successive reactions to de Gaulle's series of *nons*.

The President's first reaction was typically Kennedy: "That's what *he* thinks." The President, in short, was just plain angry. His second and wiser reaction was to give time for tempers, including his own, to cool, and to adopt an Administration line playing down the real significance of de Gaulle's "blow at the foundations." Thus George Ball is responsible for the complacent statement that talk of "disarray" in the alliance is a "journalistic" invention. The President's third reaction belies this complacency.

His third reaction was to order a root-and-branch reexamination of all the basic premises of American defense and foreign policy—an "agonizing reappraisal," although the tactless phrase invented by John Foster Dulles is studiously avoided. To this end, the chief American ambassadors in Europe (except Ambassador to France Charles Bohlen, who was ill) were called to Washington, and such elder statesmen as former Secretaries of State Dean Acheson and Christian Herter were recruited for consultation. But most of the agonizing has been done by the same men to whom Kennedy turned in the October crisis. The leading agonizers have been Secretary of State Dean Rusk; Secretary McNamara; Bundy; Ball; Walt Whitman Rostow, the State Department's chief policy planner, and Paul Nitze, Rostow's counterpart in the Pentagon.

The agonizing is still in progress as this is written. The first result of the agonizing was a simple, if depressing, conclusion. There is no way on earth to change de Gaulle's *nons* into *ouis*. Indeed, there is not even any way to argue sensibly with de Gaulle, either at first or second hand.

"De Gaulle is the most goddam undealable-with human being that's ever existed," says one agonized reappraiser, echoing the wartime sentiments of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. "There's no way to get *to* him."

The usual way for one chief of state to "get to" another chief of state is, of course, through the subordinates of each. In a crisis the two may communicate directly, as in the famous, still-secret exchanges between Kennedy and Khrushchev during the October crisis. There have been no similar exchanges between Kennedy and de Gaulle.

Communication between subordinates has been almost totally fruitless, simply because de Gaulle does not consult subordinates. "I'm as sure as I'm sitting here," says one Administration leader, "that Couve de Murville [French foreign minister] had no more advance notice of what de Gaulle would say than I did. That's one of the things that make him so hard to deal with—we know more about Khrushchev's plans and purposes than about de Gaulle's."

This communications vacuum has been filled, inevitably, by secondhand rumors and reports. Paris is like a sieve, and de Gaulle, when in the mood, talks with hair-raising candor. "If you are rude enough to the Americans," he is supposed to have said after his famous press conference in January, "they will soon come to you hat in hand." This purported remark reached the White House, where it cooled no tempers. "If de Gaulle thinks that," said one White House adviser, "he knows nothing about John F. Kennedy."

All sorts of other odd reports reached Washington—for example, that de Gaulle had been convinced by his advisers that the firing mechanisms of the Polaris missiles were controlled by electronic "rays" from the Pentagon, and that Kennedy's offer of Polaris submarines to France was therefore a trap.

More-serious reports were also received. There were intelligence reports on de Gaulle's conversations with German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, in which de Gaulle was pictured as warning Adenauer that the United States was about to make a deal with Russia on Berlin and East Germany, preparatory to a total withdrawal from the Continent. There were parallel reports picturing de Gaulle as himself dickering for just such a deal with Khrushchev.

The vacuum of sensible communication between Paris and Washington has been one reason for Washington's mood of frustration. The peculiar strength of de Gaulle's position has been another. As the agonizing reappraisal continued, the strength of de Gaulle's position became more and more evident. "He wants nothing from us," says one of the agonizers, "and there's nothing we can do that will really hurt him."

All sorts of counterslaps for de Gaulle's slap in the face have been considered by the reapparaisers. For example, the Pentagon has agreed to supply de Gaulle's *force de frappe* with jet refueling planes. The agreement could be cancelled, thus cutting the range of the *force de frappe*. The French mission in Washington nervously expected the Pentagon to do just that. But the reappraisers concluded it would be a futile pinprick.

More-serious consideration was given to finding some way to rearrange the command and logistic structure of NATO to bypass France. But aside from being impractical, this would not even hurt de Gaulle's feelings. De Gaulle, as President Kennedy has remarked, "does not much admire NATO anyway."

Consideration was also given to making some sort of special exclusive economic and political deal between the United States, Great Britain and the Commonwealth—"*les Anglo-Saxons*" in de Gaulle's phrase—and threatening de Gaulle with economic reprisals. At the same time, de Gaulle's five Common Market partners, who bitterly opposed his veto of Britain, could be encouraged to threaten de Gaulle with the breakup of the Common Market.

But such measures were, in the British phrase, "just not on." With $3.75 billion in gold and dollar reserves safely tucked away in the Bank of France, de Gaulle can make a lot more economic trouble for "*les Anglo-Saxons*" than the other way around. De Gaulle is convinced that the French economic boom is far more

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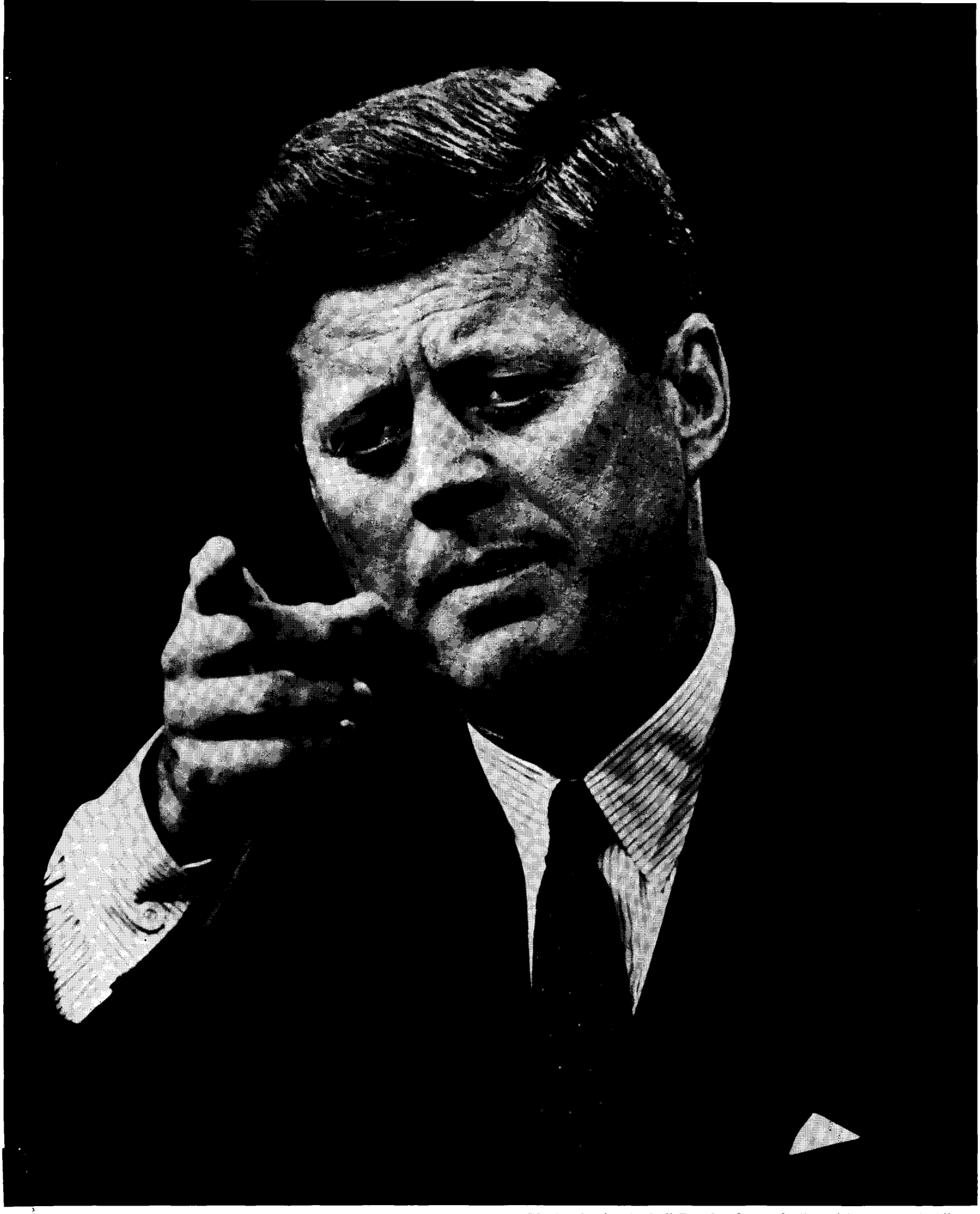

The President's first reaction to de Gaulle's announcement was typically Kennedy—"That's what he *thinks." But then began the "agonizing reappraisal."*

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Should we pull out of Europe?

attributable to France and de Gaulle than to the Common Market. Any threat to break up the Common Market would scare his partners far more than de Gaulle.

Thus de Gaulle has the lofty power of indifference. "Words will never hurt him," said one reappraiser, "and we have no sticks and stones to break his bones." There is, to be sure, one foreign tie that de Gaulle does care about, and that is his carefully nurtured "special relationship" with Chancellor Adenauer's Germany.

That relationship was advertised to the world only a few days after de Gaulle's famous press conference, when Adenauer traveled to Paris to sign the German-French treaty of cooperation, amid much pageantry and bussing of cheeks. Nothing, not even the press conference itself, angered Kennedy more than this display of German support for de Gaulle so soon after his slap in the face for "*les Anglo-Saxons*." In early February Kennedy called German Ambassador Karl Heinrich Knappstein to the White House. The interview, according to German sources, was "terse." It was that and more.

When de Gaulle had proposed an American-British-French "directory" of NATO, Kennedy said, he had turned him down largely on the grounds that de Gaulle's proposal excluded the Germans. Was this the sort of support he could expect in return from the Germans?

Knappstein anxiously explained that the date for the treaty signing had been set weeks in advance and that there was really nothing the Germans could have done about it. This was true—that wily old bird, Adenauer, had been trapped by that wilier old bird, de Gaulle, into appearing a fellow nay-sayer. And the fact is that there is really nothing much the Germans—whether Adenauer or his successors—can do about de Gaulle.

Certain Kennedy advisers are fond of saying that "the Germans know where the real power lies—if they are forced to choose between de Gaulle and Kennedy, they will choose Kennedy." This sounds sensible. But it has a fatal flaw. The flaw lies in the "if." The last thing the Germans want is to be forced to "choose between de Gaulle and Kennedy." And how do you force them to choose?

There is one way. That is by threatening to adopt a "Fortress America" policy—a return to American isolationism, a withdrawal of the American commitment to defend Europe. It is no use making this kind of threat unless you mean to follow through on it.

De Gaulle is perfectly confident that Kennedy cannot and will not make this threat. In February, at a reception for the French National Assembly, de Gaulle remarked complacently: "There will not be a world war, I can assure you that. Under these circumstances the future of our country is assured."

Why will there "not be a world war"? Because, as de Gaulle has also said, the American nuclear deterrent is "the essential guarantee of world peace." The nuclear deterrent, mind you, not the NATO army, or the 400,000 American troops in Europe. De Gaulle agrees with President Eisenhower's dictum that anyone who would fight a nonnuclear war in Europe "ought to have his head examined." At the same time he is convinced that "there will not be a world war" as long as the American nuclear force is committed to Europe's defense. He is equally convinced that the Kennedy Administration cannot and will not withdraw the commitment. And of course he is right.

Some future American President, de Gaulle warns the Europeans, might refuse to honor the commitment, because of the "new and gigantic fact" that "the Soviets have also acquired a nuclear arsenal, and that arsenal is powerful enough to endanger the very life of America." This fact is the primary justification for de Gaulle's *force de frappe*.

Any reporter can go to the Pentagon and get a convincing briefing to prove that the *force de frappe* is just what Secretary McNamara says it is: "Dangerous, expensive, prone to obsolescence and lacking in credibility as a deterrent." But this misses the point. The point is that de Gaulle's nuclear force has an essentially political, not a military, purpose. It is to be "a finger on the American trigger." It is designed to give de Gaulle the power to influence the "Go-No Go" decision—whether or not to "go nuclear." Without nuclear weapons of his own, de Gaulle would lack that power.

De Gaulle, in short, has played a judo trick on the United States, judo being defined in the dictionary as a "method of offense and defense which employs the weight and strength of the opponent to his disadvantage." De Gaulle means to fashion his "European construction," based on the *force de frappe* and the Franco-German axis, led by France and thus by de Gaulle and excluding the British and Americans. And he means to do this *under the umbrella of the American nuclear deterrent*.

The more the reappraisers agonized, the more apparent it became that there is precious little the Kennedy Administration can do about de Gaulle's judo trick—short of removing its nuclear protection. And this has not even been seriously considered. It is not pleasant to be the victim of a judo trick. It is a wonder that the entire top level of the Kennedy Administration has not developed galloping ulcers.

"We're a bit like that little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike," says one Kennedy adviser. Remove the finger from the dike, and the Dutch boy drowns along with everybody else. Remove the American commitment to defend Europe, and the result is unmitigated disaster, not only to Europe but to the United States. Thus the United States, like the little Dutch boy, is immobilized. The strongest power in the Western alliance has amazingly little bargaining power in the alliance.

In this situation there is really no way on earth to put the Humpty-Dumpty of the Kennedy Grand Design back on the wall. This is the basic, if unacknowledged, conclusion which has resulted from all the agonizing. The conclusion echoes the remark of British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan: "I do not believe there is a simple alternative, in the sense of a ready-made plan." What the Kennedy planners have come up with, instead of a ready-made plan, is a holding operation, designed to prevent a bad situation from becoming worse.

The two chief field captains in the holding operation are former Secretary of State Christian Herter and Special Ambassador Livingston Merchant. As the President's European trade representative, Herter will try to prevent the Common Market from turning into the narrowly exclusive continental system that de Gaulle envisages. It is a difficult task, but not impossible, for two reasons.

De Gaulle can veto mutual tariff reductions, but he cannot increase Common Market tariffs, and even his veto power ends on January 1, 1966, when the Common Market rule of unanimity gives way to a system of weighted voting. Moreover, de Gaulle's Common Market partners do not want the kind of narrow "European construction" that de Gaulle wants. So although the dream of an economic Atlantic partnership has gone glimmering, Herter may be able to prevent the adoption of a Common Market economic policy of "Europe for the Europeans—no Americans need apply." But even this is by no means certain.

The sight of the gallows

Merchant's job is in some ways more difficult than Herter's. His job is to sell France's European partners, and above all the Germans, on a "multilateral" nuclear force. The idea for such a force was born in the Eisenhower Administration, but de Gaulle's "blow at the foundations" has lent it special urgency. As one Kennedy planner says, quoting Samuel Johnson: "The sight of the gallows concentrates the mind wonderfully."

Merchant's essential purpose is to exorcise a nightmare—the gallowslike nightmare of some future German chancellor's demanding his own equivalent of de Gaulle's *force de frappe*. In Vienna in 1961 Khrushchev flatly warned Kennedy that he would regard it as a *casus belli* if the Germans were permitted their own nuclear weapons. For that matter, the thought of a German *force de frappe* is a nightmare on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Yet the reasoning that led the British and the French to develop their own nuclear system is, after all, at least as valid for the Germans.

The multilateral force is designed to offer the Germans an alternative. In its present form it is chiefly the brainchild of State Department planner Walt Rostow. The original Rostow plan called for eight Polaris atomic submarines under NATO command, with mixed international crews. But this idea turned out to be hideously expensive. Moreover, it would disclose certain closely held American atomic secrets. So the proposal Merchant took with him to Europe calls instead for a 25-ship surface fleet armed with 200 Polaris missiles.

Even this would cost the United States and the other NATO countries upward of five billion dollars, which is one reason why the Europeans have responded tepidly to Merchant's overtures. But the chief reason is that the multilateral force isn't really multilateral. Barring a revision of the McMahon Act, which would require a revolution of attitudes in the U.S. Congress, the President of the United States would still control any firing of the missiles. This is why the French sneer at the "multilateral force" as a "multilateral farce." It is why, although the Germans have expressed polite interest, Merchant's job may be even more difficult than Herter's.

For Merchant is grappling with that "new and gigantic fact" which was never fully faced until de Gaulle made it impossible to ignore. The fact that the Russians have the power to "endanger the very life of America" has caused a creeping malaise throughout Europe. The malaise can be put in the form of a question: Would the United States really risk the destruction of its major cities in order to defend Europe? President Kennedy has suggested that this question impugns the honor of the United States. But put yourself in a European's skin, and it is easy to see why it is asked. And yet, as Secretary McNamara has said, "there is no substitute" for the American nuclear force—and the Senate is profoundly unlikely to place any portion of that force under European control.

Kennedy's reappraisers include, left to

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If there is any way out of this dilemma, President Kennedy and his reappraisers have not found it. Meanwhile, there is another unpleasant question which de Gaulle's series of *nons* has forced the Kennedy planners to face. If de Gaulle and the other Europeans do not believe in the "conventional option," how long are we going to keep 400,000 American troops in Europe? Is it any use, after all, to build a bridge halfway across a river?

Those 400,000 troops account for a large part of the U.S. deficit in its international balance of payments. As McNamara is fond of pointing out, the United States has twice as many men in uniform per thousand of population as Germany, which is on the Cold War's front line. The Germans, in turn, contribute more than twice as many divisions to NATO as the French and British combined. Both in public and in private Kennedy has been hinting that, if the Europeans do not think our troops are needed, he would be delighted to withdraw them.

Kennedy's planners have given serious consideration to an immediate, sharp reduction in our troop strength as a quick answer to de Gaulle. But this answer was rejected, for the time being, partly in order to deprive de Gaulle of the pleasure of saying "I told you so." After Adenauer retires, presumably in the autumn, the tentative decision not to reduce our Army in Europe will certainly be reviewed. "Sooner or later," says one Kennedy adviser, "either the Europeans come up or we go down." Another says: "The Europeans must be disabused of the notion that we're going to maintain 400,000 American soldiers in Europe no matter what. The ground defense of Europe is primarily a job for the Europeans."

Thus the Kennedy Administration's response to de Gaulle's shattering of the Grand Design comes down to this: First, an attempt to hold the line via the Herter and Merchant missions. Second, a decision to put off for some months a final decision on the central question of the American troop commitment in Europe.

These results of the agonizing reappraisal seem rather small mice for the laboring mountain to bring forth. But as one Kennedy adviser remarked: "If you've got a better policy, you name it." Another high foreign-policy official says: "We regard de Gaulle as a boulder in the stream of history. The stream will part and flow around him."

The chance for optimism

Perhaps, in the long run, this hopeful view will prove correct. For it is true that the rest of Europe is not wildly enthusiastic about the de Gaulle plan for a "Little Europe" dominated by France and Charles de Gaulle. But for the time being de Gaulle looks more like a large, well-constructed dam than a mere boulder.

Meanwhile, the sky has not fallen in. As the Kennedy advisers are fond of pointing out, de Gaulle has not changed the *existing* situation—he has only shattered the Kennedy dreams for the future. The Western alliance still exists, and the United States remains incomparably the strongest power in that alliance. It may even turn out in the end that de Gaulle has done the Kennedy Administration, and with it the United States, a favor.

De Gaulle's haughty *non* has served as a painful reminder that times have changed. And times *have* changed, since the Marshall Plan days a decade ago, when French premiers used to trot around to the American Embassy to ask Ambassador David Bruce what to do next. The Kennedy Administration, in its zeal and "vigah," has rather often acted as though times had not changed.

For one example, the Europeans were infuriated when Kennedy named Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer to succeed Gen. Lauris Norstad as commander of NATO with a bare formal minimum of consultation with the European members of NATO. For another example, there was the Polaris-for-Skybolt deal with the British at Nassau, just before the de Gaulle press conference. The deal was, on technical grounds, a very good one for the British. But because of the way it was done, in the manner of throwing a fish to a seal, it was made to seem a very bad deal. In European eyes the Americans were telling the British what weapons they could have to defend their country.

"We've got to learn to relax about the Europeans," says one Kennedy adviser. "We've got to stop fussing over them like an anxious parent. A lot of these problems are primarily European problems—including the de Gaulle problem."

But it will not be enough simply to "relax about the Europeans." The fact is that Kennedy's Washington faces a test which Washington, unlike other world capitals, has never faced before.

In the isolationist period before the Second World War, the United States, despite occasional and often clumsy interventions, was essentially an interested bystander on the world scene. In the years immediately after the war, the power of the United States was such that what we said went. Now we have suddenly discovered, galling as it must be to a Kennedy, that "what *he* says"—what Charles de Gaulle says—goes.

De Gaulle has demonstrated once and for all that what British commentator D. W. Brogan once called the "Illusion of American Omnipotence" is indeed an illusion. This in turn has led to what Brogan describes today as a "crisis in American leadership." To meet that crisis calls for as difficult, as dangerous and as delicate an exercise in the arts of diplomacy as has ever faced any American Administration.

For the United States is now in the unhappy position of a famous beauty who has outlived her loveliness. Accustomed to being wooed and flattered, she sees her once passionate admirers begin to stifle yawns in her presence, or even to forget to show up for those intimate tête-á-têtes for which they once clamored. This sort of thing comes as a shock to a former beauty, just as it comes as a shock to this country to find that it is no longer omnipotent. But such shocks can be healthy when they lead to the facing of facts.

Winston Churchill once asked a question of this reporter: "Will America stay the course?" Despite Charles de Gaulle, that is still the key question; for although the United States is not omnipotent, the power of the United States remains the keystone in freedom's arch. If John F. Kennedy has his way, the answer to Churchill's question will continue to be "yes." But it will not be an easy course to stay. THE END

right, Gen. Maxwell Taylor, Secretaries McNamara and Rusk, and Under Secretary Ball. "If you've got a better policy," remarked one official, "you name it."

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EDITORIALS

The lonely uses of power

Only a short time ago we were riding the top of the wave. Khrushchev had backed down in Cuba. Britain was advancing slowly but inexorably, it seemed, toward membership in the Common Market. The West was beginning to organize its strength effectively, while the Communist world was hopelessly divided in a deepening rift. So it seemed only a short time ago.

All of a sudden the wave came crashing down. As Stewart Alsop's article on page 78 shows, the Kennedy grand design collapsed. The Cuban "victory" turned to illusion. Some of the more blatant evidences of Soviet power were removed, but the threat of subversion and intrigue remained. Quite abruptly the Atlantic alliance developed its own cataclysmic rift.

What went wrong? Why did we plummet so suddenly from the top of the wave to the bottom of the trough? The answer requires more maturity than we Americans have hitherto shown in foreign affairs. It requires first a recognition that things do not come about around the globe simply because we want them to. There are Khrushchevs and Mao Tse-tungs and de Gaulles with wills of their own, and they are not motivated by sentiment, gratitude or wishful thinking on our part.

We used to know an old Army colonel who flew into a rage whenever anyone suggested that the troops wouldn't like an order he had decided upon. "What the hell!" he would say. "Are we in a damn popularity contest around here?"

We Americans care entirely too much about what other people think. We are too easily shocked when they do not conform to our plans. If we are going to play a role commensurate with our power, we are going to have to learn that power implies a lonely responsibility, the responsibility to weigh all the facts and do what is best for us and the free world, and forget about what other people think. That is the way mature nations operate. It is the way we are going to have to operate if we are to survive.

Disclosure: An antidote for conflict of interests

Last fall *Post* editors Ben Bagdikian and Don Oberdorfer explored in depth the problem of conflict of interests in the Congress of the United States (*Post*, Nov. 17). They reported that while the Congress forbade government officials and judges to hold private financial stakes which might conflict with their public duties, there was nothing to prevent members of the legislative body from doing that very same thing themselves. Bagdikian and Oberdorfer concluded that "one possible solution to the problem of hidden interests is for every member of Congress, or every candidate for Congress, to reveal his finances to his fellows and the public."

Several members of Congress had already taken this step. Sen. Joseph Clark revealed his wealth last fall, and his fellow Pennsylvanian, Sen. Hugh Scott, followed suit. Sen. Stephen Young of Ohio sold his stock in two sugar companies and an airline when committee assignments gave him special powers in these fields. He also disclosed his stock holdings.

Recently Sen. Jacob Javits of New York revealed his stock holdings on the floor of the Senate. His colleague, Sen. Kenneth Keating, announced his intention to publish a list of his securities holdings and introduced a bill to require such disclosure by members of the House and Senate. Congresswoman Edith Green of Oregon has proposed establishment of a 15-member commission on legislative ethics to study the conflict-of-interests question. She has introduced bills that would require, among other things, a full disclosure by congressmen of their financial interests.

Congress should pass such legislation. It would accomplish two important objectives: First, it would eliminate the double standard that now prevails by putting Congress on the same ethical footing with the executive branch of the Government; second, disclosure would be the most effective means of preventing members of Congress from taking advantage of the public trust that their public offices imply.

When ends don't meet

Budgets often don't work. Everybody who has ever stared at his monthly bills knows this sad economic law. But we recently saw it restated with a classic elegance and philosophic precision that only our higher-ranking bureaucrats can achieve:

"The plan as it is drawn up should not seek such precision and specificity as to policy and programs that it becomes a brittle structure of cause and effect which can be shattered by the stresses arising from shaky foundations of presumed facts. . . . Planning calls for a continual rolling adjustment and elaboration of policies and programs. . . .There must be a constant 'feedback' of current experience."

Sound confusing? It is really simple. The man is just saying that a budget often does not work—and, if it does not work, get a new budget. The man is Kenneth R. Hansen, assistant director of the U.S. Budget Bureau, speaking to a U.N. conference in Geneva. Hansen is an expert. His bureau last year estimated a Federal surplus of $500 million, but after a year of "continual rolling adjustment" we now have a deficit of nearly $9 billion.

A little knowledge

We have always relished the idea of life on other planets—pin-headed moon men, pea-green Martians, beautiful Venusians shrouded by the clouds that surround our "sister planet." So although we admired our scientists' ability to shoot a space vehicle within ogling distance of Venus, and to get a balloon-borne telescope up for a look at Mars, we were rather disappointed by what they reported. Mars, it turns out, has about as much moisture as the Sahara on a July afternoon—but Venus is worse. A day on Venus is 225 of our days, and those clouds are a kind of smog, and the temperature stays at a balmy 800 degrees Fahrenheit. If there is anybody living under those conditions, we are not sure we want to meet him after all.

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